



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

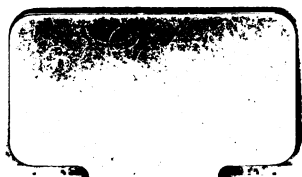
G. 38. N. 16.



E. BIBL. RADCL.

20503

~~14-7-5.~~
e. 110





▲
CLASSICAL TOUR
THROUGH
ITALY.



A

CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

ITALY

An. MDCCCII.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.

Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 20.

BY THE

REV. JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

SIXTH EDITION:

With an

ADDITIONAL PREFACE, AND TRANSLATIONS OF THE VARIOUS
QUOTATIONS FROM ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A MAP OF ITALY, PLANS OF CHURCHES, AN INDEX, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, 39, LUDGATE STREET.

1821.



London: Printed by T. Miller,
Noble Street, Cheap-side.

A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

ITALY.

CHAP. I.

Bay and Castle of Procida—Evening Hymn—Beautiful View, Observations—the Island of Vivara—Ischia, its Mountains, Eruptions, Appearance, and Population—Nisida—Vesuvius.

As we passed the bay of *Misenus* we observed the fine appearance of that promontory ; it is separated by the harbor, and by *Mare morto* (the dead sea) with the flat shore beyond, from the neck of land which it terminates, and thus it forms an insulated eminence, remarkable for its shape, its boldness, and its *aerial* elevation. After having doubled the cape, we crossed the strait which flows between it and the island of *Procida*. Here I

landed, while my companions pursued their course to the island of *Ischia*, about four miles further.

Procida is about two miles from the continent: its shore, towards the west, is comparatively low, but it swells gradually towards the east, and terminates in a bold promontory, the summit of which is crowned with the castle or royal palace. The prominence of this point on one side, and the *Punta del Vomere* (plough-share point) about a mile from it to the south, form a little bay. The promontory is sufficiently lofty to entitle the island, of which it is the most conspicuous feature, to the epithet *alta** (lofty), which Virgil gives it, as the rocks which line its eastern and southern coast justify the word *aspera* (craggy) employed by Statius†. Besides the harbor which I have described, there are on the same coast several creeks, which afford shelter to fishing boats and small vessels, and contribute much to the variety and the romantic beauty that eminently characterize this and the neighboring shores and islands.

There is no regular inn, I believe, in the town, but strangers are received and very well treated in the castle. This edifice is large and very roomy, though almost unfinished; it has a small garden to the west and north, surrounded by a wall that

* *Æn.* ix. 715.

† *Sylva*, ii. 2.

borders the brow of the precipice. A trellice supporting thick spreading vines covers this wall, and shades the walk along it, while large windows open at intervals, and enable the eye to range over the view that lies expanded beneath.

At one of these windows I seated myself, and enjoyed the glorious exhibition of the setting sun, which then hung in appearance over the distant island of *Pandataria*, and cast a purple gleam on all the promontories of *Gaieta*, and the hills of *Formie*. The purple tints, as the sun descended into the waves, brightened into golden streaks, then softened into purple again, and gradually deepening into blue, at length melted away in darkness. The moon rose soon after; a table was placed before me covered with figs, apricots, and peaches.

The man and the woman who took care of the palace, a young couple, the husband strong and comely, the wife handsome, seated themselves opposite to me; their son, a smart lively boy, served at table. After a little conversation, the man took his guitar and accompanied his wife while she sung the evening hymn, in a sweet voice and with great earnestness. Occasionally the man and boy joined in chorus, and while they sung, the eyes of all three were sometimes raised to heaven and sometimes fixed on each other, with a mixed expression of piety, affection and gratitude. I own, F

never was present at an act of family devotion more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonize with the beauty of the country, and the temperature of the air, and breathed at once the innocence and the joy of Paradise. Shortly after similar little concerts rose from the town below, and from different parts of the island, and continued at intervals for an hour or more, sometimes swelling upon the ear, and sometimes dying away in distance, and mingling with the murmurs of the sea. One would almost imagine that Milton, who had visited all this coast, had these concerts in mind when he speaks of

Celestial voices to the midnight air
Sole or responsive each to other's note
Singing their great Creator.

Par. Lost, book iv. 682.

Next morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the rays of the sun shining full into my room, and getting up, I placed myself in the balcony to enjoy the air and the prospect. *Mistinus* and *Baia* rose before me; the Elysian fields and the groves of *Cumæ* extended between them in full view still fresh with dew, and bright with the beams of the new risen sun. No scene perhaps surpasses that which is now under my eye in natural beauties, and few equal it in those embellishments which the action of the human mind superadds to the graces of nature.

These intellectual charms are the most impressive, and even the most permanent; without them the exhibitions of the material world become an empty pageant, that pleases the eye for a moment and passes away, leaving perhaps a slight recollection, but producing no improvement. Hence, although Germany, and other more northern countries, frequently display scenes both grand and beautiful; yet, if I may judge of the feelings of other travellers by my own, they are viewed with indifference, and passed over in haste. Even the gigantic features of America, its interminable forests, and its mountains that touch the skies, its sea-like lakes, and its volcanos that seem to thunder in another world, may excite wonder, but can awaken little interest, and certainly inspire no enthusiasm. Their effect is confined to the spot which they cover, and to the very hour which rolls over them; they have no connexion with other regions, no retrospect to other times. They stand vast masses, grand but silent monuments, in the midst of boundless solitudes, unenlivened by industry and unadorned by genius. But, if a Plato or a Pythagoras had visited their recesses in pursuit of knowledge; if a Homer or a Virgil had peopled them with ideal tribes, with heroes or with phantoms; if the useful ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar had carried war and civilization to their borders; if a courageous people

had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses; then indeed they would assume dignity and importance; then they would excite interest, and acquire a title to the attention of travellers:

Tunc sylvæ, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes,
Tum sacer horror aquis, adytisque effunditur echo
Clarior, et doctæ spirant præsagia rupes*.

Claud. vi. Cons. Honor. 32.

Nature has shed over the coast before us some of its terrors and many of its beauties. Homer either visited it, or heard accounts of it, when probably the former were predominant, and represented it accordingly, as the boundaries of the living world, and the confines of the infernal regions; the groves of *Proserpina*, according to him, spread over the sullen beach, and covered it with a thick but barren shade.

Ενθ' ἀκτὴ τε λᾶχεια καὶ ἄλσέα Περσεφονείης
Μακρὰι τ' αἰγείροι καὶ ἱτέαι ὠλεσίκαρποι†.

Odysæ. x. 509.

* Then ev'ry forest, ev'ry grotto speaks,
The fountains gush with life, o'er ev'ry stream
A sacred horror broods, from each recess
Burst clearer echoes, and the learned rocks
A voice oracular return.

† The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods.

Pope.

Virgil beheld it at a time when beauty was its prevalent feature, and though he was obliged to adopt the mythology of his predecessor, yet he qualifies its horrors, by confining the infernal gloom to the precincts of Avernus; while he improves upon it at the same time, by conducting his hero through the regions of the dead, and opening scenes grand, novel, and in the highest degree delightful. Thus, while the foundation was laid by the Greek, the elegant superstructure was raised by the Latin poet. The heroes, the appellations, the topography, are principally Homer's; but the graces, the decorations, the enchantment, belong to Virgil. The former is content with evoking the dead, and throwing an awful horror over the whole coast; the latter fixes on particular spots, and attaches to each some pleasing or instructive recollection. Thus, to yon promontory he consigns the name and the glory of *Misenus*,

———quo non præstantior alter

Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.*

Æn. vi. 164.

Into yonder grove on the borders of Avernus,

———none so renown'd

The warrior-trumpet in the field to sound;
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honorable arms.

Dryden.

which Homer had filled with phantoms, *the nations of the dead*, Virgil introduces the doves of Venus, and brightens its gloom with the vision of the golden bough.

Species auri frondentis opaca

Illice * —————

Æn. vi. 209.

The adventures of Dædalus were perhaps Homer's; but the temple with its sculptured walls, and the vain efforts of the father to represent the son's fate are characteristic embellishments of Virgil.

Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro

Bis patriæ cecidere manus †.

Ibid. 32.

He also converted the cavern in yonder rock rising on the level shore, into the abode of the Sybil; he made its vaults echo with the voice of futurity, and peopled its recesses with generations yet unknown to the sun.

The Elysian fields, one of the most delightful fictions of antiquity, if that may be called a *fiction* which is founded on truth, belong almost exclu-

* Such was the glitt'ring, such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves that wanton'd in the wind.

Dryden.

† He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.

Ibid.

sively to Virgil. He at least gave substance and locality to a notion before him vague, indefinite, and shadowy. He shed on yonder groves that cover the hills and border the sea, *a purer, a softer radiance**, and introduced into them the immortal spirits of the good made happy.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi:

Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat:

Quique pii vates et Phæbo digna locuti

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo †.

Lib. vi. 660.

In short, not a wood, a lake, a promontory, appears on the coast before me, that has not been distinguished by some illustrious name, or embellished by some splendid fiction. In contemplating a prospect thus adorned by nature, and thus ennobled by genius; the theatre of the most sublime and most instructive fables that the hu-

* . . . lumine vestit

Purpureo

Æn. vi. 640.

Vested with a purple sky.

Dryden.

† Here patriots live, who for their country's good

In fighting fields were prodigal of blood :

Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,

And poets worthy their inspiring God

Those who to worth their bounty did extend,

And those who knew that bounty to commend.

Ibid.

man mind ever invented; we may be allowed, as we bewilder ourselves in the mazes of classical illusion, to indulge a momentary enthusiasm;

Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ*.

Hor. Carm. Lib. iii. Od. iv. 6.

But the scenes before me owe not their graces and their interests to poetry only; history has had its share in the decoration and renown of this favored region. On the summit of that promontory (*Misenus*) rose the villa of *Marius*. Lucullus succeeded to it, and spread around it the amenity, and the beauty which distinguished his character. On the slope of the hill beyond the harbor and looking towards *Pozzuolo*, stood the villa of *Baulis*, where Cicero and Hortensius used to meet and exercise their rival powers. On the eminence above it, rose the retreat of Cæsar, lofty in its site, but in the vicinity of *Baiæ*; thus suited to the temper of that chief, high and imperious, but open to all the charms of literature, and to all the allurements of pleasure. Yonder in the curve of the bay and almost in the beach was Cicero's

* Through hollow'd groves I stray, where streams beneath
From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy breathe.

Francis.

Academy sacred as its name implies, to meditation and philosophical research.

Around in different directions, but all within the compass of four miles, were the villas of Pompey, Varro, and Lucullus; of Pompey, once the first of Roman citizens in power and moderation; of Lucullus, famed alike for his talents, his learning, and his luxury; and of Varro, renowned for his deep erudition and thorough insight into the laws, the literature, and the antiquities of his country.

What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! *Baia* indeed at that time was the resort, or rather the very temple of Wisdom and the Muses; whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared, without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste, to minister at the tables, and season the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed *the feast of reason*.

Shortly after this era of greatness and glory; the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus

himself felt its influence; he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a *citizen*; he may therefore be considered as a republican prince. In the modesty of this character, he frequented the coasts of *Baiæ*, and conducted in his train improvement, opulence, and festivity; Agrippa and Mæcenas, Virgil and Horace. One of the most pleasing scenes of this Emperor's life, and well calculated to close a career once so active, with tranquillity, took place in the bay of *Puteoli* *.

The spirit of the republic seems to have expired with Augustus: under his successor Rome was destined to taste the bitters of despotism, and during the following reigns, to drain the cup to the dregs. Then *Baiæ* became the receptacle of profligacy and effeminacy†, of lust and cruelty, as far beyond the bounds of nature as the power of the imperial monsters was above human control. The beauties of nature were tarnished by the foulness of vice, and the virtuous man turned away

* Suetonius, Aug. 98.

† *Diversorium vitiorum esse cæperunt.* Seneca, *Ep.* li.

“ It began to be the abode of every vice.”

from scenes which he could not behold without disgust and horror. Silius, Martial, Statius, courted the Muse in vain on that shore which had inspired the strains of Virgil. They attempted to celebrate the beauties of *Baiæ*; but the subject was degraded; and their lines forced and inharmonious, neither delight the ear nor win the understanding*. *Baiæ* and its retreats, defiled by obscenity, and stained with blood, were doomed to devastation; and earthquakes, war and pestilence were employed in succession to waste its

* With all due respect to the partial opinion of the admirers of Silius, Martial, and Statius, the compositions of these authors are the offspring of study and exertion, and though in different proportions, yet always in some degree, strained, harsh, and obscure. They have been praised, it is true, but principally, I believe, by their editors and annotators. Pliny, indeed, speaks with kindness and partiality of Martial, but his praise seems dictated less by his taste than his gratitude; and that his opinion of Martial's poetical powers was not very high, may be suspected from the equivocal expression with which he closes his eulogium. "*At non erunt æterna quæ scripsit! non erunt fortasse: ille tamen scripsit tanquam futura*†." In fact, Naples is more indebted to a single modern poet, than to the three ancients above mentioned united. I allude to Sannazarius, who has celebrated the scenery of his country in a strain, pure, graceful, and Virgilian, and interwoven all the characteristic features of the Bay with the subject of his eclogues and elegies.

† But his writings will not be eternal! they will not be eternal, though he wrote as if he expected that they would be so.

fields, and to depopulate its shores. Its pompons villas were gradually levelled in the dust; its *gay alcoves* were swallowed up in the sea; its salubrious waters were turned into pools of infection; and its gales that once breathed health and perfume, now wafted poison and death. The towns forsaken by the inhabitants, gradually sunk to ruin, and the most delicious region the sun beholds in his course, is now a desert, and seems destined to expiate in ages of silence and desolation the crimes of the last degenerate Romans*.

The morning was now far advanced, and I turned towards the west to view the island, which is highly cultivated, thickly inhabited, and presents to a spectator beholding it from the castle a most delightful grove of mulberries, poplars, and vines, with domes, and clusters of white houses intermingled. Juvenal† seems to allude to it as

* The present unwholesomeness of *Baia* and its bay, if real, must be ascribed partly to the same cause as that of the lakes *Agnano* and *Averno*; and partly to the streams and sources once collected on the hills behind it in aqueducts and reservoirs, now spreading and oozing down the declivities, and settling in the hollows below. In a warm climate all stagnant water becomes putrid during the hot months. This inconvenience might easily be remedied, and will, without doubt, when the government becomes more active, and the taste of the Neapolitan gentry more rural.

† *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis*

Destinet

a solitary retreat in his time; it does not merit that appellation at present; in truth, it resembles a large town interspersed with orchards, gardens, and public walks.

The views which have been described above are not the only prospects which the castle affords; it extends its perspective over Naples, the lower part excepted, which is covered by the prominence of *Pausilypon*, includes *Vesuvius*, *Stabia*, *Surrentum*, and terminates in the island of *Capreae*. It is perhaps one of the finest points of view, as it looks down on the bay of *Puteoli*, which is the most delicious part of the crater*.

Close under the southern point of *Prochyta* rises another little island, now called *Vivara*. Whether this island has been detached from

Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

Janua Baiarum est, & gratum littus amœni

Secessus. Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburæ.

Juv. iii. 1—5.

Though, when I see my long-lov'd friend depart,
The mournful verse comes struggling from my heart,
Speed him, ye Gods, to Cumæ's lonely fane,
And give one subject to the Sybil's reign,
Sweet be his sojourn, in the pleasant land
That leads to Baiæ's salutary strand;
For me, I envy such a tranquil home,
And Prochyta itself prefer to Rome.

Hodgson's Translation.

* The bay of Naples is often called the *Crater*.

Prochyta by some subterraneous convulsion, or whether it existed in ancient times, and be that which Ovid mentions under the appellation of

*Pithecusæ habitantū nomine dictæ **,

I leave the learned reader to determine. I shall content myself with observing, that it answers the description given by the poet, and swells into a little barren hill in the centre†. The truth is, that the names of these islands have been applied in a very confused and indiscriminate manner by many of the ancients, and an attempt to reconcile their differences would employ more time and attention than the subject deserves; especially, as every material circumstance connected with their history, situation, and features is sufficiently ascertained, notwithstanding such verbal difficulties, and perhaps poetical mistakes or misrepresentations.

While I thus indulged myself in solitude and repose in the castle of *Prochyta*, my fellow travellers were employed in exploring the neighboring

* And *Pithecusæ* nam'd
From its inhabitants (apes).

† *sterilique locatas*
Colle Pitheculus *Met. xiv. 90.*

. . . . And *Pithecusæ*, perch'd
Upon a barren hill.

island of *Ischia*, anciently *Arime*, *Inarime*, and *Ænaria*, and perhaps sometimes *Pitheculæ*. As it is only about two miles distant from the southern extremity of *Prochyta*, and as it is distinguished by a very bold and lofty mountain, its scenery, owing to the extreme clearness of the air; was brought as it were under my eye, and appeared as distinct as similar objects in northern climates at the distance of half a mile. The following particulars may suffice to give the reader a tolerable notion of this island.

The town of *Ischia*, from which the modern name is derived, stands in a little bay opposite the island of *Vivara*, about two miles from the nearest point of *Prochyta*. This bay is defended by a castle seated on a high rock, which communicates with the shore by an isthmus of sand. *Ischia* or *Inarime* was famed in ancient times for its eruptions, and all the varied and dreadful phenomena that accompany the constant action of subterraneous fires. Besides the ordinary effects of volcanic fermentation, earthquakes, torrents of lava rolling down the declivities, or showers of ashes and cinders overwhelming the country, historians talk of flames rising suddenly from the cracks and fissures of the earth, and spreading like a conflagration over the whole surface of the island; of hot water bursting out from unknown sources, and rolling through the fields with all the fury

and mischief of a torrent; of mountains suddenly sinking into the abyss below, and as suddenly shooting up again increased in bulk and elevation; of vast masses of land detached from the shore and hurled into the sea, and again heaved up by the waters and thrown back on the shore*. With such tremendous events on record before them, it is no wonder that the poets should have placed Typhæus himself under this island, and ascribed its convulsive throes to the agitations of that giant writhing under his tortures.

The principal feature of *Ischia* is the mountain anciently named *Epopeus*, now for euphony softened into *Epomeo*, but more generally called by the people *Monte San Nicolo*. To visit this mountain was our first business; therefore the next morning, about four o'clock, we mounted our mules and began the ascent; the road is extremely steep and craggy, and at length with much exertion we reached the summit, but found it so enveloped in clouds, that one of the grand objects of our excursion, the extensive view which is said to comprehend almost half the southern coast of Italy, was nearly lost to us. However, our disappointment was compensated by the local knowledge of the country, which our progress up and

* Strabo, lib. v. Plin. lib. ii. c. 89. Jul. Obs. Sub. de Prod.

round the mountain enabled us to acquire. The summit is formed of a sort of grey or whitish lava, in the midst of which the form of the crater is easily distinguishable. Two hermits and a soldier inhabit this solitary spot, and occupy apartments cut out of the solid rock.

This mountain, and indeed the whole island, is evidently of volcanic origin, and formed of lava, tufo, and pumice stone. No eruption however has taken place since the year 1302, when the convulsions that shook the mountain were so violent, and the rivers of burning fluid that poured down its sides so extensive and so destructive, that the towns and villages were all levelled with the ground or consumed, most of the inhabitants were destroyed, and the few survivors were driven in terror from their homes. Since this tremendous explosion the island has enjoyed a state of tranquillity, and all apprehension of similar visitations seems removed. The subterraneous fire however is not extinguished, and the number of hot fountains that spring up in different places still attest its existence and activity.

The surface of *Ischia* is very beautifully varied by vineyards, gardens, groves of chestnut, and villages. It is intersected by numberless steep and narrow dells, which are shaded by forest trees intermingled with aloes, myrtles, and other odorous shrubs, that shoot out of the fissures of the

rocks, and wave over their summits. The soil is fertile, and peculiarly favorable to vines; hence the wine of *Ischia* is plentiful, and held in considerable estimation; it is lodged in caverns worked out of the rocks, and formed into very capacious and cool cellars; a method of keeping wine practised not only here and in some other parts of Italy, but in Austria, and various transalpine wine countries; it has many advantages, and implies a great degree of honesty and mutual confidence among the inhabitants.

Besides *Ischia*, there are nine towns and several villages; one of the former, *Foria*, is as large as the capital itself, and I believe more populous. *Panza* is on the southern side of the isle, and near it, on an insulated and conical rock, stands a fortress. *Casamicio* is placed nearly on the summit of *Mount Epomeo*; these towns have all one or two large churches, as many convents, and generally some medicinal waters, or hot baths, or sands, within their confines. The island of *Ischia* is extremely well peopled, and highly cultivated; and as its beauty, its waters, and the coolness and salubrity of its air, attract a considerable number of visitants to it in summer time, it may be considered as very prosperous and flourishing. Its coasts present a great variety of romantic scenery, as they are in general bold and craggy, indented with little bays, jutting out in points, and lined

with shapeless rocks which have been torn in moments of convulsion from the shore, or hurled from the precipices above. Such is *Inarime*, at present the seat of rural beauty and fertility, the resort of health and pleasure, very different from the shattered mountain tumbled in ancient days by Jupiter on the giant monster*, for ever resounding with his groans, and inflamed by his burning breath†.

On our return we touched at *Procida*, and again re-embarking crossed the bay of *Pozzuolo*. The port that once engrossed the commerce of the East, and was accustomed to behold the Roman navy riding on its bosom, was all solitude and silence; not one sail was spread, not even a boat was seen to ply in its forsaken waters. The Julian mole, *Lucrinoque addita claustra*‡ no longer *repel*

Quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammæque rebelli
Ore ejectantem. Sil. Lib. xii. 148.

Whose load o'erwhelms
The rebel giant, from whose mouth expire
Eddies of lurid smoke, and ruddy fire.

† *Ischia* is about eighteen miles in circumference, and may contain about seventy square miles; the number of its inhabitants amounts to four-and-twenty thousand. It belongs to the king of Naples, and brings him a considerable income, arising principally from a tax on its wines.

‡ Virgil, *Georgic*. II. 151.

the indignant waves: the *royal structure* which was numbered among the wonders of Italy, has scarcely left a trace of its existence; and the moral of the poet is literally exemplified in the very instance which he selected for its illustration.

Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus* Hor. D. Arte Poetied. 63.

We passed under *Nisida*, rising as a theatre from the sea; its lower part is covered with buildings, the upper is crowned as anciently with wood.

Sylvaque quæ fixam pelago Nesida coronat†.

Stat.

It was once the rural retreat of Brutus, and frequently honored with Cicero's presence when on a visit to his friend.

On doubling the promontory of *Posilipo*, we beheld the bay with boats without number, skim-

* We and our noblest works to fate must yield;
Ev'n Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,
Where Neptune far into the land extends,
And from the raging north our fleets defends.

Francis.

† And the wood that crowns
The Nesian isle, deep rooted in the main.

ming over its smooth surface, and Naples extended along the coast in all its glory full before us. The immense line of white edifices stretched along the beach, and spread over the hills behind; the bold but verdant coasts on either side, glittering with towns, villages, convents, and villas; and Mount Vesuvius raising its scorched summit almost in the centre, form a picture of singular beauty, and render this view from the sea preferable to every other, because it alone combines all the characteristic features of this matchless prospect. We landed at sunset, and sat down to dinner with our windows open full on the bay, the colors of which were gradually fading away and softening into the dim tints of twilight.

We now turned our attention to Vesuvius, and resolved to visit that mountain without delay, and the more so as the increasing heat of the weather might, in a short time render such an excursion extremely inconvenient. Therefore, leaving Naples about three o'clock next morning, we reached *Portici* where guides with mules had been previously engaged to meet us at four, and instantly began the ascent.

Vesuvius rises in a gentle swell from the shore; the first part or base of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides, such as *Portici*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre del Annonciata*, on the sea coast; and *Ottaiano*, *Somma*, *Massa*, &c. on the inland side.

These are all large towns, and with the villages and villas that encircle them, and extend over the second region of the mountain, may be said, without exaggeration, to cover the lower parts of it with fertility, beauty, and population. The upper tract is a scene of perfect devastation, furrowed on all sides with rivers of lava extended in wide black lines over the surface. This region may be said to terminate at the *Atrio dei Cavalli* (horse-court), so called, because the traveller is obliged to dismount and leave his horse there till his return, as the summit of the mountain must be ascended on foot. This part has the shape of a truncated cone; it is formed almost entirely of ashes, and is extremely difficult of ascent, as it yields under the pressure of the foot, so that one step out of three may be considered as lost. The guides however afford every assistance, and by means of a leathern strap thrown over their shoulders ease the traveller not a little in his exertions. It is advisable to proceed slowly and rest at intervals, as the fatigue otherwise is sufficient to try even strong and youthful constitutions.

When we reached the summit we found ourselves on a narrow ledge of burnt earth or cinders, with the crater of the volcano open beneath us. This orifice in its present form, for it varies at almost every eruption, is about a mile and a half in circumference, and may be about three hundred

and fifty feet in depth; its eastern border is considerably higher than the western. Its sides are formed of ashes and cinders, with some rocks and masses of lava intermingled; they shelve in a steep declivity, enclosing at the bottom a flat space of about three quarters of a mile in circumference. We descended some way, but observing that the least motion or noise brought great quantities of ashes and stones rolling together down the sides, and being called back by our guides, who assured us that we could not in safety go lower or even remain in our station, we reascended. We were near enough to the bottom however to observe, that it seemed to be a sort of crust of brown burnt earth, and that a little on one side there were three orifices like funnels, from whence ascended a vapor so thin as to be scarcely perceptible. Such was the state of the crater in the year 1802. We reached the summit a little before seven, and as we had ascended under the shade of the mountain we had yet felt no inconvenience from the heat; while on the top we were refreshed by a strong wind blowing from the east, and sat down on the highest point of the cone to contemplate the prospect.

Vesuvius is about three thousand six hundred feet in height, and of course does not rank among the greater mountains; but its situation is so advantageous, that the scene which it unfolds to the

eye probably surpasses that displayed from any other eminence. That scene is Naples, with its bay, its islands, and its bordering promontories; the whole of that delicious region justly denominated the *Campania Felice* (happy Campania), with its numberless towns and townlike villages. It loses itself in the immensity of the sea on one side, and on the other is bordered by the Apennines, forming a semicircular frame of various tints and bold outline. I own I do not admire views taken from very elevated points; they indeed give a very good geographical idea of a country; but they destroy all the illusions of rural beauty, reduce hills and vales to the same level, and confound all the graceful swells and hollows of an undulated surface, into general flatness and uniformity.

The most interesting object seen from the summit of Vesuvius is the mountain itself, torn to pieces by a series of convulsions, and strewed with its own ruins. Vesuvius may be said to have two summits; the cone which I have described, and separated from it by a deep valley, a ridge called *Monte Somma* from a town that stands on its side. The distance between these two summits in a strait line, may be nearly two thousand feet. The ridge on the side towards the cone presents a steep rugged barren precipice; on the other side, it shelves gently towards the plain, and is covered

with verdure and villages. The valley or deep dell that winds between these eminences is a desolate hollow, formed entirely of calcined stones, cinders, and ashes, and it resembles a vast subterraneous forge, the rocky roof of which has given way, and admitted light from above. Hence it is conjectured, that it is part of the interior of the mountain, as the ridge that borders it, or the *Monte Somma*, is the remnant of the exterior, or original surface so much celebrated for its beauty and fertility, previous to the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era. It is indeed probable, that the throes and convulsions of the mountain in that first tremendous explosion may have totally shattered its upper parts, while the vast ejection of ashes, cinders, ignited stones, and melted minerals, must have left a large void in its centre. One entire side of the mountain seems to have been consumed or scattered around on this occasion, while the other remains in *Monte Somma*. The cavity thus formed was filled up in part by the matter ejected in subsequent eruptions, and gradually raised into the present cone, which however varies its shape with every new agitation, and increases or diminishes according to the quantity of materials thrown out by the mountain. Even in the last eruption*, it lost a considerable share of its elevation, as the greater part of it after having

* An. 1794.

been raised and kept suspended in the air for some minutes, sunk into the crater and almost filled its cavity. The fire raging in the gulph below having thus lost its vent, burst through the flank of the mountain, and poured out a torrent of lava that, as it rolled down the declivity, swept all before it, and in its way to the sea destroyed the greater part of *Torre del Greco*.

It is not my intention to describe the phenomena of Vesuvius, or to relate the details of its eruptions, which have been very numerous since the first recorded in history in the reign of Titus, so well described by Pliny the younger* in two well known epistles to Tacitus the historian. I shall only observe that although this eruption be the first of which we have an account, yet Vesuvius had all the features of a volcano, and particularly the traces of a crater from time immemorial. Strabo speaks of it as being hollowed out into caverns, and having the appearances of being preyed upon by internal fires; and Florus relates a stratagem employed by a Roman officer, who, he says, conducted a body of men through the cavities and subterraneous passages of that mountain†. These vestiges however neither disfigured its form nor

* Pliny vi. 16, 20.

† Silius Italicus, who probably witnessed the grand eruption, seems to have been induced by the previous appearances of Vesuvius to indulge himself in a poetical

checked its fertility; and it is represented as a scene of beauty and abundance, covered with villas and enlivened by population*, when the eruption burst forth with more suddenness and more fury than any similar catastrophe on record. The

fiction, and represent it as portending the carnage of *Canna* by a tremendous explosion—

*Ætneos quoque contorquens e cautibus ignes
Vesbius intonuit, scopulisque in nubila jactis
Phlegræus tetigit trepidantia sidera vertex.*

Lib. viii. 653.

Then too Vesuvius from his hollow womb
Sent forth, with hideous din, *Ætnæan flames*,
And hurling rocky masses to the sky,
The top of *Phlegra* touch'd the stars of Heav'n,
That trembled at the uproar.

* *Hic est pampineis viridis modo Vesvius umbris :*

Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.

Hæc juga, quam Nysæ colles plus Bacchus amavit,

Hoc nuper Satyri montæ dedere choros.

Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi :

Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.

Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa flavilla :

Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi !

Mart. Lib. iv. Epig. 44.

Here late Vesuvius fed the abundant vine,
The gen'rous grape here pour'd the streaming wine;
On these fair hills their dance the Satyrs wove;
These more than *Nysa's* top did Bacchus love;
More dear to Venus this than Spartan ground;
This for Alcides' name was far renown'd.
All now is lost, consum'd, forlorn, and drear;
The Gods might wish their pow'rs contracted here.

darkness, the flames, the agitation, the uproar, that accompanied this explosion, and extended its devastation and its terror so widely, might naturally excite among many of the degenerate and epicurean Romans that frequented the *Campanian* coasts, the opinion that the period of universal destruction was arrived, and that the atoms which formed the world were about to dissolve their fortuitous combination, and to plunge the universe once more into chaos.

The last eruption took place in 1794; the ashes, cinders, and even water, thrown from the mountain did considerable damage to the towns of *Somma*, *Ottaviano*, and all the circumjacent region; but the principal mischief was, as usual, occasioned by the lava, rivers of which, as I have already related, poured down the southern side of the mountain. These and several other torrents of similar matter, but earlier date, are seen from the summit, and may be traced from their source through the whole of their progress, which generally terminates in the sea. They are narrow at first, but expand as they advance, and appear like so many tracks of rich black mould just turned up by the plough. When their destructive effects are considered, one is surprised to see villas placed in their windings, vineyards waving over their borders, and towns rising in the very middle of their channels. Ravaged and tortured as the vicinity of Vesuvius has been for so many ages, it must appear singular,

that it has not been abandoned by its inhabitants, and consigned to the *genius of fire and desolation* as his own peculiar territory. But such is the richness of the soil, and so slight the damages occasioned by the volcano, when compared to the produce of the lands fertilized by its ashes; so delightful is the situation, and of its numerous inhabitants so small the number that suffer by its agitations, that the evil when divested of its terrific appearances seems an ordinary calamity, not exceeding in mischief the accidents of fire and inundation so common in northern countries. The alarm is indeed great on the approach of an eruption, because it is usually preceded by earthquakes; but when once the fermenting matter finds vent, the general danger is considered as over, and the progress of the phenomena becomes an object of mere curiosity to all, excepting to the cultivators of the lands which the lava actually rolls over, or seems likely to ravage in its progress.

We descended the cone or upper part of the mountain with great ease and rapidity, as the ashes yielding to the tread prevented slipping, and enabled us to hasten our pace without danger. From the *Atrio dei Cavalli* we proceeded towards a bed of lava ejected in the last eruption, and found its appearance very different from that which we had observed from the summit. Thence it resembled long stripes of new ploughed land; here it was like the surface of a dark muddy

stream convulsed by a hurricane, and frozen in a state of agitation ; presenting rough broken masses rolling over each other, with a huge fragment rising here and there above the rest, like a wave distorted by the tempest and congealed in its fall. The exterior parts of this torrent of fire are cold, but the sand produced by the friction and the crumbling of the interior parts, although it is now eight years since the eruption, is still too hot to hold in the hand, as is indeed the earth itself under, or in immediate contact with these once glowing masses. We continued our descent, and again reached *Portici* about eleven o'clock*.

* Notwithstanding the encomium of Martial, the summit of Vesuvius is represented by Strabo, that is sometime before the eruption of 79, as flat and totally barren. It is reported that in the intervals of some of the eruptions, its summit, and even the hollow of the crater, was covered with verdure and forest trees, as *Astroni*, a long extinguished volcano, is at present. The number of eruptions, including that of 1794, is said to be about thirty-one ; it is not probable that in all these eruptions more than fifteen thousand persons perished, while in one eruption of Etna three times that number were buried under the ruins of one town only, *Catanea*.

CHAP. II.

*Herculaneum, Papyri—Torre del Greco—Pompeii ;
its Theatres, Temple, Porticos, and Villa, general
Appearance and Effect—Excursion to the Aqueduct,
and Palace of Caserta.*

PORTICI is a small town about six miles from Naples, on the sea shore, and at the foot of Vesuvius ; its principal ornament is a royal palace. Under this town and palace lies buried, at the depth of seventy feet under accumulated beds of lava, the city of *Herculaneum*, the first victim of the fires of Vesuvius. Its name and catastrophe were too well recorded to be forgotten ; but its site, though marked out by the ancients with tolerable precision, was a subject of debate among the learned, till an accident determined the controversy. A peasant sinking a well in his garden found several fragments of marble. The prince *D'Elbeuf*, being informed of the circumstance, purchased the spot, and continuing the excavations discovered various statues, pillars, and even a whole temple of the finest marble, adorned with

statues. The Neapolitan government then interposed, and suspended all further excavations for the space of twenty years ; at which time, instead of satisfying the public curiosity and doing itself immortal honor by purchasing the village and buildings above, and laying open the whole city below, it bought the ground, but with characteristic stupidity resolved to cover it with a palace. The excavations were indeed continued occasionally but negligently, and rather for the purpose of profit than of liberal curiosity. However, a basilica, two temples, and a theatre were successively discovered and stripped of their numerous pillars and statues. Streets were observed, paved, and flagged on the sides, and private houses, and even monuments explored. A prodigious number of statues of bronze of different sizes, pillars of marble and alabaster, and paintings and mosaics, many entire and in high preservation, others fractured and damaged, have been drawn from the edifices of this subterraneous city, and give a high idea of its opulence : to these we may add every species of ornaments used in dress, of weapons and armor, of kitchen utensils and domestic furniture, of agricultural and chirurgical instruments. More treasures, without doubt, might be extracted from this long forgotten mine of antiquity, but the almost inconceivable indifference of the Spanish court, and the indolence with which the

excavations have been carried on : as well as the manner, which is more influenced by a regard for the safety of the heavy useless modern palace, than by any considerations of curiosity and interest in the ancient city, have hitherto in spite of public eagerness checked or rather suspended the undertaking. At present, the theatre is the only part open to inspection ; the descent is by a long flight of stairs wide and convenient, but the darkness below is too deep to be dispelled by the feeble glare of a few torches ; and some of the seats for the spectators, and the front of the stage, are the only objects distinguishable. The other excavations are filled up, as the method is to open one only at a time, always filling that which is abandoned with the rubbish drawn from that which is newly opened.

Emerging from this gloomy cavern we turned to the palace, and proceeded directly to the repository of the numberless articles collected in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. Unfortunately the furniture of these apartments, which had all been packed up and carried to *Palermo* on the approach of the French, either had not arrived or had not been unpacked ; we had therefore the mortification to find the numerous cases empty, and were obliged to content ourselves with the inspection of some pictures in the rooms below, and some pavements in those above. Of the former, the subjects

are generally taken from mythology ; some however are fantastic landscapes, and others arabesque decorations ; the design is bold and graceful, but the execution oftentimes indifferent : hence they are supposed to be copies of celebrated pictures taken by ordinary painters. The pavements of the upper rooms are ancient, and some of uncommon beauty, formed of marble of the most brilliant colors, and arranged with exquisite taste and effect.

But of all the articles of this collection however curious, and of all the treasures drawn from *Herculaneum* however valuable, the most curious and most valuable are, without doubt, the manuscripts there discovered. Of these a considerable number dissolved into dust as soon as exposed to the air, while others though scorched or rather burnt resist the action of that element. The number of the latter may, I believe, be about eighteen hundred. As a very small part of *Herculaneum* has hitherto been explored it is highly probable, that if a general excavation were made, ten times the number of manuscripts abovementioned might be discovered ; and among them perhaps ; or rather very probably some of the first works of antiquity, the loss of which has been so long lamented. The destruction of the palace of *Portici*, and of the village of *Resina* would without doubt be abundantly compensated by the recovery of the Decads

of Titus Livius and of the books wanting in Tacitus, or of the treatise of Cicero *De Gloria*, or of his Dialogues *De Republicâ*, that grand repository of all the political wisdom of the ancients. The first manuscripts unfolded were Greek, and as *Herculaneum* was known to be a Greek city, it was presumed that the whole collection might be in that language; but several Latin works have been found since, and there is every reason to believe that in a city so rich, and inhabited by so many wealthy Romans, there must have been considerable libraries both public and private, and of course, complete collections of Roman authors.

The mode of unrolling these manuscripts was invented by a priest of the congregation of the *Somaschi* (a body of clergy who devote themselves to the education of youth), but as the government of Naples, though it employed him and an assistant whom he instructed in the process, did not however give much encouragement to the undertaking, the work languished, and the manuscripts long remained a neglected treasure. At length, the Prince of Wales, with a munificence that does equal honor to his taste and his public spirit, undertook to defray the expences, and selected a person, not only qualified for the task by his deep and extensive information, but peculiarly adapted to it by his zeal and perseverance. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Hayter, a clergyman of the

Church of England, who is now established at *Portici*, and superintends the process of unfolding the *papyri* with indefatigable assiduity. Never indeed were vigilance and patience more necessary, as the method employed requires the most delicate touch, and the most unremitting attention. One hasty gesture may spoil a whole volume, and the most important and most laborious task of the superintendent is to prevent such accidents by repressing the eagerness of the workmen. To this tediousness, inseparable from the very nature of the operation itself, and to the difficulty of procuring steady workmen in a country where ardor and impetuosity are the predominant features of the national character, must be attributed the slow and almost imperceptible progress of this undertaking. It is indeed melancholy to reflect, that supposing the work to be carried on with the same zeal and on the same principles as at present, centuries must elapse before the manuscripts now in hand can be unrolled, and their contents given to the public. To which we may add, that such is the extreme frailty of the *papyri* themselves, that with all the care and precaution imaginable, not one probably can escape mutilation, and pass through the process without some detriment, or rather without material defalcation.

The fate of *Herculaneum* naturally reminds us of *Pompeii*, which was destined to perish by the

same disastrous catastrophe in the first century, and to arise again from its tomb in the eighteenth. We accordingly made an excursion to this town on Monday the 7th of June. It is about fourteen miles from Naples, on the road to *Nocera*. From Naples to *Torre del Greco* the highway is almost a street, so close are the villas, villages, and towns to each other. As the road runs along the coast, and at the foot of Vesuvius, every break gives on one side a view of the bay, on the other of the mountain.

Torre del Greco still presents in its shattered houses, half buried churches, and streets almost choked up with lava, a melancholy instance of the ravages of the last eruption. The depth of the destructive torrent is in some places five-and-twenty feet; so that the entrance into several houses is now in the second story; and into one church, through the great window over the western door. Some edifices were entirely destroyed; others were surrounded, incrustated and filled with lava, and may perhaps give a very accurate idea of the state of *Herculaneum* at the time of its destruction. The inhabitants, after having seen their town in part levelled with the ground or swallowed up in the fiery deluge, and in part shaken and disjointed, would have been excusable if they had transferred the wreck of their property to some other less obnoxious quarter. But the dis-

asters to which their country is exposed seem rather to increase than diminish their attachment; and when we passed, a new city was already rising upon the ruins of the former.

A French traveller who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very *ingeniously*, and at the same time much to the *credit* of his species compares them to ants which never fail to repair their nests how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to be to degrade and vilify human nature: and since that period whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in succession to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbors, and is united with the wise, the good, the great of all ages and countries in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature. In opposition therefore to the *sagacious president*, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of *Torre del Greco*, and consider their perseverance which undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once

his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage, amid the ruins of Rome still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of *Veii*; and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter*?

The town of *Torre del Greco* was supposed by Cluverius to occupy the site of *Herculaneum*, because the distances nearly corresponded, and inscriptions have been found that seem to corroborate this conjecture. In fact, making allowances for the extent of the ancient town, there is little more than three quarters of a mile difference, so that its name and jurisdiction extended probably much farther. Hence the *Salinæ* (salt-pits), which lay on the coast further on, and probably near if not beyond *Torre d'Annonciata*, were called *Herculanenses*. The road to this last-mentioned town

* Adeo nihil tenet solum patriæ, nec hæc terra quam matrem appellamus; sed in superficie, tignisque caritas nobis patriæ pendet?—*Tit. Liv. lib. v. cap. 54.*

“Is then the soil of our country, and this land which we call our mother, of no account? and is our affection for our country connected only with the plot of ground on which our house is built, and the beams of which it is composed?”

crosses various beds of lava, poured out at different periods : it is notwithstanding this circumstance bordered with houses and villas, and enlivened by perpetual crowds and agitation.

Beyond *Torre d'Annonciata* the road turns a little from the sea, and crosses the ancient *Palus Pompeiana*, once perhaps a marsh, now a rich plain, raised and fertilized by the very ashes which buried the unfortunate *Pompeii*. We stopped at a farm-house in appearance, and alighting in the court found ourselves in the quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers : the destination and date of this edifice, its form and coloring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, fresh as if written yesterday, are objects sufficiently curious to interest without the aid of architecture, of which this building cannot boast ; it is an oblong square, with a portico on all sides, supported by Doric pillars of brick plastered over and painted alternately red and yellow, with the exception of the two in the middle of each side which are blue ; behind are numerous apartments about fourteen feet square. Immediately behind the barracks are two theatres, one small and supposed to have been covered, the other large ; both these edifices were lined with marble, beautifully paved, and in every respect highly finished. The pavement of the arena of the smaller theatre is entire, and engraved on it,

in a line parallel with the stage, are the following words in large brass letters.

M. OCULATIUS, M. F. VERUS JIVIR PRO
LUDIS*.

In other respects these theatres are exactly of the same form as the *Teatro Olimpico* of *Palladio* at *Verona*: having like it a narrow proscenium, and three entrances (one large, the other two less) to the stage from the scenery behind. In the larger of these fabrics the seats rest on the side of a hill, above which was a colonnade or portico communicating with a public walk or rather forming part of a forum. The side of a hill was indeed peculiarly favorable to the arrangements of an ancient theatre, and seems to have been frequently chosen for the purpose. These theatres when discovered were nearly entire; they have since been stripped of their decorations, but still retain all their characteristic features.

The temple of *Isis* is behind the little theatre, and occupies an angle formed by two streets. It consists of a small court supported by Doric pillars, at one end of which is the *cella* raised on several steps; to this *cella* there are two doors, one in front opening on the court, the other on the

* Marcus Oculatius, and Marcus F. Verus, overseers of the public games.

side; in the back of the *cella* is a piece of brick-work nearly breast high, running from side to side, and leaning against the wall; it is hollow and arched, and open at each end with steps conducting to it. This circumstance has induced the *Ciceroni* to represent it as a lurking place for the priests, who, they say, gave answers from thence in the name of the idol that stood above; and it has thus afforded the *profound president De Paty* an opportunity of declaiming against priestcraft; while a female traveller with all the piety and tenderness of her sex laments the fate of the *poor deluded votaries*. It is a pity that so much eloquence and so much compassion should be thrown away, but so they have been upon the present occasion. In the first place, it does not appear that oracles were ever given at *Pompeii*, as this was a privilege reserved to the ancient and more renowned temples; in the second place, oracles had ceased every where long before this temple or edicula (for it scarce deserves the former appellation) was erected; thirdly, these entrances are too public, and the whole contrivance too gross to dupe the dullest peasant, much less the polished inhabitants of *Pompeii*. There is close to the *Cella*, a room in which a skeleton was discovered. There are niches where various statues of *Venus*, *Priapus*, &c. were found, which with the furniture, marbles, and pictures, were transported to *Portici*. The

whole of this edifice appeared to me ill-proportioned in form, and poor in materials; its pillars are brick plastered, and most of its ornaments are stucco.

Behind this temple on one side is a court surrounded with a portico, supported by sixteen Doric pillars: from a sort of pulpit on one side, I should suppose it intended for some public assembly. Another court follows with a similar portico, and communicates with the grand portico of the theatre, supported by more than sixty stone pillars of the same order, that is, Doric, but in proportion bordering upon Tuscan. Near this portico lie several fragments of columns, of a much larger size and of bolder proportions; as the excavations have been carried no farther on this side, it is difficult to form any conjecture about their destination; perhaps they belonged to the temple of Neptune, and may have been thrown down and laid in their present situation by the earthquake which nearly destroyed this city a few years previous to the eruption that buried it finally. The damage occasioned by the first disaster was never probably repaired, and seems to account for the apparent want of architectural magnificence in a city, equal perhaps in size and population to *Herculaneum*, and complimented by Seneca with the addition of "*celebrem Campaniæ urbem**."

* A celebrated city of Campania.

The street which runs from the neighborhood of the soldiers' quarters to the gate is narrow, that is, only about thirteen feet wide, formed like the *Via Appia* at *Itri*, and other places where it remains entire, of large stones fitted to each other in their original form, without being cut or broken for the purpose. There are on each side parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement is furrowed by two deep ruts, which shew evidently that the carriages always kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder; of course, they must have all moved in the same direction, and had regular hours for coming and going, as there is not room for two, and even if there were, the stone posts which are placed at intervals would oblige them to return to the track. The houses on either side stand close to each other, seem to have been shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly the same size, all paved and painted much in the same manner. In one of these buildings were found several unfinished statues, that announce the work-shop of a statuary. In another, the word *Salve* (welcome), engraved in large characters on the threshold in Mosaic, indicate, it may be supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ, which contained wine, still remain; and on the marble slab that served as a shopboard are the marks of cups or glasses. The gate has one large

central and two less openings on the side, with parapets of the same breadth as the street; without, but close to it, are semicircular recesses with stone seats, and beyond a tomb and a palumbarium or receptacle of cinerary urns.

The most perfect and most curious object that has been yet discovered is a villa at a little distance from the town. It consists of three courts; in the first and largest is a pond, and in the centre an edicula or little temple; there are numerous apartments of every description paved in Mosaic, colored and adorned with various paintings on the walls, all in a very beautiful style. The baths in this villa seem to have been the principal object of luxurious indulgence, and are laid out with a refinement of art and contrivance that can receive few or no improvements from all our modern inventions. In the cellars under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row with their backs against the wall; the ashes which had gradually worked their way into every corner, had hardened into a solid mass, which when removed was found in some places imprinted with the form of the bosom, and even retaining part of the garment. At the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, the other with a purse grasped in his hand. This villa is said to have belonged to Arrius: the name of Arrius has no charm in its

sound! what traveller while visiting it would not wish to persuade himself that he was ranging over the apartments of Cicero's *Pompeianum*. It stood in the neighborhood of this town, and *possibly* on this very spot. It was a favorite retreat, and much frequented by Cicero and his friends Atticus, Hortensius, Sulpicius, &c. From it he sailed to Greece, in order to join Pompey, after having declined the dubious offer of the three cohorts stationed at *Pompeii*. At all events, if the excavations were carried on with spirit, and on a large scale, there is no doubt but that Cicero's villa would be found, and probably some inscription, statue, or other circumstance, recording the name of the most illustrious of its proprietors.

The houses are on a small scale, generally of one, sometimes of two stories; the principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and a marble cistern in the middle; two had glass windows, in the others shutters only were used; the pavements are all mosaic, and the walls are stained with mild colors; the decorations are basso relievos in stucco, and paintings in medallions. Marble seems to have been common. On the whole, *Pompeii*, in all the circumstances which I have mentioned, bears a strong resemblance to modern Italian towns, with this only difference, that in point of general appearance the latter have, I think, the advantage.

It must however be remembered, that *Pompeii* had already been damaged by an earthquake*, that the roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of ashes and pumice stones upon them; and in short, that, as not more than a quarter of the town has been hitherto explored, buildings of greater magnificence may still remain undiscovered.

It is generally supposed, that the destruction of this city was sudden and unexpected; and it is even recorded that the people were surprised and overwhelmed at once by the volcanic shower while in the theatre†. But this opinion seems ill-founded; the number of skeletons discovered in *Pompeii* does not amount to sixty, and supposing it to have been ten times that number, it would still be very inconsiderable when compared to the extent and population of the city. It may perhaps be doubted, whether *Pompeii* was ever fully restored and repeopled after the earthquake of sixty-three; but it certainly was repaired in part, and inhabited by a very considerable body of citizens, as must appear from the state in which the houses

* Motu terre celebre Campaniæ oppidum, *Pompeii* corruit.—*Tac. Ann.* xv. 32.

“*Pompeii*, a celebrated town of Campania, was overthrown by an earthquake.”

† *Dio lxi.*

and apartments are at this day, that is, painted and ornamented not only with neatness, but even with elegance.

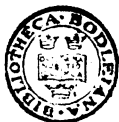
As for the circumstance of the inhabitants, of either *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*, being surprised while in the theatre, it is so palpable an absurdity, that it is difficult to conceive how the historian above-mentioned could relate it with so much gravity. It may be questioned whether even one skeleton was found in or near the theatres at either place. The first agitation, and the threatening aspect of the mountain, must have banished mirth and amusement far from its borders, and filled every heart with awe, expectation, and terror. While the earth was rocking under their feet, and the mountain bellowing over their heads; while the country was deluged with liquid fire, and the whole atmosphere was loaded with ashes and sulphur, the people of the towns immediately within the range of destruction could not have been so frantic as to sit down quietly to theatrical exhibitions. Symptoms, indeed, of the approaching explosion had manifested themselves in numbers and manner sufficiently terrific to alarm the strongest minds, particularly when not accustomed to volcanic phenomena. Not to speak of the previous earthquakes mentioned by Pliny*, because

* Ep. Lib. vi. 20.

not uncommon on that coast, Dio relates that the summit of the mountain was thronged with spectres, who sometimes moved along its brows, and sometimes raising themselves from the ground, flitted through the air in hideous and gigantic shapes. This appearance was probably occasioned by the vapors working through the crevices of the earth, and rising and expanding as they escaped from confinement; an appearance which a superstitious and terrified populace might easily metamorphose into fiends and furies. Pliny, in the same epistle, describes the cloud rising from Vesuvius in the form of a pine, observed at *Misenum* about the seventh hour of the day, or one o'clock *post meridiem* (in the afternoon). The elder Pliny embarked shortly after; (the younger, who remained at *Misenum*, seems from his own account to have been deficient either in spirit or curiosity, on this occasion so well calculated to call forth both*). As the wind was fair, he must have

* *Jubet Liburnicam aptari: mihi, si venire una vellem, facit copiam. Respondi studere me malle; et forte ipse quod scriberem, dederat†. Plin. Ep. vi. 16.* What lesson could books afford equal to that which nature was then exhibiting? We find him afterwards making extracts from Livy, in circumstances still more astonishing!

† He orders his pinnace to be got ready, and offers to take me with him, if I was so disposed. I replied that I had rather attend to my studies; and in fact he himself had given me something to write.



reached the coast of *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii* about four o'clock.

As he approached, the shallowness of the sea, occasioned perhaps by the agitation and the swell of the earth under (not certainly by the ruins of the mountain, as his nephew expresses it) obliged him to change his course, and to turn to *Stabiae*. *Stabiae* stood on or near the side of *Castell à Mare*, which still bears its name, at least in ecclesiastical proceedings and records, and is about three miles from *Pompeii*. Here he found his friend prepared for the event, with vessels ready and his baggage on board; the alarm had been general long before, for we find that a message from *Retina* (now *Resina*) a naval station at the very foot of *Vesuvius*, had reached him before he set out from *Misenum*. He converses with his friend, goes to supper, and retires to rest. In the mean time the mountain appears on fire, probably from the eruption of the lava; and ashes and pumice stones, which had begun to fall some hours before, now showered down in such quantites as almost to fill the adjoining court. This shower, which seems to have continued all night and during part of the morning (*jam dies alibi, illic nox omnibus noctibus nigrior densiorque**) was probably that which overwhelmed

* Now, though it was day elsewhere,
Darkest and thickest night continued there.

Pompeii, as it ceased shortly after, and with it the agitations of the mountain. This appears from the circumstance of the body of the naturalist having been found on the third day after, on the spot where he had fallen, not covered, as must have been the case had the fall of ashes and pumice stones continued even one hour after his death.

Pompeii, as has been already observed, is only three miles from *Stabiae*; but it is on the very side itself of Vesuvius, and only about five miles from its crater. The bed of ashes was in some places scarce three feet in depth, so that it must appear wonderful that the town had not been discovered long before the middle of the last century; or rather that the ashes were not removed, and the city restored immediately after its catastrophe. We may therefore conclude, that the far greater part of the inhabitants of *Pompeii* had time to escape, and that those whose skeletons remain were either decrepid slaves, or criminals in a state of confinement. Of the latter, indeed, some were found in chains; and as for the former, when we consider the immense number employed in Roman villas, we shall wonder that so few have been hitherto discovered. However it must be admitted, that during the course of the eruption, and taking in the whole range of its devastations, many persons perished, and among them some of dis-

tion, as may be collected not only from Dio but from Suetonius*, who relates that Titus then Emperor, devoted the property of those who lost their lives on that occasion and had no heirs, to the relief of the survivors†. Though the catastrophe took place within the space of twelve or twenty hours at the utmost, yet time was found to remove most portable articles of value, such as plate, silver and gold ornaments, &c. as very little of this description has been discovered. The furniture which remains is to moderns of equal perhaps of greater value, as it is better calculated to give a clear and accurate idea of Roman manners, as far as they are connected with such objects.

It has been often regretted, that the pictures, furniture, and even skeletons should have been removed, and not rather left, and carefully preserved in the very places and attitudes, where they were originally discovered. Without doubt, if articles so easily damaged, or stolen, could with any prudence have been left in their respective places, it would have heightened the charm, and contributed

* Suet. Titus, 8.

† The greatest number of sufferers was probably in the villas, where the proprietors themselves might very naturally have loitered too long, as they were there secure from the effects of the earthquake: the slaves might be detained even to the last moment.

in a much greater degree to the satisfaction of the spectator. Pictures, statues, and pillars, or other decorations, can never produce the same effect, or excite the same interest, when ranged methodically in a gallery at *Portici* or *Naples*, as they would when occupying the very spot and standing in the very point of view for which they were originally destined.

But independent even of this advantage, and stripped as it is of almost all its moveable ornaments, *Pompeii* possesses a secret power that captivates, I had almost said, melts the soul. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages, would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column, was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond, but hopeless longing. Here, not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us, untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows we contemplate the same

scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders, who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner, lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments.—The traveller may long indulge the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or to interrupt his reflections. All around is silence, not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation: the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*

Æn. ii. 755.

Immediately above the buildings, the ground rises, not into a cliff, casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, on the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clad with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines

* All things were full of horror of affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

Dryden.

in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming, with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city raised from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld must remain for ever pictured on the imagination; and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

Among the modern works that adorn the territory, or rather the vicinity of Naples, the two noblest are the aqueduct and the palace of Caserta. Both lie north of Naples; the former is most distant; the road is over a delicious plain to *Acerra*, a very ancient town, remarkable however for nothing but its attachment to the Romans, even after the battle of *Cannæ*, and in the presence of Annibal*. Some miles farther we passed *Sessola*,

* Liv. xxiii. 17. It is perhaps better known for the fertility of its soil extolled by Virgil, or rather for the harmony of the verses which terminate in its name.

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquis Acerris.

Georg. ii. 224.

Such

now a village, once *Suessula*, a city, noticed frequently in Titus Livius for a Roman camp, long stationary on the hills above it: we shortly after skirted *Maddaloni*, and entered the valley to which it gives its name. This valley is formed by *Mount Tifata* on one side, and on the other by *Monte Gazzano*, which is only a branch of the former. It is long and deep; its sides are rugged, and its appearance is wild and solitary.

In the midst of this lonely dell, the traveller is surprised to behold an immense bridge, formed of a triple row of lofty arches, crossing with gigantic strides from one side to the other. This bridge, forms part of the celebrated aqueduct of *Caserta*; it is near two thousand feet in length, and two hundred in height, and conveys a whole river of the purest water across the valley. The stream itself is collected in the neighborhood of *Mount Taburnus*, and carried sometimes through moun-

Such is the soil of fat Campanian fields,
Such large increase the land that joins Vesuvius, yields;
And such a country could Acerra boast,
Till Clanius overflow'd th' unhappy coast.

Dryden.

The inhabitants seem to have secured themselves by embankments against the mischievous swells of the *Clanius* (now *Chiagno*, and sometimes *Lagno*) alluded to in the last line.

tainis, and sometimes over vallies to the palace; but though the work may in many places have been more difficult, it is no where more magnificent than in this valley. In length, elevation, and effect, it surpasses all similar edifices of modern construction, and may, indeed, vie with some of the noblest Roman monuments. The first row consists of nineteen arches, the second of twenty-seven, and the third of forty-three. The stream is about four feet wide, and three and a half deep. From a reservoir on the top of *Gazzano*, it is precipitated down the declivity to the plain; where collected in a long strait canal, it loses its rapidity, and assumes the appearance of an old-fashioned stagnant pool*.

* The arches of the upper row in this aqueduct are the highest, and those of the under the lowest, an arrangement contrary to ancient practice, and certainly not pleasing to the eye; but whether it may be considered as a defect or not, I will not presume to determine. It is to be regretted that an edifice of such magnitude and solidity is of brick with a sort of pumice stone intermingled; it ought to have been coated with marble in the Roman manner. The difference which it might have made in the expense could not have been a matter of importance in a country where marble is so common. The architect was *Fanvitelli*, a man of great, and, as may well be supposed, of merited reputation. The inscriptions on the middle arch under which the road goes are long, and as usual, pompous, and therefore misplaced. Such a work requires no eulogium.

From the hill we descended along the side of the aqueduct to the gardens of *Caserta*, extensive and regular, and if we except a part in the English style, uninteresting. We then entered the palace, one of the noblest edifices of the kind in Europe for magnitude and elevation. It is a vast quadrangle near eight hundred feet in length, six hundred in breadth, and in height one hundred and twenty. It is divided into four great courts; a portico, supported by a hundred pillars, and wide enough for carriages to pass, extends from the grand entrance to the opposite side. An octagonal hall, in the centre of the edifice, opens on the portico, and at the same time on the courts, and the principal staircase. The staircase is about twenty feet wide, consists of at least one hundred steps, each of one piece of marble, and ends in an octagon vestibule, supported by twenty-four marble pillars. From these pillars rise arcades, which cover the entrances into the grand apartments; that opposite the staircase is the chapel, which is well proportioned and highly decorated. Its form is ancient, terminating in a semicircular recess, for the altar. The royal gallery is over the entrance and in front of the altar; it is on the same level as the side galleries, and with them forms a most beautiful colonnade, supported by four-and-twenty pillars of the finest marble. This chapel is on the same plan as that of *Versailles*; but in size,

proportion, materials, and ornaments, far superior, and may be considered, when united with the staircase, as the noblest part of the palace.

The other apartments do not seem to correspond with it in grandeur; and of the whole edifice of *Caserta*, it may be said, that notwithstanding the advantages of magnitude and regularity it is deficient in effect, because it wants *greatness of manner*. The whole is on a great scale, and so ought the component parts to have been, but the reverse is the case. Though the building be more than a hundred feet in height, yet the columns that adorn the front are not more than fifty. Again, the length of the front is near eight hundred feet, the colonnade, therefore, that adorns it, ought to have been extremely prominent; on the contrary, it has very little relief, and indeed scarcely seems to project from the wall behind it. The interior portico is six hundred feet in length, yet the pillars that support it are not twenty in height: it has therefore the appearance of a long low gallery. Whether these defects are to be ascribed to the interference of the king himself (*Don Carlos* of Spain) who is supposed to have given the general plan, and may be suspected of having sometimes entered into the details of execution; or whether they result from the original design, we know not, but they certainly lessen the effect, and deprive this palace of the grandeur to which its materials, situation, and magnitude, entitle it.

I mean not by these observations to disparage the work, or to lower the reputation of the architect. The fame of *Vanvitelli* is above the reach of censure; as long as the aqueduct of *Maddaloni* stands, so long will his name be placed with that of *Michael Angelo* and of *Bramante*; and as long as the stranger ascends by the marble staircase of *Caserta* to its marble chapel, so long will it be numbered among the first palaces in Europe. I only lament that the former either did not, or could not, realize his own sublime conceptions; and that the latter, with all the advantages which it possesses, was not carried one degree nearer to perfection.

The observations which I have ventured to make on *Caserta*, might be extended to almost all the palaces which I have had an opportunity of visiting. The imperial residences, whether at *Vienna*, *Innsbruck*, or *Prague*, have no claim to architectural ornament, at least externally; and it is to the exterior that my observations are at present confined. The palaces of the *Tuilleries* and *Versailles* are of a different description, and cannot be said to want ornament or even symmetry, but the style varies so often, and the scene is so perpetually changing on the eye, that proportions are constantly counteracting each other, and no part produces its full effect. Thus the front of the *Tuilleries* consists of five parts; a lofty pavilion in the centre, two long low buildings on each side,

and again a lofty pavilion at each end. The central pavilion consists of three stories, adorned with pillars, the wings of two, the pavilions at each end, of one story, and a most enormous attic. The decorations of the two latter are Corinthian pilasters; massive, bold, and majestic; and had the same style been continued throughout the whole length, the effect would have been truly noble; but as it is, the greatness of manner so conspicuous in these two members, only makes the two orders of the wings, and the three of the centre appear mean and diminutive. The *Louvre*, at least, the front which faces the river, is simple and manly. The celebrated colonnade, which forms the principal front, is, with many defects, certainly beautiful.

Versailles may be said to have two fronts; one facing the road, the other looking on the garden; the former consists of several courts opening into each other, and contracting as they recede from the gate; so that angle succeeds angle, and roof sinks behind roof. The *façade* towards the garden presents a considerable length, but the order which decorates it is petty; moreover, the wings fall back, and by breaking the line destroy the unity of the view. Thus, are these huge edifices, notwithstanding their magnitude, reduced by the puny proportions of their component parts to *vast heaps of littleness*.

The palace of Mafra is the most magnificent of the royal residences in Portugal: it presents a long and stately front, and consists of several courts, containing besides the royal apartments, a convent, a library, and a very handsome church. So far it seems to mimic the Escorial; but its front though its size and materials are grand and costly, is disfigured by a profusion of useless ornaments, an ill-proportioned colonnade, and a broken whimsical entablature and pediment.

The King of Prussia can boast of a palace which, though inferior to all the above-mentioned edifices in extent, is yet in *style* superior. It is in the vicinity of *Potsdam*, and called the *Red Palace*, from the color of the stone of which it is in part built: its front is simple, formed of few members, and decorated with a bold Corinthian portico. Frederic the Great was fond of the arts; he seemed ambitious of giving both his capital and his residence as much architectural splendor as possible; and to a certain degree, he has succeeded, as few cities present so much pillared scenery as *Berlin* and *Potsdam*. Unfortunately, either he has not always followed the best models, or his architects have as usual deviated from ancient proportions. Hence the columns are generally too thin, and the pediments too high, and hence also those perpetual interruptions of the *line*, and those *zigzags* and flourishes so unnatural in stone and marble, and

yet so frequent in modern decorations. To these defects we may add another scarcely less reprehensible; these porticos and colonnades are frequently like a theatrical decoration, mere deceptions; so that the spectator, when he has admired a noble front and enters the portal with the expectation of seeing a church or a hall of corresponding grandeur, is surprised to find himself sometimes in a petty meeting-house, and sometimes in a narrow dirty passage. However the *Brandenburgh Gate*, which is an imperfect imitation of the *Propylæum*, has a noble appearance, and may perhaps be considered as the most faultless piece of architecture in Germany*.

The country palace of *Willemseshofe* in the neighborhood of Cassel, erected by the present Landgrave, has an Ionic colonnade of considerable boldness and beauty, and is in *manner* comparable if not superior to most royal residences. The palace of *Laken* erected by the Archduchess Chris-

* The French have since carried off the bronze quadriga with the figure of Victory, which surmounted the pediment of this gate. I know not whether defied and challenged as they had been by the Court of Berlin, they were not justifiable in this act of plunder. *Victory* of course follows the *victor*. Prussia has recovered Victory and its reputation. It will, I hope, profit by the lesson, and never more expose itself to the danger of forfeiting *both* by duplicity, treachery, and a vile, selfish system of atheistic politics.

tina and the Duke Albert, has one fine feature, a beautiful colonnade and dome.

It has been observed that there is not in England a single royal palace fit for the residence of the sovereign of so great and opulent a nation. With the exception of the feudal mansion of Windsor, which derives not a little grandeur from its site and magnitude, and more majesty from its antiquity and connexion with the history and the literature of England, than the noblest architecture could give it; with this single exception the remark may be just. But whence comes this deficiency? it cannot be said that the Kings of England have wanted either the inclination or the means of building, as scarce a reign has passed that has not seen a new palace, castle, *box*, cottage, pavilion, or nameless and shapeless *something* arise for the royal accommodation. Nor can it fairly be objected that the King of England cannot, like other sovereigns, draw at pleasure upon the treasury. Till the Revolution the monarch could command what portion of the public income he thought proper, and since that period, sovereigns do not appear to have been too economical, or parliaments very parsimonious. The truth is, that the King of England possesses as many royal residences as any prince in Europe, and as much money has been expended upon them here as in any other country; but at the same time it is to

be remembered, that *taste* has been wanting in the designs, and economy in the expenditure. However, if the royal mansions be deficient in grandeur, the defect is abundantly compensated by the splendor and the princely *state* of the villas and the country houses of the nobility and the gentry. Here indeed England outshines all the countries in the world, and far eclipses the glories even of Italy. The palaces that rise in the most distant provinces, the colonnades and porticos that grace them, and all the *temple-like* magnificence that surrounds them, give a stranger the idea of so many imperial abodes, and present scenes of architecture superior to all modern exhibitions, and inferior only to the splendor of ancient Rome!

CHAP. III.

*Excursion to Beneventum—Furcæ Caudinæ—Mount
Taburnus—Beneventum, its Triumphal Arch—
Excursion—Nuceria—Cava—Salernum—Mount
Alburnus—Pæstum, its History and Temples.*

OUR next excursion was to *Beneventum*, an ancient city now belonging to the Pope, though surrounded by the Neapolitan territory. The road passes through *Acerra*, and about five miles beyond enters the mountains that border the plains of *Campania*. Some beautiful scenery here amuses the eye as it wanders over the hills. To the right on the summit of a bold eminence covered with wood, stands a Gothic castle, which might, beyond the Alps, be deemed interesting; not only from its appropriate site, but from its magnitude and antiquity; but in Italy such an edifice appears misplaced and incongruous. It reminds us of the irruption of barbarians, of the fall of the arts, of the desolation of the finest region in the world, and of the many ages of disaster that have since passed over it. The eye is soon relieved from the

frowns of this feudal prison, by a scene better suited to the character and the general features of the country. In the middle of a sylvan theatre formed by the bending of a hill, carpeted by deep verdure and shaded by thick foliage, swells an eminence; on that eminence rises a rock, and on the summit of the rock under a spreading olive-tree stands an hermitage, that seems from its situation to be the cell of one of the holy solitaries of times of old;

Ch in aerea magion fa dimoranza *.

Tasso.

Shortly after we passed through *Arienzo*; it forms a long street at the foot of hills branching out from the *Monti Tifatini*, and it contains some good buildings intermingled with groves, orchards, and gardens. This town stands at the entrance of a defile, which contracts as it advances, and almost closes at the village called *Le Forche d'Arpaia* (the Forks of Arpaia).

Arpaia is generally considered as the ancient *Caudium*, and the defile is supposed to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ* (the Caudine Forks). If this supposition be well-founded, time and cultivation

• ——— but oft
I dwell on airy Lebanon aloft,
Or fix on Carmel's brow my high abode.

Hunt's Translation.

aided perhaps by earthquakes and torrents, must have made a considerable alteration in its original appearance. The former have long since levelled the forests that once clothed the sides of the mountains: the latter may have swept away the sand and loose soil from the declivities, and thus lowered the hills; while the ruins of *Caudium*, and the formation of the *Via Appia*, in conjunction with the preceding causes, may have filled, raised, and widened the narrow path in the middle. Thus the difficulties of the passage may have been removed, and the gloom that hung over it dissipated. The bordering mountains are indeed on one side steep and naked; but on the other they are covered with olive, ilex, and corn fields; the interval between is in the narrowest part of the defile, at least three hundred feet; and on the whole it presents nothing to alarm any, and much less a Roman army.

On stopping at *Arpaia* we were accosted by the pastor of the place, a venerable old man, who immediately concluding that we wished to examine the defile, took us first to his house to shew us an Italian work on the subject, and thence conducted us to the convent of the Capuchins; it stands on an eminence called *Giogo (Jugum) de Sta. Maria* *

* The hill of St. Mary.

on the right, where from a threshing-floor we had a very distinct view of the ground, and could compare appearances with the description of Titus Livius. Our worthy guide cited the historian with great volubility, enlarged upon the critical situation of the Romans and the generosity of the Samnites, whom he considered as his countrymen and called *Nostri Samniti*, and inveighed with great vehemence against the ingratitude and cowardice of the former, who returning with superior numbers almost exterminated their generous adversaries. It was amusing to see passions so long extinguished revive, and patriotism, which had lost its object for more than two thousand years, and had been absorbed in well-grounded attachment to a more glorious and more extensive country, glow with useless ardour in the bosom of a solitary individual. In truth, these generous passions that long made Italy so great and so illustrious, and turned every province and almost every city into a theatre of deeds of valour and achievements of heroism; that armed every hand, first against the ambition, and afterwards for the glory of Rome the Capital and the pride of their common country; all these passions exist still in Italy, burn with vigor even in the bosoms of the populace, and want only an occasion to call them into action, and a leader to combine and direct them to their proper object.

Upon an attentive inspection of the valley now before us, it is impossible for the candid traveller, notwithstanding popular tradition * strengthened by some great authorities, to consider it as the defile described by Livius, or consequently admit it to be the *Furcæ Caudinæ*. “Saltus duo,” says the historian, “alti, angusti, sylvosique sunt, montibus circa perpetuis inter se juncti, jacet inter eos satis patens clausus in medio campus herbidus aquosusque per quem medium iter est. Sed antequam venias ad eum intrandæ primæ angustię sunt, aut eadem qua te insinnaveris via repetenda; aut si ire pergas, per alium saltum arctiorem, impeditioremque evadendum †.” In this picture we may observe, that the valley of *Caudium* is closed at both ends and watered by a stream. The valley

* Popular tradition, when very ancient and very constant, may be considered as almost decisive on such subjects; it then becomes uninterrupted remembrance. In the present case it is neither ancient nor constant.

† There are two tall, narrow, and woody forests, joined together by continuous mountains which closely surround them; a grassy and well-watered plain of some extent, but confined in the middle, lies betwixt them, through the midst of which the road runs. But before you arrive at it, the first strait must be entered, or the same road by which you wound into it must be retraced; or if you persist in going forward, you must make your way out through another forest still more narrow and impassable.—L. ix. 2.

of *Arpaia* is open at one extremity and has no stream. Besides, the vale of *Arpaia* lay out of the way, which the Consul whose object was despatch, could not be supposed to wish to lengthen. These reasons given by Cluverius, and confirmed as we thought beyond contradiction by the inspection of the ground, obliged us to resign, though reluctantly, the pleasure of believing ourselves on a spot described by such an historian, and ennobled by such an event*.

When we had passed the defile, we observed on our right a noble ridge of mountains covered with verdure, and broken into various rocks and precipices; and on our left another of a less beautiful but bolder form, lifting its stony surface to the clouds, that rolled in thick mists over its brow and added to the majesty of its appearance. Naked, craggy, and furrowed by the torrents that roll down his sides, *Mount Taburnus* which we are now contemplating, either never possessed, or has long since resigned, the olive forests with which

* Cluverius places the *Furcæ Caudinæ* a little higher up, and near the town of *Sta. Agatha*, where a defile watered by the *Faenza*, anciently the *Isclerus*, and closed at both ends, is said to answer the description of Livy, and to correspond with the direction of the Consul's march. The town of *Airola* he supposes to be the ancient *Caudium*. This defile almost joins the *Ferche d'Arpaia* at one end.

Virgil wished to robe his gigantic mass*. The road thence becomes stony, and continues to wind through a country less fertile indeed than *Campania*, but finely varied with hill and dale, and presenting in every view a pleasing mixture of wildness and cultivation.

We were now once more on the *Via Appia*, and passed two rivers over two Roman bridges, still in good repair. From the first we had a delightful view of the mountains which we had passed, as the evening sun cast a strong golden glow over the shining verdure of their sides and summits. After having crossed the *Sabato*, which still retains its ancient name, we entered *Beneventum* about sun-set. This city is of so ancient a date as to claim Diomedes for its founder; however, though well known and much frequented, it never seems to have acquired any celebrity. It long bore the inauspicious appellation of *Maleventum*, which it changed when made a Roman colony into *Beneventum*, a name well suited as a happy

* Neu segnes jaceant terræ : juvat Ismara Baccho
Conserere, atque oleâ magnum vestire Taburnum.

Georg. ii. 37.

And let no spot of idle earth be found,
But cultivate the genius of the ground :
For open Ismarus will Bacchus please ;
Taburnus loves the shade of olive trees.

Dryden.

omen to the occasion. After the fall of the empire, it was with the rest of Italy, possessed by the Goths, then upon their expulsion by the Greeks, and afterwards became an independent principality under the Lombards. Thence it rose to a dukedom, and after having been governed by various princes, Lombard, Greek, and Norman, and been the subject of many contests and intrigues, at length it passed under the peaceful domination of the Roman Pontiff.

Beneventum stands on a gentle elevation, at the foot of a bold ridge of hills on one side, with an open swelling country on the other. Its northern walls are bathed by the *Calore*, still proud of its ancient name. A lofty bridge crosses this river, and gives a very pleasing view of its banks lined with poplars and bordered by meadows and gardens. One of the gates is a triumphal arch of Trajan; it consists of a single arch, is of Parian marble and entire, with the exception of a part of the cornice. Both its sides are adorned with four Corinthian pillars raised on high pedestals. Its frieze, pannels, and indeed every part both without and within the arch, are covered with rich sculpture representing some of the achievements of the Emperor in whose honor it was erected. This triumphal arch is by many considered as the most perfect of the kind existing; in that light it did not appear to me. The decorations though all of the best and purest style, are yet so compressed

and crowded together as to leave no vacant space for the eye to rest on, no *plane* to contrast with the *relievo* and set it off to advantage; they seem consequently to encumber the edifice, and thus deprive it of the first of architectural beauties, *simplicity*. How inferior in this respect is the monument which we are now contemplating to that of *Ancona*.

The cathedral is a large fabric in the Gothic or rather Saracenic manner, but of ancient materials; it is supported within by fifty columns of white marble, forming on each side a double aisle. The inward row has only half as many pillars as the outward, a circumstance which with the arches springing from the pillars lessens the effect of a colonnade in other respects very magnificent.

Beneventum has on the whole a good appearance, contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and seems to have passed through the vicissitudes of so many turbulent ages without much glory indeed, but with few reverses. The inn is not remarkably good, though superior probably to that which harbored Horace and his friends, if we may guess from the repast prepared for them, the accident that alarmed them, and the haste of the guests to snatch their portions from the flames*.

* Tendimus hinc recta Beneventum, ubi sedulus hospes
Pene macros, arsit, turdos dum versat in igne.

I need not inform the reader that *Beneventum* is in *Samnium*, and was considered as one of its principal cities, or that the *Samnites* were the most warlike people of Italy, the most attached to independence, and the most devoted to the cause of liberty. Their stubborn opposition to the predominant fortune and genius of Rome employed the talents, and called forth all the skill and all the energies of the *Fabii* and the *Papirii*, and with many intervening reverses furnished the materials of four-and-twenty triumphs. Their resistance prolonged beyond the bounds of prudence and the means of success, at length assumed the features of a war *ad internecionem* (of extermination) and terminated during the dictatorship of Sylla in the almost total annihilation of the *Samnite* race. The

Nam vaga per veterem dilapso flamma culinam
Vulcano, summum properabat lambere tectum.
Convivas avidos cœnam servosque timentes
Tum rapere, atque omnes restinguere velle videres.

Lib. i. Sat. v. 71—76.

At our next Inn our host was almost burn'd,
While some lean thrushes at the fire he turn'd,
Through his old kitchen rolls the God of fire,
And to the roof the vagrant flames aspire ;
But hunger all our terrors overcame ;
We fly to save our meat, and quench the flame.

Francis.

There are few inns in modern Italy that cannot afford better fare and better accommodations.

army perished in the field, or in confinement at Rome; the survivors were driven into exile, and one of the most populous provinces of Italy was almost turned into a desert.

On our return we alighted at the *Forche d'Arpaia* and proceeded through the valley on foot; the heat was great, but a strong invigorating wind blowing full in our faces rendered it tolerable. The harvest was going on and the fields around were crowded. Among other lively scenes, we particularly noticed a set of harvest men, amusing themselves with the notes of a *bag-pipe*. Mirth and music are the passions of the climate and of course did not excite our surprise; but we were rather astonished to hear the drone of a bag-pipe in a *Campanian* valley, and almost wondered how an Italian echo could repeat a sound so heavy and inharmonious. The road was lined on each side with groves of cherry-trees, and several women and children were employed in gathering their fruit. Overtaking an old woman who was carrying a large basket full of cherries on her back, one of the party took a handful, and stepping before her, asked how she sold them. She shook her head and smiled; but on the question being repeated, she replied, that *God had given enough for all, and that we might take as many as we pleased for nothing*. She was afterwards with much difficulty prevailed upon to accept a trifle. Shortly

after, as we were sitting on the wall of one of the orchards, a hearty looking man came up, and observing that the day was sultry, begged us to step in and make free with his fruit, which he assured us was particularly wholesome and refreshing. We returned to Naples very well pleased with *Samnium* and its inhabitants.

Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples, *Pestum* though the most distant is perhaps the most curious and most interesting. In scenery it yields, not only to *Baie* and *Puteoli*, but to every town in the vicinity of the *Crater*; but in noble and well preserved monuments of antiquity it surpasses every city in Italy, her immortal Capital Rome alone excepted. It is generally supposed that the ruins of *Pestum* were for many ages unknown even in the neighboring country, and at length accidentally discovered, some say, by a shepherd, and others, by a young painter in the course of a morning's ramble from *Capaccio*. This discovery is said to have been made about the middle of the last century. The truth is, that the attention of travellers was first directed to them about that period, and that views and descriptions were published then for the first time. But they were perfectly well known at all times, not to the peasantry of the immediate neighborhood only, and to the fishermen of *Salerno* who passed within view of them almost every

day; but to the bishop and the canons of *Capaccio*, who take their titles from *Pæstum*, and may look down upon the ruins of their original residence from their windows. That it was not much visited, we know, but this was owing rather to the indifference than to the ignorance of the learned, and perhaps a little to the state of the country, ever lawless and unsafe while under the domination of absent sovereigns. We are too apt to conclude, that nobody had seen what he did not see, and that what travellers have not recorded, was not known to exist; without reflecting that the ignorance of the latter is often the consequence of the little acquaintance which many of them have with the language and with the natives of the countries which they undertake to describe.

The road to *Pæstum* leads through *Resina*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre del Annonziata*, and passing the gates of *Pompeii*, gives a transient glimpse of its solitary streets and lonely theatres, extending at the foot of steeps crowned with vines and mulberries. Continuing our course over the exuberant plains of *Pompeii*,

Quæ rigat æquora Sarnus*,

Virg. Æn. vii. 738.

we traversed the town of *Scafati*, drove along the

* The plains which Sarnus laves.

banks of that river, still the *Sarno*, beautifully shaded with poplars, and entered *Nocera*, formerly *Nuceria*, a town of the highest antiquity, but remarkable only for its unshaken attachment to the Romans at all times, and for the sad disasters to which it has been exposed in consequence of that attachment*. Its fidelity to the republic during the second Punic war drew down upon it the vengeance of Hannibal, who, after some vain attempts to seduce its inhabitants into his party, plundered and destroyed their city. Its adherence to the cause of a Roman Pontiff during the great schism roused the fury of a still more irritable enemy, *Ruggiero* king of Naples, who again razed its walls, and dispersed its citizens. They instead of rebuilding the town when the storm was over, as their ancestors had done before, continued to occupy the neighboring villages. Hence the appearance of the modern *Nocera*, which instead of being enclosed within ramparts, spreads in a long line over a considerable extent of ground, and displays some handsome edifices intermingled with rural scenery. It is still a bishopric, and derives the additional appellation *dei Pagani* (of the Pagans), from the circumstance of its having been for some time in possession of the Saracens.

* Liv. xxiii. 15.

Not far from *Nocera* we entered the mountains, where the scene improves in beauty, without losing much either in fertility or animation. Various villages, castles, and churches adorn the defile, an aqueduct intersects it, and the town of *Cava* occupies the most elevated and picturesque point. Behind this town, the mountain *Fenestra* swells to a considerable elevation; its steep sides are covered to the very summit with one continued forest of chestnuts forming a mass of foliage of the deepest shade, and most beautiful verdure, and presenting to the eye one of the most refreshing views imaginable during the heats of a *Campanian* summer:

O quis me gelidis sub vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra! *

Virg. Georg. ii. 488.

is a wish that often bursts from the lips of a traveller panting up the acclivities of the Apennines under the beams of a meridian sun, and looking round with a longing eye for some hospitable thicket. In such a sultry hour the sight and the

- * O lift me high to Hæmus' hilly crown,
Or in the plains of Tempe lay me down;
Or lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human race.

Dryden.

fancy repose with delight on the immensity of shade suspended over the defile of *Cava*.

This town is not ancient, at least not classically so. It seems to have been formed gradually, like many considerable towns, not on the continent only but in England, by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. Its origin is usually dated from the invasion of Genseric, and from the destruction of the neighboring town of *Marciano*, whose inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, and at the persuasion of the abbot settled round the monastery of the Trinity, and built *Cava*. It has several manufactories at present, and has an appearance of life and prosperity. It stands on the borders of *Picenum*, and opens a fine view of *Salernum*, its bay, the opposite coast, the plains around, and the mountains beyond *Pastum*. The declivity is steep, but the road which runs along the edge of the precipice and looks down upon the sea, is well guarded by a parapet wall, and excellent all the way.

As we had set out very early we entered *Salerno* about noon with an intention of proceeding to *Pastum*; but the unexpected want of horses detained us, and indeed obliged us to stop for the night. We had however no reason to regret the delay, as *Salernum* presents a sufficient number of objects for observation and amusement. Its antiquity is acknowledged, though the date of its foun-

dation and the names and countries of its founders are equally unknown. It became in its turn a Roman colony, but does not appear to have risen to any consequence; the mildness of its air during the winter seems to have been its principal distinction*. It is supposed to have stood formerly on the hills, and is ranked by Pliny among the inland towns of *Picenum*. But this writer is perhaps more eloquent than accurate in his geographical descriptions, and I doubt whether his authority is a sufficient argument to induce us to conclude with Cluverius that *Salernum* has changed its original position.

Salerno is the see of an archbishop, has an university once celebrated for medicine, and various schools and academies. Its streets are as usual narrow, and the buildings high; some few seem to deserve notice. The court before the cathedral is supported by eight-and-twenty ancient granite columns with Corinthian capitals of good workmanship, but apparently not made for the columns which they now adorn; the church itself though built of ancient materials, and decorated with some good pictures, is a tasteless edifice. The most remarkable objects in it are the two *ambones* or ancient pulpits, one on each side of the nave before the steps of the chancel; they are both

* Horat. lib. i. ep. 15.

of marble, the largest is covered with beautiful mosaic, and supported by twelve Corinthian pillars of granite. The inn stands almost on the beach, and our rooms opened on the bay, which appears beautiful even when compared to that of Naples.

The promontory of *Surrentum*, which bounds it on the west, increases as it projects in boldness and in elevation, presents various crags crowned with towns, and terminates in a long lofty ridge covered with a forest. In the centre and half way up the declivity stands *Amalfi*, once so famous for its skill in the medical art; while the little town of *Vitri* seems to hang from the rock as if ready to fall into a torrent that tumbles through a deep dell below.

On the opposite side of the bay the coast gradually sinks into a plain, that extends without interruption to *Pæstum*, whose grey temples are dimly discernible, at the distance of fifteen miles. This plain is bounded by a ridge of mountains. In the bosom and centre of the bay, at the foot of a fine ridge of well cultivated hills, stands *Salernum*, equally well situated for beauty and commerce; if the neighborhood of such a vast mart as Naples did not attract and absorb all the commerce of this coast. There is a mole to cover the harbor and to protect the shipping from the south wind, which sometimes raises a considerable swell. During the afternoon some of the party

took a boat and rowed about the bay, which in the creeks and windings of the western coast furnishes objects for many delightful excursions. Such are the *Capo d'Amalfi* (the Cape of Amalfi), the *Punta di Conca* (Shell Point), and, above all, the *Syrenuse* islands, once the abode of the Syrens, famed in ancient story, and proverbial in modern languages. They are three in number, about eleven miles from *Salerno*, and four from the point of the promontory of *Minerva* (now of *Sorrentum*) but one only from the nearest land. They are now called *Galli*, perhaps with a traditional allusion to the form of the Syrens, and are still as described by Virgil, barren rocks, without other inhabitants than sea fowls, and other sounds than the murmurs of the waves echoing amid the crags and the caverns.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat,
Difficiles quondam multorumque ossibus albos;
Tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant*.

Æn. v. 864.

It seems singular that Virgil, while he alludes to Homer's account of these islands, instead of

* Glides by the Syrens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones : th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.

Dryden.

adopting, and as usual improving the instructive fiction of the Greek poet, should upon this occasion in particular have abandoned him, and in order to avoid the appearance of imitation, fallen into a poetical anachronism. Such at least a direct contradiction to Homer the great oracle of mythological chronology, must be deemed. Thus, while he admits the fable itself, he represents these islands as deserted at the very time, or rather before the time, when according to Homer, they were the residence of the Syrens. Æneas passed them before Ulysses, and if the Syrens had forsaken them at that period, we see no reason why they should return to them at a later. The truth seems to be, that Virgil inadvertently describes them as a geographer; Homer paints them as a poet; but why should the former in this single instance descend from the regions of poetry, and by an incongruous mixture of reality, banish one of the most moral and amusing illusions of fable?

A temple of the Syrens is supposed to have stood upon the opposite shore; the precise spot has hitherto been unexplored. Farther on, and on the most advanced point of the *Surrentine* promontory rose the temple of Minerva, supposed to be founded by Ulysses, an object so conspicuous as to have given its name to the promontory itself in ancient times.

. e vertice Surrentino
 . . . Tyrrheni speculatrix virgo profundī*.

Statius Syl. lib. v. 3.

The road beyond *Salerno* intersects a rich plain, bordered on the right by the sea, on the left by fine hills, which as they wind along present on their sides and amid their breaks, a perpetual succession of varying landscapes.

About six miles from *Salerno* we went through the little town of *Vicenza*, supposed to be the ancient *Picentia*. About six miles further, during which we had Mount *Alburnus* rising full before us, we came to *Evoli* (*Eburi*) then turning to the right we entered a vast plain wild and uncultivated, but neither naked nor barren. Large herds of buffaloes, that fed on the heath and wandered through the thickets seemed to be its only inhabitants. The royal chace, called *Di Persano*, covers a considerable part of this solitude, and gives employment to two hundred gamekeepers, who not only guard the game but serve to escort travellers over these wastes almost as much infested by banditti at present as was the *Gallinaria Pinus* (the Gallinarian pine-forest) in ancient times.

We had now reached the *Silaris* (*Silaro* and *Sele*) whose banks are bordered by fertile fields

* The martial virgin from Surrentum's cliffs
 Looks o'er the Tuscan main.

and shaded by groves and thickets. This river forms the boundary of *Picenum* and *Lucania*; it receives the *Carole* in the forest of *Persano*, and higher up the *Tanagro*, which, with the addition of other lesser streams, makes a considerable river. Mount *Alburnus* inseparably united with the *Silaris*, in Virgil's beautiful lines, and consequently in the mind of every classical traveller, rises in distant perspective, and adds to the fame and the consequence of the stream by the magnitude of his form and by the ruggedness of his towering brow. Forests of ilex wave on the sides of the mountain, and fringe the margin of the river; while herds innumerable wander through their recesses, and enliven the silence of the scene by perpetual lowings*.

* The resemblance may be carried still farther, as the same insect, if we may credit the observation of a most accurate and indefatigable traveller, Cluverius, confirmed by the authority of some Italian authors, still continues to infest the same forest, and to terrify and disperse the cattle over the whole mountain and bordering plains. I cannot vouch for the fact upon my own observation or inquiries. The circumstance is trivial of itself, but it is classical because connected with the scenery of the following beautiful lines, that is, the scenery which now surrounds us.

Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque virentem
 Plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen Asilo
 Romanum est, oestron Graii vertere vocantes
 Asper acerba sonans; quo tota exterrita sylvis

Diffugiunt

As the country still continues flat and covered with thickets, the traveller scarce discovers *Pæstum* till he enters its walls. We drove to the bishop's palace, not through crowded streets and pompous squares, but over a smooth turf, in the midst of bushes and brambles, with a solitary tree waving here and there over the waste. The unusual forms of three temples rising insulated and unfrequented, in the middle of such a wilderness, immediately engrossed our attention. We alighted, and hastened to the majestic piles; then wandered about them till the fall of night obliged us to repair to our mansion. The good bishop had been so obliging as to send one of his chaplains to meet us, and provide every thing requisite for our comfortable accommodation, a commission which that gentleman performed with great punctuality and politeness.

*Diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus æther,
Concussus, sylvæque et sicci ripa Tanagri.*

Georg. iii. 146—151.

About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Æstros the Grecians call; Asylus, we:
A fierce, loud buzzing breed: their stings draw blood
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.
Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry;
Tanagra hastens thence, and leaves his channel dry.

Dryden.

Obscurity hangs over, not the origin only but the general history of the city, though it has left such magnificent monuments of its existence. The mere outlines have been sketched perhaps with accuracy; the details are probably obliterated for ever. According to the learned *Massochi*, *Pæstum* was founded by a colony of Dorenes or Dorians, from *Dora*, a city of *Phenicia*, the parent of that race and name whether established in Greece or in Italy. It was first called *Posetan* or *Postan*, which in Phenician signifies Neptune, to whom it was dedicated. It was afterwards invaded and its primitive inhabitants expelled by the Sybarites. This event is supposed to have taken place about five hundred years before the Christian era. Under its new masters *Pæstum* assumed the Greek appellation *Posidonia*, of the same import as its Phenician name, because a place of great opulence and magnitude, and is supposed to have extended from the present ruin southward to the hill on which stands the little town still called from its ancient destination *Acropoli*. The Lucanians afterwards expelled the Sybarites, and checked the prosperity of *Posidonia*, which was in its turn deserted, and left to moulder away imperceptibly; vestiges of it are still visible all over the plain of *Spinazzo* or *Saracino*. The original city then recovered its first name, and not long

after was taken, and at length colonized by the Romans *.

From this period *Pæstum* is mentioned almost solely by the poets, who, from Virgil to Claudian, seem all to expatiate with delight amid its gardens, and grace their composition with the bloom, the sweetness, and the fertility of its roses. But unfortunately the flowery retreats,

Victura rosaria Pæsti †,

seem to have had few charms in the eyes of the Saracens, and if possible, still fewer in those of the Normans, who, each in their turn, plundered *Pæstum*, and at length compelled its remaining inhabitants to abandon their ancient seat, and to take shelter in the mountains. To them *Capaccio*, *Vecchio*, and *Novo* are supposed to owe their origin; both these towns are situate on the hills: the latter is the residence of the bishop and chapter of *Pæstum*.

It will naturally be asked to which of the nations that were successively in possession of *Pæstum*, the edifices which still subsist are to be ascribed: not to the Romans, who never seem to

* U. C. 480.

† Th' eternal sweets of Pæstum's rosy bow'rs.

have adopted the genuine Doric style; the Sybarites are said to have occupied the neighboring plain; the Dorians therefore appear to have the fairest claim to these majestic and everlasting monuments. But at what period were they erected? to judge from their form we must conclude that they are the oldest specimens of Grecian architecture now in existence. In beholding them and contemplating their solidity bordering upon heaviness, we are tempted to consider them as an intermediate link, between the Egyptian and Grecian manner, and the first attempt to pass from the immense masses of the former to the graceful proportions of the latter. In fact the temples of *Paestum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Athens*, seem instances of the commencement, the improvement, and the perfection of the Doric order.

The first temple that presents itself to the traveller from Naples is the smallest; it consists of six pillars at each end, and thirteen at each side, counting the angular pillars in both directions. The architrave is entire, as is the pediment at the west end, excepting the corner stones and triglyphs, which are fallen, and the first cornice (that immediately over the frieze) which is worn away. At the east end, the middle of the pediment with much of the frieze and cornice remains; the northeast corner is likely to fall in a very short time. The *cella* occupied more than one-third of the

length, and had a portico of two rows of columns, the shafts and capitals of which, now overgrown with grass and weeds, encumber the pavement and almost fill the area of the temple.

The second temple has six columns at each end, and fourteen on each side, including those of the angles; the whole entablature and pediments are entire. A double row of columns adorned the interior of the *cella*, and supported each another row of small pillars; the uppermost is separated from the lower by an architrave only, without frieze or cornice. Of the latter, seven remain standing on each side; of the former, five on one side and three on the other. This double story, which seems intended merely to support the roof, rises only a few feet higher than the external cornice, and on the whole produces no good effect from the great disproportion between the under and upper columns. The *cella* had two entrances, one at each end, with a portico formed of two pillars and two *antæ* *. The whole of the foundation and part of the wall of this *cella* still remain; under it was a vault. One of the columns with its capital at the west end has been struck with lightning, and shattered so as to threaten ruin if

* Jambs, or square pillars, placed on each side the door.

not speedily repaired ; its fall will be an irreparable loss, and disfigure one of the most perfect monuments now in existence. It might indeed be restored to its original form with little expense and labor, as the stones that have fallen remain in heaps within its enclosure.

The third edifice is the largest ; it has nine pillars at the ends and eighteen on the sides, including the angular columns as before. Its size is not its only distinction ; a row of pillars, extending from the middle pillar at one end to the middle pillar at the other, divides it into two equal parts, and is considered as a proof that it was not a temple. Its destination has not been ascertained ; some suppose it to have been a Cuvia, others a Basilica, and others a mere market or exchange. In the centre there seems to have been an aperture in the pavement, leading, it is said, to vaults and passages under ground ; there is indeed at some distance a similar aperture, like the mouth of a well, which, as our guides informed us, had been examined, and was probably intended to give air and light to a long and intricate subterranean gallery, which extended to the sea on one side, and on the other communicated with the temples.

Such are the peculiar features of each of these edifices. In common to all it may be observed,

that they are raised upon substructions * forming three gradations (for they cannot be termed steps, as they are much too high for the purpose) intended solely to give due elevation and relieve to the superstructure; that the columns in all rise without bases from the uppermost of these degrees; that these columns are all fluted, between four and five diameters in height, and taper as they ascend, about one-fourth; that the capitals are all very flat and prominent; that the intercolumniation is a little more than one diameter; that the order and ornaments are in all the same; and the pediment in all very low; in fine, that they are all built of a porous stone, of a light or rather yellow grey, and in many places perforated and worn away.

In the open space between the first and second temple, were two other large edifices, built of the same sort of stone, and nearly of the same size. Their substructions still remain encumbered with the fragments of the columns and of the entabla-

* These substructions are observable in all the Doric temples of Italy and of Sicily, and seem essential to give a corresponding support as well as *relievo* to the massive forms of that order. Ordinary steps seem to sink under the weight, and are quite lost in the cumbrous majesty of the Doric column. I need not observe that the second temple is the most beautiful of the three, and the nearest to the proportions of the temples of Agrigentum.

ture, and so overgrown with brambles, nettles, and weeds, as scarcely to admit a near inspection. It is a pity that neither the government of Naples, nor the proprietor of *Pæstum*, has public spirit enough to remove the rubbish that buries the monuments of this city, and restore to their primitive beauty edifices which, as long as they exist, can never fail to attract travellers, and not only redound to the glory, but contribute very materially to the interests of the country.

All the temples which I have mentioned stand in a line, and border a street that ran from gate to gate, and divided the town into two parts nearly equal. A hollow space scooped out in a semicircular form seems to be the traces of a theatre, and as it lies in front of the temples gives reason to suppose, that other public buildings might have ornamented the same side and made it to correspond in grandeur with that opposite; in which case few cities could have surpassed *Pæstum* in splendid appearance. The walls of the town remain in all the circumference, five at least, and in some places twelve feet high; they are formed of solid blocks of stone, with towers at intervals; the archway of one gate only stands entire. Considering the materials and the extent of this rampart, which encloses a space of nearly four miles round, with the many towers that rose at intervals, and its elevation of more than forty feet, we must ac-

knowledge that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magnificence.

Within these walls that once encircled a populous and splendid city, now rise one cottage, two farm-houses, a villa, and a church. The remaining space is covered with thick matted grass, overgrown with brambles spreading over the ruins, or buried under yellow undulating corn. A few rose bushes, the remnants of *biferi rosaria Pæsti**, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and in December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets. The roses are remarkable for their fragrance. Amid these objects, and some rural and ordinary, rise the three temples like the mausoleums of the ruined city, dark, silent, and majestic.

It was now dusk, and on our entrance into the

* The Pæstan roses, and their double spring.

Dryden.

Virgil Georg. iv. Virgil and Ovid just mention the Pæstan roses.—Propertius introduces them as an instance of mortality—Claudian employs them to grace a complimentary comparison. Ausonius alone presents them in all their beauty and freshness.

Vidi Pæstano gaudere rosaria cultu

Exoriente novo roscida Lucifero.

Idyll, xiv. 11.

The rosy bow'rs that Pæstum's vale adorn
I saw, all glistening with the pearls of morn.

bishop's villa, we found a plentiful repast, and excellent wines waiting our arrival. Our beds and rooms were all good, and every thing calculated to make our visit to *Pæstum* as agreeable in its accompaniments as it was interesting in its object. The night was bright, the weather warm, but airy; a gale sweet and refreshing blew from the neighboring hills of *Acropoli* and *Callimara*; no sound was heard but the regular murmurs of the neighboring sea. The temples, silvered over by the light of the moon, rose full before me, and fixed my eyes till sleep closed them. In the morning, the first object that presented itself was still the temples, now blazing in the full beams of the sun; beyond them the sea glittering as far as sight could reach, and the hills and mountains round, all lighted up with brightness. We passed some hours in revisiting the ruins, and contemplating the surrounding scenery.

Pæstum stands in a fertile plain, bounded on the west by the Tyrrhene Sea, and about a mile distant on the south by fine hills, in the midst of which *Acropoli* sits embosomed; on the north, by the bay of *Salerno*, and its rugged border; while to the east the country swells into two mountains, which still retain their ancient names *Callimara* and *Cantena**; and behind them towers *Mont*

* These hills and the neighboring plain were the theatre

Alburnus itself with its pointed summits. A stream called the *Solofone* (which probably may be its ancient appellation) flows under the walls, and by spreading its waters over its low borders, and thus producing pools that corrupt in hot weather, continues, as in ancient times*, to infect the air, and render *Pæstum* a dangerous residence in summer. As the heats were increasing, and the season of *malaria* approached, we did not deem it prudent to prolong our excursion; and we left *Pæstum* without accomplishing the whole of our object; which was to examine the ruins of *Posidonia*, visit the island of *Licoso* (the ancient *Leucosia*, which, like Naples, takes its name from a Syren) and the *Cape Palimurus*; to explore the recesses of *Alburnus*, and to wander over the vale of *Diano* watered by the classic *Tanagro*.

The ruins of *Posidonia* which, as I have already mentioned, cover the plain that extends from *Pæstum* to *Acropoli*, cannot but exhibit, if duly examined, some monument of the opulence and the refinement of its founders, the luxurious Sybarites: These people, when enslaved by the Lucanians, and afterwards subjected to the Romans, still retained a fond attachment to the name and

of some bloody skirmishes between the Roman armies and the bands of Spartacus.

* Strabo, lib. v.

to the manners of Greece, and are said to have displayed their partiality to their mother country in a manner that evinces both their taste and their feeling. Being compelled by the will of the conquerors, or by other circumstances, to adopt a foreign language and foreign manners, which Aristoxenus, who relates the anecdote, emphatically calls, being *barbarized*, they were accustomed to assemble annually, on one of the great festivals of Greece, in order to revive the memory of their Grecian origin, to speak their primitive language, and to deplore with tears and lamentations their sad degradation*. It would be a peculiar pleasure

* As the passage alluded to is very beautiful, and at the same time uncommon, I insert it.

Διότι οἱ Ἀριστότελες ἐν ταῖς Συμμετοῖς Συμποτικαῖς, Ὅμοιον, φησί, ποιῶμεν Ποσειδανιάταις, τοῖς ἐν τῇ Τυρσηνικῇ κἀκτῇ κατοικοῦσιν, οἷς συνέβη, τὰ μὲν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Ἑλλήσιν εἶναι, ἐκβεβαρβαρῶσθαι, Τυρρῆνους ἢ Ῥωμαίους γενέσθαι, καὶ τῆν τε φωνὴν μεταβεβληκέναι, τὰ τε λοιπὰ τῶν ἐπιτηδεύματων, ἄγειν τε μίαν τινα αὐτῶς τῶν ἑορτῶν τῶν Ἑλληνικῶν ἔτι καὶ νῦν, ἐν ᾗ συνιόντες ἀναμνησκόμενοι τῶν ἀρχαίων ἐκείνων ὀνομάτων τε καὶ νομίμων, ἀπολοφύραμενοι δὲ πρὸς ἀλλήλους, καὶ ἀποδοκιμάζοντες, ἀπέρχονται. Οὕτω δὲ ὅν, φησί, καὶ ἡμεῖς, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τὰ δόγματα ἐκβεβαρβαρεύονται, καὶ ἐς μεγάλαν διαφθοράν προέληλυθεν ἡ κώδημος αὐτῇ μουσικῇ, κατ' αὐτῶς γινόμενοι ὁλογοῦ ἀναμνησκόμεθα, οἷα ἦν ἡ μουσική. Ταῦτα μὲν ὁ Ἀριστότελες.

Athenæus, lib. xiv. cap. 31. apud Mazzochi.

Wherefore Aristoxenus, in his *Convivial Miscellanies*,

to discover some monument of a people of so much sensibility, and of such persevering patriotism. Beyond the ruins, and separated from them by a little stream now called *Pastena*, rises the hill of the *Acropolis*, where some vestige must surely remain, and might be discovered by diligent researches*.

says, "We resemble the Posidonians, who dwell in the bay of Tuscany, and whose fate it was, having been originally Greeks, to be barbarized, becoming Tuscans or Romans, and to change their language and the rest of their institutions. Nevertheless they still keep one of the Grecian festivals, at which having assembled, and commemorated their ancient names and customs, they indulge in mutual condolence, and depart with tears. So it is with us also," says he; "since our theatres have become barbarized, and the public music been greatly corrupted, a few of us meet together to commemorate what music formerly was." So far Aristoxenus.

* The reader will observe, that I have confined myself to the general measures and appearances of the temples, in conformity to the plan of this tour; for details he may be referred to the work of Mr. Wilkins, the minute accuracy of whose measurements and delineations he may depend upon. This gentleman, in conjunction with other travellers, supposes the pillars of *Pæstum* to be covered with a sort of plaster or stucco, which by its long duration seems to have acquired the hardness, consistency, and certainly has the appearance of the stone which I mentioned.

As the plains that extend for some way on each side of the *Silarus* are very thinly inhabited, and at the same time covered in many places with woods and thickets, they are become the resort of banditti and outlaws. One of these

We returned by the same road, and regretted as we passed over the plain, that we had not sent a boat before us to take us back along the coast, and thus afford us an opportunity of examining the shore, and exploring the site of the temple of Juno Argiva, that stood at the mouth of the *Silaris*; according to Strabo, on the Lucanian bank; according to Pliny, on that of Picenum. As the former is the most circumstantial and less declamatory of the two, his authority seems preferable. This temple was of high antiquity, and

miscreants was presented to us by the clergyman who had been commissioned by the bishop to receive us, and was recommended as an object of charity. Upon inquiring into his case, we discovered that he had shot his wife, because she had shewn a partiality for the *strangers* (the French) and had *threatened him*, as he said, with poison. To avoid the pursuit of justice, he had run away from his home, and become a wanderer in the forests, and amid the ruins of the plain of *Pestum*. Our refusal was accompanied with an observation, that he was an object of justice, not of charity. He stalked away in sullen disappointment. His figure was that of an assassin; tall, bony, and lank, with black hair and thick eye brows, a dark complexion and glaring eyes. He was armed with a gun and pistols; and was on the whole an object very unwelcome to the eye in such a solitude.

It may not perhaps be useless to observe, that there are four mineral springs near *Pestum*, said to be of considerable efficacy in different complaints: from these springs flow as many little streamlets, which form the *fiume salso* (the salt river), which falls into the *Solafone* close to the walls of the city.

attributed even to Jason, and as it was of great celebrity it may possibly have left some traces of its existence. On our way we observed several objects connected with antiquity, or mentioned by ancient writers, which we had passed unnoticed, or not particularized before. Thus in descending from the mountains of *La Cava*, we had on our left the *Monte Lattario*, so called both in ancient and modern times from its excellent milk, which was noticed and recommended by Galen.

The *Sarno*, though not unhonored by the ancients, has yet been celebrated with more complacency by the modern poets. *Sannazarius*, whom I have before mentioned with due applause, frequently alludes to it, and on one occasion describes the river and the scenery that borders its banks with much truth and beauty.

Vitabant æstus qua pinguis culta vadosus
Irrigat et placido cursu petit æquora Sarnus,
Grata quies nemorum manantibus undique rivis
Et Zephyris densas inter crepitantibus alnos*.

These fertile plains have often been stained with hostile blood, and once witnessed the defeat

* They shunn'd the heat, where through the cultur'd plain
Mild Sarnus gently journeys to the main.
How sweet the groves ! where whisp'ring Zephyrs blow
Through the thick leaves, and murm'ring streamlets flow.

and death of a Gothic monarch. Narses was the Roman general ; Teia the barbarian chief.

Stabiae, now *Castell à mare di Stabia*, had in Pliny's time disappeared as a town, and given place to a villa*. It is now once more a populous town, and surrounded with rural retreats. At the very gates of Naples, under the *Ponte de la Maddalena* flows the *Sebethus*, with all the honors of its ancient name, but too inconsiderable a rill to be represented by Silius, as a characteristic feature of Naples.

Doctaque Parthenope, Sebethide roscida nymphe†.

We continued our route without stopping at *Salerno*, and arrived at Naples on the same day, but very late.

* It was destroyed by Sylla, and never seems to have revived.

Quod nunc in villam abiit.

Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 5.

Because it has now dwindled into a villa.

† Parthenope, for learning fam'd, refresh'd
By the fair nymph of cool Sebethus' stream.

CHAP. IV.

Return of the King to Naples—Rejoicings—Ornamental Buildings—Court—Character of that Monarch—of the Queen—Illuminations—Lazaroni—Character of the Neapolitans—Return to Rome.

WE had now made all the excursions which are usually pointed out to travellers, or rather, all which the time of our arrival and the advanced season would permit us to make with convenience, and perhaps safety. Our curiosity however was far from being abated. The south of Italy, *Apulia*, *Bruttium*, and *Calabria*, which still retain the forest wildness that attracted the Romans, when they were sated with the softer beauties of *Latium* and of *Campania**, now lay before us, and presented so many interesting objects, that it was impossible not to feel a most ardent desire to continue our excursions. The lake *Amsanctus* was within our reach; not much farther, on the banks of the

* Seneca de Tranquillitate 2.

Avellus, *Mount Vultur* rises : numberless lakes expand, forests spread, and cities flourish in the windings of the Apennines, as they stretch their ramifications over the southern provinces, which have never yet been visited by travellers, and scarcely noticed by geographers. In these unexplored haunts what a harvest awaits some future traveller ! how much of the languages, manners, names, and perhaps even buildings of ancient Italy may be hereafter discovered ! Some villages are known still to retain the Greek language, and are even said to speak it with more purity than the modern Greeks themselves ; a proof that they have not been much visited by the successive invaders that have overrun the more open and frequented parts, and a presumptive argument that their manners and blood may have hitherto been but little adulterated.

But it was vain to long after new excursions ; circumstances strong enough to control our classical projects called us homewards, and obliged us to abridge our stay at Naples. Being thus under the necessity of departing, we wished to be at Rome for the festival of St. Peter, in order to see the illumination of the dome, one of the grandest ideas of Michael Angelo, and supposed to be the finest exhibition of the kind in the world. But the return of the Neapolitan court from Palermo, and the festivities and rejoicings which were to ac-

company that event, induced the party to remain a week longer at Naples. This determination has since been a subject of regret, and with reason. Kings and courts are objects neither uncommon nor very curious; illuminations and balls are ordinary amusements. But the mausoleum of Adrian turned into a volcano, and the dome of the Vatican enveloped with fire, are spectacles sublime and wonderful, exhibited at Rome alone, and seldom beheld more than once by an *ultramontane*. These however we did resign, and the court of Naples we have seen.

Preparations had been making for the reception of the royal family for some time, and temples and triumphal arches, superb porticos and splendid theatres, all on the ancient model, had been erected in the widest streets and the most frequented squares. Opposite the palace stood a Corinthian, and on the road to *Portici*, an Ionic temple; on the *Largo del Castello* a theatre, which, with a Doric colonnade and some imitations of the *Pæstan* ruins, formed the principal of these temporary edifices. Their proportions, style, and decorations were in general in very good taste, and gave them an air of antique grandeur admirably adapted to the name, the history, and the scenery of the place. Every reader must have observed, that in theatrical decorations artists have a great facility in catching the manner of the ancients, and copying

the *simple* and *beautiful*; while in solid and permanent fabrics they almost invariably lose sight of these qualities, and give us whim and deformity in their place. The truth seems to be, that in trivial and occasional works they content themselves with a display of knowledge only; while in grand and lasting undertakings, they aspire to the higher praise of genius and of invention, and scorning to imitate, they endeavor to surpass their masters. In vain! failure has hitherto been their invariable fate.

The inscriptions on these ornamental buildings by no means corresponded with their appearance; long, strained, and inflated, they betrayed either the barrenness of the subject or the dulness of the writer.

On the twenty-seventh of June (Sunday) early in the morning, the King's ships appeared off *Capree* accompanied by the *Medusa* (Captain Gore) and a few English sloops. About ten the royal family landed at *Portici*, and between five and six the King set out on horseback to make his public entry into Naples. The multitudes that crowded the road, and their frantic demonstrations of joy, impeded the procession, so that it was nearly sunset before it entered the palace, when he immediately hastened to the chapel, and attended at the *Te Deum*. Thence he proceeded to the hall of audience, where a numerous and brilliant assembly,



composed of all the nobility of the country, and of all the foreign ministers, were waiting to receive him. On his entrance the ladies rushed forward, and kissing his hands with tears and exclamations of joy, prevented him for some time from advancing. The King received these effusions of loyalty and personal attachment, not with kindness only, but with emotion, and returned them with many affectionate expressions and inquiries.

As he passed towards the upper end of the hall; he spoke to his old courtiers with great affability; and taking his usual place in the circle instantly addressed himself, with visible satisfaction, to Mr. Drummond, the English Minister; asked him several questions with that rapidity of utterance which great joy occasions, and without waiting to hear the names of the persons presented, exclaimed, politely at the same time directing his looks to each person—*They are English, and of course my friends; I am very glad to see them all, and bid them welcome to Naples.* After some conversation, perceiving the French Minister, who stood close by him, visibly mortified at such a marked preference, he seemed to recollect himself, and turning to him, asked the usual questions, with common politeness. About half past nine his Majesty retired.

Ferdinand IV. is now in the fifty-first year of his age; in his person he is tall and straight, rather thin than corpulent; his face is very long, his hair

and eyebrows white, and his countenance on the whole far from comely; but it is lighted up by an expression of good nature and benignity that pleases more and lasts longer than symmetry of features. His manners are easy, his conversation affable, and his whole deportment that of a thorough gentleman. With regard to mental endowments, nature seems to have placed him on a level with the great majority of mankind, that is, in a state of mediocrity and without either defect or excellency, a state the best adapted to sovereign power, because least likely to abuse it. If one degree below it, a monarch becomes the tool of every designing knave near his person, whether valet or minister; if only one degree above it, he becomes restless and unintentionally mischievous, like the Emperor Joseph; and if cursed with genius, he turns out like Frederick, a conqueror and a despot. But the good sense which Ferdinand derived from nature, required the advantages of cultivation to develop and to direct it; and of these advantages he was unfortunately deprived, in part perhaps by the early absence of his father, and in part by the negligence or by the design, first of his tutors, and afterwards of his courtiers. Being raised to the throne in the eighth year of his age, and shortly after left by his father under the direction of a regency, he cannot be supposed to be inclined, nor they capable of compelling him,

to application. The result has been as usual, a great propensity to active exercises, and an aversion to studious pursuits. The ignorance which follows from these habits is such as to extend to articles known among us to every person above daily labor, and it not unfrequently shews itself in conversation, and betrays his Majesty into mistakes that sometimes startle even well-trained courtiers. Thus mention being accidentally made in his presence of the great power of the Turks some centuries ago, he observed that it was no wonder *as all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour*. Upon another occasion, when the cruel execution of Louis XVI. then recent, happening to be the subject of conversation, one of the courtiers remarked, that it was the second crime of the kind that stained the annals of modern Europe; the King asked with surprise, where such a deed had been perpetrated before; the courtier replying in England; Ferdinand asked with a look of disbelief, what king of England was ever put to death by his people? the other of course answering Charles I. His majesty exclaimed, with some degree of warmth and indignation—*No, Sir, it is impossible, you are misinformed; the English are too loyal and brave a people to be guilty of such an atrocious crime*. He added; *depend upon it, Sir, it is a mere tale trumped up by the jacobins at Paris, to excuse their own guilt by the example of so great a*

nation; it may do very well to deceive their own people, but will not, I hope, dupe us! On this occasion my readers may be disposed to excuse the King's incredulity, which, however great the ignorance it supposes, arose from a generous attachment to the glory and credit of his allies.

The following anecdote, may in some degree palliate the lamentable defect of which I am speaking, by shewing that it is to be ascribed rather to the arts of others than to any natural indifference or levity in the monarch himself. A French Minister, being secretly commissioned by his court, in a very early period of the King's reign to call his attention, if possible, to serious and becoming occupations, took an opportunity of enlarging upon the pleasures of reading in his presence, and did it with so much effect, that the young King some days after told him that he was determined to try the experiment, and asked him what book he would recommend as at once both useful and amusing. The minister ventured to mention the life of Henry IV. as a work well calculated for the purpose, and begged leave to present it to his Majesty. A month passed, during which the minister was waiting with impatience for the result, and expecting at every levee to hear the royal opinion of the book he had recommended. In vain; the book and subject seemed utterly forgotten. At length being admitted into his Majesty's apart-

ment, he saw the life of Henry lying on the table, and fixed his eye upon it, which the King perceiving, said, with a smile—*There is your book untouched ; they don't wish me to read, so I have given it up.*

So far the royal mind appears to disadvantage; we will now place it in a more favorable light, and point out some features that never fail to delight even in the absence of intellectual accomplishments. Though nursed in the bosom of majesty, and almost cradled in the throne, of course flattered and idolized, that is hardened against every feeling but that of self-interest, he is yet reported to have shewn upon all occasions a tender and compassionate disposition. The following instance would do credit to the feelings of a private citizen, and when it is considered how seldom public distress penetrates the palace, and is felt within the circle of royalty, must be acknowledged to be doubly honorable and praise-worthy in a prince.

In the year 1764, when a great scarcity prevailed at Naples, and the misery among the lower classes was extreme, some of the courtiers agreed together to give a ball and supper at *Posihypo*. The king heard of this ill-timed project of amusement, and though then in his thirteenth year only, observed, with some ill humor, that parties of pleasure were unseasonable in such circumstances,

and that it would be more becoming those who were engaged in it to share than to insult public distress. The hint was of course taken, and the arrangement given up. Upon another occasion, while almost a child, he is said to have been prevailed upon by one of his attendants to beg the Council of Regency to set a certain criminal at liberty: the Council very properly rejected the King's request: upon which he went to his apartment, and with a sort of boyish resentment threw open a cage of canary birds, saying—*At least I will give liberty to these prisoners, since I cannot free any others.* One instance more I think myself obliged in justice to mention. One day, shooting, an amusement of which Ferdinand is passionately fond, happening to be the subject of conversation at court, the King expressed a dislike to double barrellled guns, because the attendants were exposed to some danger from the unexpected discharge of one of the barrels; when a German Prince, not very remarkable for the humane treatment of his subjects, observed, that, after all, the persons so exposed were only game-keepers and servants. The King's countenance instantly reddened; and he replied with a warmth very unusual to him—*Sir, I would sooner break all my guns, and renounce shooting for ever, than hurt the little finger of the lowest human being on the face of the earth.* These instances of benevolence, strengthened and

developed by an affability and good humor that seemed to increase as he advanced in life added considerably to the partiality and attachment which the Neapolitans had conceived for him, from the circumstance of his being destined to remain with them, to govern them in person, and to deliver them from all the evils of delegated authority. This popularity, though founded at first rather upon the hopes and wishes than the experience of the people, he has had the good fortune never to forfeit; and after a reign of more than forty years, the latter part of which has been marked by reverses and disaster, he still continues to enjoy the affection of his subjects.

The queen is an archduchess of the imperial family, sister to the late Queen of France, and to the archduchess *Christina*, who once governed the Low Countries. In countenance and manner she resembles the latter; in spirit I believe the former, and has always been supposed to have a very considerable share in the management of public affairs. That queens should have influence, is natural, and howsoever mischievous, perhaps unavoidable; but that they should be admitted into the privy council and take their place at the board, is a phenomenon first witnessed I believe at Naples, at the marriage of the present queen. As the sex is very generally, without doubt unjustly, supposed to be influenced by personal considerations, and guided rather by

the feelings of the heart than by the dictates of the understanding, every obnoxious and unsuccessful measure is invariably attributed to queens, where their influence is visible and acknowledged. Thus has it happened at Naples: every amelioration of the laws, every indulgence in government, are supposed to flow from the natural and unbiassed goodness of the monarch, while every unwise regulation or oppressive measure is constantly ascribed to the predominance of the queen. But the Neapolitans are by no means an ill-humored or discontented race, and till the late French invasion, they seem to have been strangers to complaint and faction. Nor indeed, as far as the King's conduct was concerned, was there much room for either.

The kingdom of Naples had for ages labored under the accumulated weight of the feudal system, and of vice-regal administration. The former chained and enslaved nine-tenths of its population; while the latter, the most pernicious mode of government ever experienced, subjected the whole nation to systematic plunder, and ruled the country, with a view, not to its own interests, but to the interests of a foreign court, in its very nature, proud, suspicious, and vindictive. From the last of these evils the accession of Ferdinand IV. delivered the Neapolitans. King of the two Sicilies only, he had no distant realms to look to as a

more brilliant and engaging inheritance. Naples was not to him a step to a more elevated situation; it was his home, and his and its interests became too closely interwoven in his mind and feelings to be ever separable. The feudal system was an evil that had taken deeper root, and entwined itself with so many institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, that to disentangle them without danger required time and delicacy. Those who lost by reform, and who, though few in numbers were yet far the most powerful part of the community, of course opposed it at every step, and retarded its progress. Much however, or rather what must appear much when due regard is had to circumstances, has been done by the present king since his accession, first under the administration of *Tanucci*, who, from the chair of law in the university of *Pisa*, was advanced to the dignity of first minister at Naples; and afterwards of *Sir John Acton*, who has pursued, it is said, the beneficial plans of his predecessor.

But in a country where the whole system is a vast shapeless heap of institutions, decisions and customs taken from the codes, decrees, and manners of the different nations and chiefs, who have peopled or invaded it; where abuses have grown from abuses, and where power has ever enjoyed the privilege of oppressing right; in such a country the evil is always prominent, and must natu-

rally excite the surprise and indignation of the traveller; while the reform whose operations are slow and silent, sometimes reaches him only as a report, and sometimes entirely escapes his notice. Certain it is, that since the commencement of Ferdinand IV.'s reign, the power of the barons has been checked; the number of ecclesiastical establishments diminished; the surplus of the income of the church applied to objects of public utility; many academies and schools established; a marine and an army almost created; the police better regulated, and the morals and manners of the common people raised and refined. Now these improvements great in themselves, and still greater because they lead naturally and unavoidably to other ameliorations, are sufficient to entitle the reigning monarch to the love and gratitude of his people.

The assembly at court, as has been remarked, was numerous and brilliant, and its brilliancy augmented by the number of stars and ribbons that blazed in every direction. The multiplicity of these honorary badges (for where almost every individual is graced with them they can scarce be called distinctions) may contribute to the splendor of the show, but must diminish the value of the ornament; insomuch indeed, that the absence of all such decorations seemed to confer a more honorable distinction on the English minister, than any

that could be derived from the united lustre of all the stars of all the orders.

It was dark when the court broke up; and as the whole city was illuminated we directed our course to the principal squares and ornamental buildings, all of which were lighted up with a profusion of lamps, arranged in such a manner as to shew the form and ornaments of each edifice to the best advantage. In illuminations both the French and Italians surpass us; and on this occasion the Neapolitans, I thought, shewed more taste and magnificence than I had witnessed before in any country. The most splendid, and to us the most novel object was the Carthusian Abbey of *San Martino*, which stands on the same hill as the fortress *St. Elmo*. The regularity of this edifice, its magnitude, and its elevated situation, adapt it in a peculiar manner to the display of well combined lights, and shew off to advantage the whole plan of a regular illumination. This abbey is perhaps the most beautiful site in the vicinity of Naples; it stands so high, and is placed at the same time in so central a point that it commands the whole city, which spreads immediately under it, the bay with all its borders, islands, and windings, Mount *Possipo*, and the promontory of *Misenus* on one side; and on the other Mount *Pesuvius*,¹⁰ and the promontory of *Surrentum*; a view that might charm solitude itself, if the tedi-

ousness of *ever-during* solitude was susceptible of any charm.

When the immense front of this edifice is illuminated, and all its divisions are traced in light; when its windows are framed in flames; when its pillars become masses of fire, and their capitals so many crowns of stars; when its cornice is converted into one long lambent blaze, and its roof glows from end to end with brightness, it appears like a fairy fabric seated in the clouds, or a palace of fire suspended in the sky, the residence of some genius superintending the welfare of the city below. A vast mass of darkness immediately under and around it forms a strong contrast, while a few lamps scattered here and there down the side of the hill seem to mark the way from this aerial mansion to the earth. The effect of this and indeed of the general illumination, might be seen to most advantage from the bay, a little beyond the *Castel del Uovo*; whence the eye could take in at once the whole city and its vicinity, with the towns of *Portici* and *Castel à Mare*, the lights of which spread over the hills were reflected from the bay, and played in long lines on the surface of the water.

The illuminations were renewed for three successive nights, during which the streets were thronged with a population surpassing even that which swarms in the most frequented streets of

London at the very hour of business. On account of this crowd, carriages with the exception of those belonging to the court and to a few privileged persons, such as foreign ministers, strangers, &c. who did not abuse the exemption, were prohibited; a precaution both prudent and popular. Yet notwithstanding this pressure we witnessed no disorder, not a single scene of riot, drunkenness, quarrelling, or indecency. In many streets, particularly in the *Strada di Toledo* and along the *Chiaia*, there were little tables and cook-shops, where the passengers stopped and supped as appetite prompted them; these tables, with the parties grouped around them in different attitudes and dresses, with their gestures and lively tones, gave a sprightliness and animation to the scene quite peculiar to the place and climate.

It is impossible to witness the general good humor that reigns amid such an immense populace at all times, and particularly when the joy of the moment lays them most open to sudden impulse, and not to conceive a good opinion of their temper, and to reflect with surprise on the very unfavorable accounts given of the Neapolitans, as indeed of the Italians in general, by some hasty and prejudiced observers, who have not hesitated to represent them as a nation of idlers, buffoons, cheats, adulterers, and assassins. Of these imputations some are common, I am afraid, to all

countries, and others are grounded upon misconceptions, ignorance, and sometimes a quality still less excusable, a propensity to censure and misrepresentation. That animation of gesture, and that imitative action so much recommended by the ancient orators when under the management of taste and judgment, is the result of deep sensibility and common both to the Greeks and Italians. In the higher class, when polished by education, it is graceful and pleasing; in the lower it is lively and natural, but sometimes apt, at least in the opinion of a *phlegmatic northern*, to degenerate into buffoonery. Yet even this buffoonery shews great quickness of apprehension, and constitutes the groundwork of that pantomime which was a favorite amusement among the ancients, even during the most refined ages. To reproach them therefore with it, is only to say, that the lower class in Naples has not sufficient discernment to employ the gifts of nature to the best advantage, and that their talents are not improved and perfected by education.

The imputation of idleness cannot be founded on the appearance of the country, cultivated as it is on all sides to the highest degree of perfection; it seems rather to have arisen from the manners and appearance of the *Lazzaroni*, a class whose very existence has been represented as a political phenomenon, a reproach to the government and

the character of the country. The fact is, that this peculiar tribe is neither more nor less than the poorer part of the laboring class, such as are attached to no particular trade, but willing to work at all, and to take any job that is offered. If in London, where there is a regular tide of commerce and a constant call for labor, there are supposed to be at least twenty thousand persons who rise every morning without employment, and rely for maintenance on the accidents of the day; it is but fair to allow Naples, teeming as it is with population and yet destitute of similar means of supporting it, to have in proportion a greater number of the same description, without incurring the censure of laziness.

The *Lazzaroni* are the porters of Naples; they are sometimes attached to great houses under the appellation of *Pacchino della Casa* (house-porter), to perform commissions for servants, and to give assistance where strength and exertion are requisite; and in such stations they are said to have given proofs of secrecy, honesty and disinterestedness, very unusual among servants. Their dress is often only a shirt and trousers; their diet macaroni, fish, water-melon, with iced water, and not unfrequently wine; and their habitation the portico of a church or of a palace. Their athletic forms and constant flow of spirits are sufficient demonstrations of the salutary effects of such

plain food, and simple habits. Yet these very circumstances, the consequences, or rather the blessings of the climate, have been turned into a subject of reproach, and represented as the result of indifference and indolence in a people either ignorant of the comforts of life, or too lazy to procure them. It would be happy however if the poor in every other country could so well dispense with animal food, and warm covering.

The name, or rather nickname by which this class is designated, naturally tends to prejudice the stranger against them, as it seems to convey the idea of a sturdy beggar; its derivation is a subject of conjecture; the most probable seems to be that adopted at Naples itself, which supposes it to originate from the Spanish word *lacer*, derived from *lacerus*, signifying tattered, torn, or ragged, pronounced by the Spaniards as by us, *lassero*, and converted by the Neapolitans into *lazzero*, *lazzaroni*. It ill became the Spaniards after all to give contemptuous appellations to a people whom they oppressed, pillaged, and degraded; and to ground those appellations on the misery, nakedness, and general poverty, produced by their own injustice.

Several anecdotes are related of the *Lazzaroni*, that redound much to their credit, and imply feelings which do not superabound in any rank, and would do honor to the highest. They are said to

have shewn a rooted aversion to the inquisition, and to have prevented its establishment in the kingdom of Naples, by their resolute and unabating opposition, while the other inhabitants submitted to the measures of the court, and received it without a struggle. They have manifested, whenever an opportunity enabled them to express their feelings with energy, a warm attachment to the cause of liberty, and an abhorrence of oppression, which have more than once checked the career of government in its way to despotism. In these exertions they had the danger and the glory entirely to themselves, and may with reason boast that where the nobles yielded they made a stand, and by their perseverance saved from utter hopeless slavery, that country which their superiors were ready to betray. Even in the late invasion, they generously came forward, and offered their persons and lives to their sovereign, and finding neither chiefs to command, nor officers to lead them on, they reluctantly submitted to inaction, but with a surly silence and a threatening aspect, that awed the invaders, and checked for once the insolence and rapacity of a French army. Such is their public spirit—their private feelings have oftentimes been displayed with equal advantage.

When in 1783, the coasts of Calabria were desolated by a most extensive earthquake, and thousands of families reduced to absolute misery;

while the court, the nobility and the clergy at Naples, exerted themselves with becoming zeal to alleviate their distress, and to supply them with clothes, provisions, and other articles of absolute necessity; the *Lazzaroni* gave all they could command, their daily labor, and volunteered their services in collecting, transporting and accelerating the conveyance of the different stores to the place of their destination.

The truth is, if we may believe some Neapolitan writers, the *Lazzaroni*, properly so called, are the most laborious and disinterested part of the population, attached to religion and order, simple and sincere in their manners and expressions, faithful to those who trust them, and ready to shed the last drop of their blood sooner than betray the interests of their employers. It is however to be observed, that they confine these encomiums to the true born Neapolitan *Lazzaroni*, who are to be carefully distinguished from a set of beggars, who infest the churches and are seen lounging in rags and idleness in public places, endeavoring to procure by begging what the others earn by labor; these, they assure us, are in general strangers, who resort to Naples on account of the climate, and beset the doors of inns and force themselves upon travellers under the appellation of *Lazzaroni*. From these vagrant and unprincipled mendicants, many writers seem to have taken

the odious picture which they have drawn of that hard-working, faithful class of people*.

With regard to the third charge, that of debauchery, it must be recollected that nations, like individuals, have their favorite virtues and vices; their attachment to the former, they fondly imagine may compensate their indulgence in the latter. The northern nations were anciently distinguished by their chastity †, and have at all times been re-

* These vagrants are oftentimes known by the contemptuous epithet of *Banchieri*, from the benches in public places on which they sleep at night. The others take their appellation from their stands, as *Li Lazari del Mercato, del Lavinaro, del Molo* (Lazaroni of the market, of the pier), &c. It is remarkable, that they were once called *Vastasi*, a word derived from the Greek so long prevalent in Naples.

† Caesar and Tacitus have, as is generally known, praised the chastity of the Germans. Near four centuries after we find, not the Germans only, but the Goths and Vandals celebrated for an exemplary display of the same virtue. Salvian, a presbyter and afterwards bishop of *Marseilles*, witnessed the invasion of Gaul, Spain and Africa, by the Goths, Visigoths, and Vandals, and ascribes their success to their chastity. The picture which he has drawn of the universal and almost incredible corruption of the Roman provinces, and the description which he has given by way of contrast of the chastity and even innocence of the barbarians, appear both overcharged; yet he speaks of the manners of the times, and records events actually passing under his own observation, and of course he could scarce have indulged himself in any material exaggeration. Thus speaking in the name of the Romans, he says, “*Inter pudicos barbaros impudici sumus. Plus adhuc dico offenduntur barbari ipsi impuritibus nostris.*”

proached with a strong propensity to intemperance. The inhabitants of the warmer and more genial

Esse inter Gothos non licet scortatorem Gothum; soli inter eos præjudicio nationis ac nominis permittuntur impuri esse Romani fornicatio apud illos crimen atque discrimen est, apud nos decus." Of the Vandals, who had overrun Spain, he says, "Accessit hoc ad manifestandam illic impudicitie damnationem ut Wandalis potissimum, id est pudicis barbaris traderentur." He afterwards gives the character of the different tribes of barbarians, "Gothorum gens perfida; sed pudica est; Alanorum impudica, sed minus perfida; Franci mendaces, sed hospitales, Saxones crudelitatem efferi, sed castitate mirandi *—*Salvian de Gubernatione Dei*, vii. 6, 7. 15. The Romans, when they conquered Greece, adopted not the vices but the arts of the subjugated nation; the northern barbarians, on the contrary, seem to have copied not the arts but the vices of the enslaved Romans; for chastity soon ceased to be a predominant feature of the invading tribes, while barbarism constituted the ground-work of their character for many ensuing ages.

* "In the midst of chaste barbarians, we are unchaste. I say still more: the barbarians themselves are scandalized at our impurities. Amongst the Goths, a Goth is not permitted to be a whoremonger: with them, the Romans alone are allowed to be impure, through a prejudice attached to our nation and our name With them fornication is a crime and a disgrace; with us, an honor.

"To make still more manifest the condemnation of their unchastity, they were delivered over to the Vandals in particular, that is to chaste barbarians.

"The Gothic nation is perfidious, but chaste; the Alans unchaste, but less perfidious; the Franks false, but hospitable; the Saxons, distinguished by a savage cruelty, but admirable for their chastity."

regions of the south, have ever been prone to the enjoyments equally sensual, but more sentimental, of lawless love; while they have been remarkable for their moderation in the pleasures of the table, though surrounded with all the means of convivial indulgence. This latter virtue still remains a characteristic quality in Italy, while the preceding vice seems to have extended its empire over the North, and kindled there its lawless fires, that now spread as widely and burn as fiercely under the frozen as under the torrid zone. This vice, pernicious as it is in its consequences, and destructive of the best qualities and of the sweetest enjoyments of human nature, unfortunately seems to accompany riches and refinement; it has infected all civilized nations, and is at once the bane and the scandal of the *humanized* world.

In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus idem *.

Virgil Georg. iv. 244.

The guilt is, I fear, common to all; and so far is it from being confined to the south, that for libertinism in all, even its most odious and disgusting forms, Berlin and Petersburg equal any two cities that lie between them and the equinoctial.

In this general depravity, to divide the guilt

* All rush into the guilty delights of lawless love.

and to portion it out to different nations, would be presumptuous and unjust; it would also require more intimate acquaintance with them than a traveller can possibly be supposed to acquire, I will not say in one, but in many years of residence. This much we may venture to say, that in Naples, even in the very highest classes, there are women of a most depraved and shameless character, who seem to have resigned all the delicacy of their sex, and abandoned themselves without reserve to the impulse of passion. This conduct is not accompanied by that disgrace and public reprobation which among us brands lawless indulgence, and compels even impudence itself to withdraw from the walks of life, and to hide its infamy in retreat and obscurity. The titled prostitute makes her appearance at court, and is received with the same smile; she flaunts in parties of pleasure, and is treated with the same distinction, as the most virtuous and exemplary matron; a mode of conduct which the moralist will reprobate as a crime in itself, because a connivance; and which the man of the world will lament as a degradation of the sex, upon whose honor and reputation depend the domestic comforts and the happiness of mankind. Whatever tends to diminish the delicacy of women, or weaken that keen sense of honor which Providence has made their best protection and their surest claim to love and respect, is a certain source

of private misery, and a step towards public infelicity and ruin *.

The untravelled reader will ask with surprise the motives of a conduct so contrary to the common feelings and interests of the sex, as well as to the lessons of religion imprinted deeply on their minds in their earliest infancy. Many reasons have been assigned; and in the first place the mode in which marriages are contracted, with little regard to the feelings, but a great and almost exclusive consideration of the interests of the contracting parties. This inattention to the affections has sometimes produced very serious evils in England, where it seldom occurs, and may without doubt occasion similar inconveniences in Naples, or rather on the continent at large, where it is.

* *Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos;
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.*

Hor. Carm. lib. iii. Od. vi. 17.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profan'd
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
That various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain-head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.

Francis.

No nation ever neglected the lesson so emphatically expressed in these lines with impunity.

perhaps too general ; but taken singly, it does not seem capable of effecting such extensive mischief. The parties it is to be remembered, are generally of the same age, always of the same rank, and not often remarkable for any defect moral or physical on either side ; of course they cannot be said to be ill-assorted, and in such cases, mutual attention and habitual intimacy cannot fail to produce attachment.

The qualities of the climate have been sometimes supposed, and not without reason, to influence the moral feelings ; but allowing such causes their full effect, it must be recollected that they are not all-powerful, and that they frequently counteract each other. Thus, if a genial climate softens the mind, it also unbraces the body, and by that means weakens the temptation while it diminishes the power of resistance. But the truth seems to be that a warm atmosphere produces neither of these effects, as the greatest instances of self-denial on one side, and of sensual excess on the other, occur under suns almost tropical, and in climates far south of Italy. May it not be ascribed to the corruptions of the national religion, to the facility of absolution, and to the easy purchase of indulgences ? Their religion teaches the pure morality of the gospel ; they know full well that absolution is an empty form, unless preceded by thorough heart-felt, well tried repentance ; as for *indulgences*

as they are called, they extend not to guilt, but to canonical punishments only ; or in other words, they are a change of fasts and corporal punishments imposed by ecclesiastical authority, into alms, prayers, pious lectures, and charitable works.

Perhaps the real cause of this lamentable depravity may be found in the defects of the government, which, by confining the whole management of public business to the councils of the sovereign, deprives the nobility of their natural and only honorable employment. Hence, without inducement to application, without motive for exertion, they allow the nobler faculties of the soul, which have no object to engage them, to slumber in lethargic indolence, while the sensual appetites, whose indulgence is always within reach, are in full activity and engross all their time and attention. Hence their days are spent in visits, gaming and intrigue, and their minds are confined to the incident of the hour, the petty cabal of the court, and the vicissitudes of their own circle. They are never called to the country by the management of their estates, which they leave entirely in the hands of stewards ; they live in the capital, and forgetting themselves and their duties in an uninterrupted vortex of dissipation, have neither opportunity nor perhaps inclination to harbor serious reflection.

Literature may, and certainly does engage the attention of some men of genius and talents ; but the charms of information are too feeble to influence the multitude, unless information leads to emolument or renown, and little of either is to be expected from it at Naples. Idleness therefore is the curse and the misfortune of the Neapolitan, and indeed of all foreign, nobility ; it is the bane which in despotic governments enfeebles the powers and blasts all the virtues of the human mind. To it we may boldly attribute the spirit of intrigue (if lawless intercourse carried on without shame or concealment can be called intrigue) which at Naples so often defiles the purity of the marriage bed, and dries up the very sources of domestic happiness. The remedy is in the hands of government.

Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis artes.*

Ovid de Rem. Amor. 139.

Let the higher classes have that influence in public administration, which they may claim as their birth-right, and let the nobler passions have that exercise and scope which become them ! then as their importance increases, their morals will improve ; with more manly pursuits they will as-

* Cease to be idle—Cupid's shaft is broke.

some more manly feelings, and from the fatigue of public business they will learn the value of domestic enjoyments*.

But having admitted that a spirit of libertinism pervades the higher classes, and infects too many females of rank, I would not be understood to sanction the exaggeration of many travellers, and represent the sex at Naples as totally lost to all sense of duty and delicacy. There are in this capital, and in the very class which are most liable to just censure, many persons of virtue and reputation, who might be considered as patterns of conjugal affection and domestic virtue in any country. But unfortunately, ladies of the former description are of much easier access; they may be seen in every large party and at every public amusement, and are seldom deficient in affability and condescension, particularly to foreigners; while the latter appear in select societies to which few strangers are admitted, and receive the visits of such only as are introduced by their intimate and habitual friends. Superficial observers therefore,

* teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus
Formandæ studiis.

Hor. Carm. iii. Od. 24.

With manly toils a firmer soul inspire.

Francis.

who are well acquainted with the former, and scarcely know the existence of the latter, to whom they have no access, naturally form their notions of the morality of a city from those instances that fall under their observation.

It must be recollected that in every great capital, and particularly in Vienna and Paris, there are certain houses occupied by persons of an intermediate rank; and occasionally of dubious character, where the best and the worst company are sometimes and not unfrequently seen intermingled; where at the same time there is much splendor and magnificence, much ease and affability, and where every thing is combined that can give an idea of fashion, and raise consideration. To such houses introduction is not difficult, and strangers, particularly when young and inexperienced, are generally so far deceived by appearances, and by the rank of the persons whom they often meet at such *rendezvous*, as to imagine themselves in the very best company, and content themselves with it as a fair specimen of the first society of the place. To give particular instances would be both odious and ungrateful; for in many such houses, travellers receive very flattering attentions, totally free from interested views or sinister motives; for such kindness grateful acknowledgments are due, and to expose them because their society is made up of heterogeneous particles, would be ungenerous.

But from these mixed companies, writers have not unfrequently formed their ideas of foreign manners, and have given the public descriptions in *caricature* as just and accurate representations. Of this mode of drawing national characters, foreigners frequently and justly complain, and every man of candor will join with them in condemning such partial and injurious sketches*.

The style of society in a country is not that which takes place merely between two and three, or even ten persons of rank and fashion at an accidental interview; there are in every capital occasional parties where conversations may take place, and liberties be allowed, which not one of the same party would take or encourage in his own family. The style therefore of good company is the general behavior and manner of persons of fashion in their *own* societies, whether domestic or more extensive. Now in such society no indecorum either in word or manner is allowed in Naples, nor I believe in any capital in Europe; and all pretended conversations or secret anecdotes that represent such company in any other light, are mere fictions, intended to shew either the im-

* I do not mean to reproach English travellers as peculiarly guilty in this respect, I merely wish to caution them; if attacks can justify retaliation we need only open some French and German accounts of England.

portance or the wit of the writer, and to impose on the simplicity of the credulous untravelled reader.

As for the remaining charge of assassination, it has been treated of in the account given of the Italian character at large; however, a few additional remarks applicable to Naples in particular may not be misplaced. In this city the streets are not regularly lighted; the lamps before the *madonnas* and the chapels give indeed some light, but not sufficient for the security of passengers. The police is by no means either vigilant or active; its agents keep too much in a body, and are not sufficiently spread through the different streets; the passions of the inhabitants are easily inflamed, and the multitude of poor and of vagrants is considerable, yet with all these temptations and opportunities, the number of murders is inconsiderable. Even jealousy itself, which is reported to have been in former times the most mischievous passion of the place, seldom or never produces bloodshed at present; and robbery, and above all, that most odious and diabolical species of assassination, murder planned and executed in cold blood for purposes of profit, are crimes rarely known at Naples. *Mr. Swinburne* and *Monsr. De la Londe*, made this observation so favorable to Neapolitan morality many years ago, and at a time when it was generally believed, beyond the Alps, that it

was impossible to walk the streets of Naples without feeling or witnessing the effects of a *stiletto*. The police, as indeed almost every branch of public administration, has been considerably improved since the period alluded to by those travellers; so that what was then rare, is now almost unknown.

Drunkenness, one of the great causes of quarrels and of bloodshed, and an invariable source of poverty, distress, and consequently of robbery, is very seldom observable, and thus one of the incentives of so many dangerous passions is extinguished, and all their pernicious effects prevented. When to this exemption we add, that, there are few temptations to perjury, a crime to which the regulations of our system of taxation exposes our people on too many occasions, we shall be obliged to acknowledge that the Neapolitans are not infected by so many vices, and cannot be such a vile degraded race as some travellers have represented them. I speak not here however of the inhabitants of the whole kingdom of Naples, as I am aware that the oppression of the barons, the injustice of magistrates partial and mercenary, as too many of them are said to be, and the folly of former governments alternately negligent and cruel, have almost *barbarized* certain districts in Calabria, and have peopled the mountains and forests with outlaws and banditti. I confine my observations

and panegyric to the inhabitants of *Campania*, *Sannium*, and *Picenum*, and of them I will say that they are in general gifted with some great, and many amiable qualities; and I will even venture to apply to them the poetical compliment which *Tasso* has paid to a tribe in mind and body, as in country and climate far inferior,

La terra molle, e lieta, e dilettona,
Simili a se gli habitator produce*.

Gier. lib. i. canto 62.

We are now about to take our leave of this people and of the *Felix Campania*, and we regret that circumstances had not permitted us to make our visit at an earlier season; and do not allow us to prolong our stay for some months. The beauty of the country is unequalled, and leisure is required to see it in perfection; the climate is delicious, but to enjoy its sweets, leisure again is indispensable; excursions are both instructive and amusing, but here also leisure is essential both to pleasure and to improvement: the heat of summer, tolerable to those who repose on the verge of the sea, or in the numberless recesses of the bay, and circum-

* Worthy her sons the land from which they sprung,
For ever smiling, joyous, light, and young.

Hunt's Translation.

jacent islands, may be rendered insufferable by perpetual motion. Tours succeeding each other, with little or no interval of repose, harass the body, and new objects crowding on each other too rapidly leave nothing in the mind but confused images and shadowy recollections. In short, leisure is the very genius of the place, and still as anciently reigns over *Parthenopen, in otia natam**. In this respect indeed, and in many others, Naples still retains its ancient character; the same ease, the same tranquillity, the same attachment to literary pursuits†, and the same luxurious habits of the Greeks, so often ascribed to it by the ancients‡, still distinguish it, and render it as formerly the favorite retreat of the aged and of the valetudinarian, of the studious and of the contemplative.

Pax secura locis et desidīs otia vitæ

Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti §.

Stat. Sylv. iii. 5.

* Ovid. Met. xv. 711.—Born for ease.

† The reader will recollect that this expression, and others of a similar tendency employed in a former chapter, do not extend to the nobility.

‡ Strabo, v.

§ With careless ease, and peaceful quiet blest,
Unbroken slumbers and untroubled rest.

To enjoy such a place in all the vicissitudes of season and scenery ; to observe such a people under every variation of character ; to visit all the towns and isles, and mountains of *ancient fame*, without hurry or fatigue, is a most desirable object, and may claim a whole year, and fill up every day with pleasure and improvement. But our time was no longer at our disposal, and on the seventh of July we were dragged reluctantly from *Parthenope* and the *Campanian* coast*.

“ Pausilypi colles, et candida Mergellina,
Et myrteta sacris consita littoribus.”
Me tibi, terra beata, dico ; tu meta laborum,
Jamque senescentis grata quies animi.
Tu, dum fata sinunt lucemque auramque ministra ;
Tu, precor, extincti corporis ossa tege†.

* Naples retains all the features of its Grecian origin, excepting its language, which at present is more Roman than ever it was in ancient times ; it is a singular circumstance that Latin, though spoken in Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, and Africa, with their dependent islands, yet never became the language of *all* Italy. Greek still kept its ground in the southern provinces, and enjoyed a pre-eminence over the *imperial* language, even to the fall of the western empire, and during the two succeeding centuries.

† Pausilypo ! and Mergyllina's dome !
And sacred shores, where groves of myrtle bloom
Receive me to yourselves ! my labors there
Shall find repose, and age forget its care.
Thou, happy soil, the means of life supply,
And take me to thy bosom when I die !

Such were the wishes of *Flaminius*; such might have been our's were not *England* our country!

The first stage from Naples, is *Aversa*, a well-built modern town. A few miles from thence we crossed the *Clanis*, now called *Chiagno*, and sometimes *Lagno*, and proceeded rapidly over the plain of *Campania*. We arrived at *Capua* rather too late to visit the ruins of the ancient city of the same name, which lie about two miles from the modern town. They are shapeless masses spread over a vast extent of ground, or so at least they appear when viewed from the walls of the present city; the theatre retains somewhat of its original form, and if disinterred, might perhaps display some remains of the grandeur for which it was once celebrated. So great indeed was the magnificence of *Capua*, that while Carthage stood it was compared to it, and long after the fall of Carthage, and even after its own humiliation and disfranchisement, it is represented by Cicero* himself as superior to Rome, for the wideness, convenience, and appearance of its streets and edifices.

Capua was built by the Etrurians, that singular nation to which Italy owes its arts, and its noble tuition; but it was occupied partly by force and partly by treachery by the Samnites; after-

* Cic. de Leg. Agrar. Or. ii. 32.

wards it was united to the Romans by interest and alliance; then it became hostile to Rome under the influence of Annibal, and soon after it was taken, plundered, and stripped of all the honors of a city, that is, of its senate, its magistrates, and its popular assemblies. In this chastisement the Romans punished the body of the state, that is, the ringleaders only, but spared the populace, and the town itself, which continued to stand a monument of the power, the justice, and the clemency of the conquerors. "Consilio ad omni parte laudabili," says Titus Livius (xxvi. 16), "severe et celeriter in maxime noxios animadversum . . . non sævitum incendiis ruinisque in tecta innoxia murosque . . . quæsita lenitatis species incolumitate urbis nobilissimæ, opulentissimæque*." He adds a consideration that had no small influence in the decision of the senate on this occasion, "confessio expressa hosti, quanta vis in Romanis ad expetendas pænas ad infidelibus sociis, et quam nihil Annibale auxilii ad tuendos†." In truth,

* With a wisdom in every respect to be praised, the most guilty were quickly and severely punished . . . no anger was wreaked upon the innocent buildings and walls by burning and destroying them . . . there was a studied appearance of lenity, in preserving uninjured a noble and wealthy city.

† A confession was extorted from the enemy, how great was the power of the Romans to take vengeance on their

Capua was taken, and its magistrates put to death, almost in the presence and under the eyes of the indignant Carthaginian.

There are few events recorded in Roman history, that display the great prominent features of the character of that magnanimous people to more advantage, than the siege and fall of *Capua*. Their perseverance, justice, and humanity, here shine in their full lustre; the reader shares their well earned triumph, and only laments that *Corinth*, a city more renowned and less guilty than *Capua*, was not treated with the same indulgence, and like it allowed to stand a monument of Roman forbearance. *Capua* therefore still flourished, not as a corporate body, but as a delicious residence, surrounded with beauty and pampered with plenty. It was reserved for a more ignominious fate, and destined under the feeble Honorius to fall by the hands of Genseric king of the African Vandals. It never recovered from this catastrophe, and has remained a heap of uninhabited ruins ever since.

The modern town was built about the middle of the ninth century by the count, and the bishop of the title of *Capua*, on the site of the ancient *Casilinum* remarkable for its fidelity to the Romans

faithless allies, and how little Annibal could do for their protection.

in the second Punic war, but decayed and sunk into insignificance even in the time of Pliny. This city is neither large nor well-built, and contains no very remarkable edifice; its greatest recommendation is its name. The cathedral supported by pillars of granite collected from the neighboring ruins; and the church of the *Annonziata*, supposed to be an ancient temple, though much disfigured by modern decorations, deserve a visit. The *Vulturnus* bathes the walls, a river now as formerly, rapid, muddy, and in some places shallow: thus it still retains both its name and its characteristic qualities.

. multamque trahens sub gurgite arenam
Vulturnus*.

Ovid, *Met.* xv. 714.

We here entered the *Falernian* territory, and as we drove over its delicious plain we contemplated on the right *Mount Callicula*, and in front *Mount Massicus*, both remarkable, independently of other circumstances, as enclosing and indeed in part forming the scene of the manœuvres of Fabius and of Annibal. The celebrated stratagem of the latter† took place in a defile on the right.

We then crossed the *lazy Sarno* and proceeded

* Vulturnus, rolling his discolour'd waves.

† Tit. Liv. xxii. 4.

to *Francolisi*, whence ascending the hills, we took a parting view of the delicious region which lay expanded behind us. We had traversed it in every direction, and examined its features in all their combinations. Plains shaded with rows of poplars and mulberries; vines waving in garlands from tree to tree; rich harvests bending under this canopy; hills clad with groves and studded with houses; mountains covered with forests; and in the midst, *Vesuvius* lifting his scorched front, and looking down upon cities, towns, and villages rising promiscuously round his base. Add to these a sea that never swells with storms, a sky never darkened with clouds, and a sun that seldom withdraws his cheering beams. All these beauties, that pourtray Paradise to our fancy, and surpass at once the landscape of the painter and the descriptions of the poet, are all combined in the garden of Italy, the *happy Campania* *.

But the scenery was now fading away with the

* We had intended to return by the inland road, and visit the great Parent abbey of the Benedictine Order situated on the summit of *Monte Cassino*; *Venqfrum*, so celebrated for its olives; *Arpinum* and the *Fibrenus*; *Sora*, *Anagnia*, and *Preneste*. But the state of the country, which had not yet recovered from the convulsions of an invasion, rendered such a journey imprudent at the moment, and on the representations of some friends, we reluctantly gave up our projected route.

light, and a deep azure sky bespangled with stars, all sparkling with a brilliancy unusual to our more troubled atmosphere, guided us on our way. Lighted by their beams we crossed the Liris,

Qui fonte quieto

Dissimulat cursum ac nullo mutabilis imbri,

Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas *

Sil. iv. 350.

We just distinguished the black masses of *Miturna* on its banks, with the arches of its ruined aqueduct, and at a late hour in the evening we entered *Mola*.

The bay of *Gaieta*, though seen before, had not with its novelty forfeited its charms; inferior as it is to that of Naples, it had still influence sufficient to delight and to detain us. Ascending the hill, we revisited the grove where Cicero fell, and the tomb which popular tradition has erected to his memory, without permitting any hypercritical doubts to disturb our feelings. "*Fama rerum standum est*," says Titus Livius, "*ubi certam rebus derogat antiquitas fidem*†." At the foot of the tomb sat a little shepherd boy reading a book with great

Whose tranquil stream

Scarce seems to move, and unincreas'd by show'rs,

Eats with his chrystal wave the silent banks.

† We must abide by tradition, when antiquity derogates from the certainty of facts.

attention, while his flock spread along the sides of the road before him. He smiled when I looked at the book; it was *La vita della SS^{ma}. Vergine—estratta della Scrittura santa, coi riflessioni, &c.**—lessons of purity, humility and piety! examples of filial love and of parental tenderness. His pastoral predecessors in Virgil and Theocritus, were not so well employed, and must yield to the modern Alexis in innocence and in simplicity. After having winded through the defiles of *Mont Cacubus*, we descended into the plain of *Fondi*. The beauty of this fertile spot was now enlivened by occasional groups of country people collected with their dogs and flocks, under the shade of the thickest clumps of trees, and indulging themselves in rustic mirth and festivity.

We entered the Roman territory shortly after, and stopped to refresh ourselves at *Terracina*. We again passed *Feronia*, now a solitary scene, once remarkable for the splendor of its temple, which, as Livy relates, was plundered by Annibal in his return from Rome, in order to avenge on the goddess his late disappointment. We crossed the *Pomptine Paludi* (marshes), then delightfully shaded, with great rapidity. The season of ma-

* The life of the Most Holy Virgin, extracted from the holy Scripture, with reflections, &c.

laria was now commenced, and to sleep while passing the marshes is supposed to be extremely dangerous. The death of the archbishop of Naples, which had taken place some days before our departure from that capital, was attributed to his having merely passed this swampy tract, though with all possible precaution. It is to be recollected however, that the archbishop was in his seventy-sixth year, and if at such an age a man be carried off very suddenly, his death may be accounted for without the aid of marshy exhalations. Still it must be admitted that the air of this territory both is, and must probably continue, in a certain degree, unwholesome during the summer months, because it must ever remain a flat intersected by many streams, and of course always humid. We indeed found that several drivers were ill at the different post-houses, owing partly to fatigue during the heats, and partly to the bad qualities of the atmosphere. To take every precaution therefore is prudent, and of course to abstain from sleep, however difficult it may be in such heat, especially when confined to a carriage.

While a traveller is conveyed smoothly and rapidly over the present *Via Appia* (Appian Way), he must naturally reflect on the slow and almost creeping pace of the ancients. Horace, while he acknowledges his own indolence in dividing one

day's journey into two, seems to consider *Forum Appii* as the regular stage from Rome, which was a distance of about thirty-five miles. He passed the second night on the canal. On the third, he seems to have slept at *Anxur* or *Terracina*; and the fourth, after a *fatiguing* journey, at *Formiæ* or *Mela*.

In Mamurrarum lassæ deinde urbe manemus*.

Hor. lib. 1. Sat. vi. 37.

This *fatiguing* journey was not more than thirty miles. But Mæcenas might well have considered it as such, as he is related to have taken two days to go from Rome to his villa at *Tibur*, only eighteen miles distant. Augustus is also said to have travelled very slowly and loitered much on the road in his excursions from Rome to the different parts of Italy. The mode of conveyance was not at that time either pleasant or convenient, and whether managed by a *lectica* (litter, or sedan) or a *rheda* (chariot), was in the first instance slow, in the other rough, and either way far inferior in ease, rapidity, and even dignity, to a post-chaise. The inns seem to have been no better, if not worse, than the modern, and to have been as ill provided both with fare and furniture; of the fare we have some account in Horace, when describing the spare

* From thence our wearied troop at *Formiæ* rests.

Francis.

diet of *Beispeccation*; and as for furniture, we have a short inventory of a bed room in *Peronius*, viz. a bedstead and a bed without curtains, and a wooden candelabrum with a table. The ~~facts~~ ^{facts} in fact were bad for the same reason then as now; travellers of rank instead of frequenting ~~inns~~, went from villa to villa, and abandoned such receptacles to the lower orders; a custom very general at present in Italy; so much so indeed, that an Italian nobleman, hearing an Englishman complain of the accommodation at country inns, expressed his surprise that he frequented such places, and observed, that with a few recommendatory letters he might traverse Italy from one extremity to the other, without being once under the necessity of entering an inn.

We intended to pass the night at *Velletri*, in order to visit some palaces in the town, and some interesting places in the neighborhood, and at the same time to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the Alban Mount, in our last passage over it. But in this we were disappointed: we entered *Velletri* rather late, found the inn full, and were obliged most reluctantly to pursue our journey in the darkness of the night to *Albano*, and thence for a similar reason to Rome.

As we approached, the beams of the rising sun darted full on the portico of the *Basilica Laterana*, in itself from its elevation and magnitude, a grand

have arrived at a mansion where the agitations of the *present* are absorbed in the contemplation of the *past*, and the passions of this world are lost in the interests of that which is to succeed it. Rome is not therefore like Naples, the seat of mirth and dissipation; of public amusement, or even of private conviviality. The *severe majesty* that seems to preside as the genius of the place, proscribes frivolity, and inspires loftiness of thought and gravity of deportment. It imposes even on scenes of relaxation a certain restraint, that without infringing on the ease of conversation, and the confidence of familiar intercourse, gives a serious bias to the mind, and disposes it imperceptibly to reflection.*

But if in Rome, we seek in vain for the lighter amusements, such as balls, routs, and operas; we are supplied with other entertainments of a much higher, and to a man of solid judgment, of a much more satisfactory nature. Independently of the arts and the sciences, that seem to expend all their treasures, and to court our observation at every

* *Il decoro* (decorum) is the word used at Rome to express this restraint so peculiar to the place; a word little used, as the quality expressed by it is little known in other parts of Italy. English is the only transalpine language, I believe, that possesses the word, as indeed England is almost the only country where its influence is much felt or acknowledged.

step; he who delights to range in thought over the past, and to converse with the great of ancient times, will here find an inexhaustible fund of occupation in every street, and the memory of some noble achievement or illustrious person meeting him at every turn. "*Id quidem infinitum est in hac urbe,*" says Cicero, speaking of Athens, *quacumque enim ingredimur, in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus* *," an observation far more applicable to Rome, because it is a grander theatre, more fertile in events, and more productive of heroes.

To these recollections, which spring from the very soil itself, and are inseparably attached to its localities, we must superadd the antique statues that fill the cabinets both public and private, and place the worthies of ancient times before us in all the dignity of dress and attitude. The Capitol, in fact, was never so crowded with heroes and senators, with consuls and dictators, as it is at present; never were so many kings assembled in its halls, and never was it visited by so many emperors in succession, as are now united in one grand assembly under its roof.

The same may be said of the collection in the

* De Fin. lib. v. 2. In this city that is a thing which is inexhaustible; for whichever way we move, we tread upon some history or other.

Vatican, where long galleries and capacious temples are lined with rows, frequently double, of busts and statues representing all the demigods and heroes, the statesmen and orators, the poets and philosophers, in short, all the great persons real or imaginary, that have figured in the history and literature of the ancients, and have filled the world with their renown for so many ages.

Ora ducum et vatum, sapientumque ora priorum *.

Stat. Syl. ii. 2.

Private cabinets, some of which are almost as considerable as the two great repositories just mentioned, increase the prodigious stock, and give altogether a number of statues that equals the population of some cities; combining the most perfect specimens, not of Greek and Roman only, but of Etruscan and Egyptian art, and expanding before us, in the compass of one city, all the treasures of the ancient world†. Encircled with such company, and surrounded with such monuments, who shall dare to complain of want of occupation?

* The busts of Sages, Poets, Chiefs of old.

† "On trouve ici," exclaims the *Abbé Barthelemi*, on his first visit to the Capitol, "l'ancienne Egypte, l'ancienne Athènes, l'ancienne Rome!"

We here find ancient Egypt, ancient Athens, ancient Rome.

especially as the classics are always at hand to heighten the enjoyment ; and where can they be perused with more pleasure or advantage than at Rome, amidst the monuments of the heroes whom they celebrate, and on the very theatre of the actions which they describe.

But to proceed to the immediate object of this chapter—On our first visit we contemplated ancient Rome as she *now* appears, and from thence we passed to the consideration of the modern city. We will now turn to ancient Rome again, and while we still tread the spot on which *she stood*, we will recollect what she *once* was, and endeavor to trace out some of her majestic features still faintly discernible through the gloom of so many ages. The subject is intimately connected with the views of a classical traveller, and is indeed forced upon him in every morning walk. While he ranges over the seven hills, once so crowded with population and graced with so many noble fabrics, now inhabited only by a few friars, and covered with piles of ruin, he cannot but recollect that under the rubbish which he treads lies buried Imperial Rome, once the *delight and the beauty* of the universe. Deep interred under the accumulated deposit of fifteen centuries, it now serves for the foundation of another city, which, though the fairest in the world, shines only with a few faintly reflected rays of its tarnished glory. If then the

magnificence of modern Rome be an object of admiration and wonder, what must have been the majesty of the ancient city? Greater probably than the imagination of moderns, little accustomed to works of unusual beauty or magnitude, can conceive, and capable of astonishing, not strangers only, but even the Greeks themselves, though the latter were habituated to architectural scenery, and almost educated in the midst of temples and colonnades.

Constantius, a cold and unfeeling prince, who had visited all the cities of Greece and Asia, and was familiar with the superb exhibitions of *Ephesus*, *Magnesia*, and *Athens*, was struck dumb with admiration as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the streets; but when he entered the forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he felt for once a momentary enthusiasm, and burst into exclamations of surprise and astonishment*. Strabo who had traversed Greece in every direction, and was without doubt intimately acquainted with all the beau-

* The Emperor is said to have fixed his attention on the equestrian statue of Trajan, that stood before the Basilica, and asked where such another horse could be found? when a Persian Prince who accompanied him, answered, "Supposing we find such a horse, who will build him such another stable?"

ties of his country, and like every other Greek*, not a little partial to its claims to pre-eminence, describes the magnificence of Rome as an object of transcendent glory, that surpassed expectation, and rose far above all human competition.

If Greeks, so jealous of the arts and edifices of their native land; if Emperors of the East, who idolized their own capital, and looked with envy on the ornaments of the ancient City, were thus obliged to pay an involuntary tribute to its superior beauty, we may pardon the well founded enthusiasm of the Romans themselves, when they represent it as an epitome of the universe, and an abode worthy of the gods†. And indeed, if Virgil, at a time when Augustus had only begun his projected improvements, and the architectural glory of the city was in its dawn, ventured to give it the proud appellation of *Rerum pulcherrima*‡, we may conjecture what it must have been in the reign of Hadrian, when it had received all its decorations, and blazed in its full meridian splendor. Even in its decline, when it had twice experienced barbaric rage and had seen some of its fairest edifices sink

* Græci genus in gloriam suam effusissimum. Plin.

“The Greeks, a race intensely partial to their own glory.”

† Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

‡ The fairest city that the world can boast.

in hostile flames, it was capable of exciting ideas of something more than mortal grandeur, and raising the thoughts of a holy bishop from earth to heaven*. After the Gothic war itself, which gave the last blow to the greatness of Rome, when it had been repeatedly besieged, taken and ransacked, yet then, though stript of its population, and abandoned with its tottering temples to time and desolation; even then, deformed by barbarism, wasted by pestilence, and bowed down to the ground under the accumulated judgments of heaven; the "Eternal City" still retained its imperial features, nor appeared less than the Mistress of the World, *and the excess of glory obscured.*

Rome was in this state when Gregory the Great made those pathetic complaints, of the scenes of misery and ruin that surrounded him; and yet the magnificence of Trajan's forum, which was still standing though disfigured, was such as to draw from that Pontiff, who neither wanted taste nor feeling, an exclamation of affectionate regard towards its founder†.

* The period I allude to is the reign of the Goth Theodoric, and the prelate is the eloquent Fulgentius.

† When I say that Gregory wanted neither taste nor feeling, I am aware that I speak in opposition to Gibbon, who represents him as deficient in both, as well indeed as in every other generous and liberal accomplishment. Gregory lived at a period perhaps the most disastrous recorded in history;

The modern capitals of Europe, and indeed most ancient cities, derived their fame from one,

when Italy and Rome itself had been successively visited and desolated by the four severest scourges that heaven employs in its anger to chastise guilty nations—war, inundation, famine, and pestilence. The war was the Gothic war, the most destructive contest ever carried on in the bosom of Italy, not excepting the invasion of Annibal in ancient, and of the French under Charles of *Angou* in modern times. This contest was followed after a short interval by the irruption of the *Langobardi*, who continued to waste and convulse Italy from the end of the sixth to the beginning of the ninth century. The inundation was occasioned by the Goths, who imprudently during the siege, broke several of the aqueducts, and let the rivers confined in them range without control over the plain; to which we may add an overflow of the Tiber, that rose to a prodigious height, and not only deluged the country but flooded the streets, and undermined several edifices in the city itself. Famine is the natural consequence of war, when carried on without mercy or precaution; and in a warm country, stagnant waters and swampy grounds, the unavoidable effects of inundations, emit vapors that never fail to produce infection. So violent was the pestilence, that in a procession in which the Pontiff marched at the head of the people, he had the mortification to see seventy of his flock fall down and expire in his presence.

To alleviate these calamities, was the occupation of Gregory, and in the discharge of this melancholy duty, he could have had little time and little inclination to indulge himself in the pleasures of literary pursuits. To which we may add, that such researches are the amusements of leisure and prosperity, when the mind, free from external pressure and distraction, can expatiate at ease over the regions of fancy and invention; and call their flowers without fear or interruption. But in the fall of empires, when misery besets every door, and

or at the utmost, a few edifices. Thus London glories in *St. Paul's*, *St. Martin* in the Fields, the

death stares every man in the face, it is timely and natural to turn to objects of greater importance, and while *the fashion of this world passeth away*, to fix the thoughts and affections on more substantial and more permanent acquirements.

But with all these disadvantages Gregory possessed talents and accomplishments that would have entitled him to consideration, even in more refined ages; and whoever peruses his epistles, will acknowledge that he was not deficient either in imagination or in judgment, and still less in the nobler qualities of a benevolent and lofty mind. His style, though deeply tinged with the increasing barbarism of the times, is genuine grammatical Latin, and in purity and perspicuity superior to that of some authors who flourished in the preceding age; such as Cassiodorus and Ammianus Marcellinus. It is indeed related to his honor, that he endeavoured to support upon all occasions the language, the manners, and the dress of the Romans, in opposition to the remains of Gothic corruption, and to the uncouth jargon and savage demeanor of the *Langobardi*. About his person and in his court he employed none but native Italians free from every Gothic mixture in blood, or dialect, and by his attachment to his country, his active benevolence, and his mild but steady patriotism, he has deserved the honorable appellation of the *Last of the Romans*.

After his death, the barbaric inundation spread without obstacle, and swept away almost every remnant of civilization; the language hitherto spoken at Rome at least with grammatical accuracy, was rapidly mutilated and disfigured; the number of inhabitants continued to decrease, and the few surviving Romans, though still free and still spectators of the most stupendous monuments of ancient grandeur, began to lose sight of the glories of their country, and to forget that their ancestors had once been masters of the universe.

two *St. George's*, &c. Paris boasts of the *Colonnade* of the *Louvre*, the *Front* of the *Thuilleries*, the

This Pope is abused by Gibbon, because he reprimanded a bishop for teaching (not for studying as the historian chooses to word it) the Latin poets, and opening a grammar school in his palace. Yet it will surely be admitted that a bishop may justly be expected to devote his time to duties of a more elevated nature, than the avocations of an ordinary schoolmaster, and that he exposes himself to censure if he devotes to literary amusement the time and attention which he owes to his flock, and to the sublime studies of his profession. A most respectable prelate of the church of England, when promoted to the episcopacy is said to have renounced the study of chemistry, which he had prosecuted before with zeal and success, as inconsistent with the more important labors attached to his new dignity. The reader will probably applaud a resolution so conformable to the dictates of religion, and will consequently approve of the conduct of Gregory, who enforced the same principle at a time when the prevalence of barbarism and increasing ignorance required all the zeal and all the efforts of the episcopal body.

He is also accused of having burnt the Palatine library, and destroyed several temples, &c. The Palatine library was burnt in the conflagration of Nero, and when restored, if restoration were possible, a second time under Domitian, and finally and utterly by Genseric. As for temples, he orders St. Augustin, the monk, to spare them in England*, and to convert them into churches; why then should he destroy them in Rome? These accusations cannot be traced farther back than the twelfth century, that is five hundred years at least after this Pontiff's death. His real crimes in the eyes of both Bayle and Gibbon, are, that he was a Pope, and that he converted England to Christianity!

* Bed. Hist. Ecclest. lib. i. cap. 30.

Church of the Invalids, St. Genevieve, St. Sulpice, &c. Berlin has its *Brandenburgh Gate*, and Dresden its *Electoral Chapel*. So anciently Ephesus had its *Temple of Diana*; Harlicarnassus its *Mausoleum*; Rhodes its *Colossus*. Athens itself, the mother of the arts, could not exhibit more than twenty edifices of extraordinary beauty, among which the *Parthenon*, the *Temple of Theseus*, the *Propyleium*, and the *Portico*, were the principal. Rome seems to have presented a perpetual succession of architectural scenery, and exhibited in every view groups or lines of edifices, every one of which taken separately, would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city.

But to enable the reader to form a clearer idea of this magnificence, I will descend to particulars, and give a concise account of some of its principal edifices, such as the *Cloacæ* (sewers)—*Aqueducts*—*Via* or *Roads*—*Forums*—*Porticos*—*Thermæ* (baths) and *Temples*: after which I will subjoin some singular and striking instances of private grandeur.

A Greek author* has observed, that Roman greatness manifested itself most conspicuously in the *Cloacæ*, the *aqueducts*, and the *high roads*, works peculiarly Roman, and from a singular combination of utility, solidity, and grandeur, indicative in

* Dion. Halic. Antiq. Rom. lib. iii. cap. 57.

a very uncommon degree of the genius and character of that wonderful people. Some of these works, such as the *Cloacæ*, were built in the very infancy of the city, and seemed to have been considered as omens and pledges of its duration and future greatness. Many of the aqueducts, and I believe most of the roads, were of the republican era, when magnificence was confined to public edifices, and the resources of architecture were employed for the convenience or the amusement of the people at large. To treat of each separately.

CLOACÆ.

It appears singular to rank *sewers* among objects of admiration, yet no edifices are better calculated to excite it. The *Cloacæ* were arched galleries carried under the city in every direction; they were wide enough for a loaded cart or boat to pass with convenience, and all communicated with the *Cloaca maxima* (the greatest, or principal *sewers*). The latter is about sixteen feet in breadth and thirty in height; its pavement, sides, and arch, are all formed of blocks of stone, so solid in themselves, and so well connected together, that notwithstanding the weights that have rolled over them, the buildings that load them, and the ruins that encumber them, not one has given way during

the space of more than two thousand years. To cleanse them, various streams were introduced, which rolled along with a rapidity sufficiently violent to weaken any ordinary edifice; when obstructed, the expense of clearing them was enormous, and upon one occasion amounted to a sum exceeding one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The *Cloaca maxima* was erected, as is well known, in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus*, and shews to what a degree of perfection the arts were

* Ad alia traducebatur opera foros in circo faciendos, cloacamque maximam, receptaculum omnium purgamentorum urbis: quibus duobus operibus vix nova hæc magnificentia quicquam adequare potuit.—*Tit. Liv. i. cap. 56.*

“He turned his attention to other works, to making the galleries in the Circus, and the Great Cloaca, the receptacle of all the filth of the city; to which two works the magnificence of modern days has scarcely been able to produce any thing equal.”

Sed tunc senes aggeris vastum spatium et substructiones insanas Capitolii mirabantur; preterea cloacas, operum omnium dictu maximum durant a Tarquinio Prisco annis prope septingentis inexpugnabiles.—*C. Plin. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.*

“But at that time old men were astonished at the vast space of the mound, and the immense substructions of the Capitol; not to mention the Cloacæ, the most wonderful of all works they have continued entire from the time of Tarquinius Priscus, a period of almost seven hundred years.”

carried at Rome then in its infancy. They were all still unimpaired in the reign of Theodoric, and drew from that prince some exclamations of surprise and admiration. The *Cloaca maxima* stands even now (though almost choked up with rubbish and weeds and damaged at one end not by time but by interest and folly) a monument of proportion and of solidity.

AQUEDUCTS.

Ancient Rome was supplied with water by nine aqueducts, of which the first was opened by Appius, and bears his name. The others were, *Anio Vetus*—*Martia*—*Tepula*—*Julia*—*Virgo*—*Alsietina* (*Augusta*)—*Claudia*—*Anio Novus**. These aqueducts ran a distance of from twelve to sixty-two miles, and conveyed whole rivers through mountains and over plains, sometimes under ground, and sometimes supported by arches to the centre of the city†. Two in particular, the *Claudia* and *Anio nova*

* The reader will observe, that in the names and number of the aqueducts I confine my statements to the reign of Nerva; succeeding emperors increased the numbers, and changed the names.

† The short description which Statius gives of some of the principal aqueducts is poetical, and indeed in his best style:—

(New Anio), were carried over arches for more than twenty miles, and sometimes raised more than one hundred and twenty feet above the level of the country. The channel through which the water flowed in these aqueducts (and in one of them two streams rolled unmingled the one over the other) was always wide and high enough for workmen to pass and carry materials for repair; and all were lined with a species of plaster hard and impenetrable as marble itself, called by the ancients, *opus signinum*. Of these aqueducts three are sufficient to supply modern Rome, though it contains not less than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, with a profusion of water superabun-

Vos mihi quæ Latium, septenaque culmina Nymphæ
Incolitis, Tybrimque novis attollitis undis,
Quas præceps Anien, atque exceptura natatus
Virgo juvat, Marsasque nives, et frigora ducens
Martia, præcelsis quarum vaga molibus unda
Crescit, et innumero pendens transmittitur arcu.

Syl. lib. i. 5.

Ye Nymphs who dwell in Latium, who rejoice
In sev'n-hill'd Rome's high honors, and increase
Proud Tiber's stream with waters not his own;
Whose waves o'er many a pendent arch roll on,
Huge and stupendous aqueducts! o'er that
From rapid *Anio* call'd, and that which bears
The *Virgin's* name, where sportive swimmers play,
And *Martia*, from the *Marsian* hills that brings
Cold, chilling snows

dantly sufficient for all private as well as public purposes; what a prodigious quantity then must the nine have poured continually into the ancient city!

As I have already given some account of these aqueducts, I shall here confine myself to a few additional observations. Authors differ as to their number, because the same great channel often branched out into lesser divisions, which on account of the quantity of water which they supplied, were sometimes considered as separate aqueducts. To this we may add, that the same aqueduct sometimes bore different names. I have adopted the number given by Frontinus, who was employed by the Emperor Nerva to inspect and repair these important works, and must of course be considered as decisive authority. Most parts of the city were supplied by two aqueducts, in order to prevent the inconveniences occasioned by derangements and reparations; and one aqueduct, which conveyed a stream of less pure and wholesome water was appropriated exclusively to supply the Naumachias, Circuses, and Cloacæ. The number of public reservoirs of water called from their depth and extent *Lakes*, is supposed to have been more than thirteen hundred, and that of fountains scarcely credible; since Agrippa alone, as has been noticed elsewhere, opened more than one hundred

in the space of one year. When the extent, the solidity, the decorations, and above all, the utility of these immense works are taken into consideration, the reader will find no difficulty in preferring them with Frontinus, to the idle bulk of the pyramids, and even to the graceful but less useful edifices of Greece*.

I have already hinted at the ornaments that graced the *lakes* and fountains, such as pillars, temples, and statues. The latter generally represented river gods, and among them were the *Nile*, the *Tiber*, the *Ardus*, the *Achelous*, the *Tigris*, the *Euphrates*, the *Rhine*, the *Danube*, and many others discovered at different periods amidst the ruins; some of which still remain, and others have been transported to Naples, to Florence, and recently to Paris.

Many inscriptions have also been found belonging anciently to these fountains. That which Pope translated for his grotto, seems to have been of the number. It is now in the grotto of Egeria.

* Tot aquarum tam multis necessariis molibus, pyramidas videlicet otiosas comparem, aut cætera inertia, sed famâ celebrata Græcorum opera?—*Front. De Aqued. Romæ. lib. i.*

“To these immense aqueducts, so numerous and so necessary, shall I compare the idle pyramids, or the other useless, though celebrated works of the Greeks?”

Another is well known, comprising the same sense in three words,

NYMPHAE LOCI
BIBE LAVA TACE*.

The ruins of these prodigious edifices towering far above all modern buildings, attract the eye on the *Celian* and *Esquiline* Mounts, but fix the attention still more powerfully when sweeping in broken lines over the solitary *Campagna*, they present in the midst of desolation one of the most awful instances ever perhaps exhibited of magnificence in decay.

VIAE.

Rome was indebted to Appius Claudius for her aqueducts; to the public spirit and talents of the same censor she owed also her viæ or roads. As these works though they shew the taste which the Romans had for the great and the useful, yet have little connexion with the magnificence of the city, I shall confine myself to very few observations. In the first place, there stood in the Roman Forum a pillar of gold, on which were inscribed the dis-

* To the nymph of the place:—Drink—Bathe—Be Silent.

tances of the great cities of Italy, and of the empire, which pillar was from these two circumstances called *Milliarium Aureum**. At this column the roads commenced, and thence branched off from Rome to every part of Italy, and were carried on in straight lines, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and sometimes raised on arches. They were literally speaking *via strata*, not paved but flagged, and composed frequently of vast blocks, neither hewn nor shaped by art, but fitted together in their original form. This method had an uncommon advantage, as the natural coating, if I may so call it, of the stone, enabled it to resist with more effect the action of the weather, and the friction of carriages. Hence such parts of the *Via Appia* as have escaped destruction, as at *Fondi* and *Mola*, shew few traces of wear and decay after a duration of two thousand years. When hewn stones were used they were cut out into large blocks of two, three, or even five feet square, and laid together without any cement, yet so firmly and closely connected, as to appear rather a continued rock, than an artificial combination; they have resisted both the influence of time and the pressure of the enor-

* The golden mile-stone.—This column was erected by Augustus, and stood near the temple of Saturn. Notwithstanding its name we may suppose it to have been of brass gilt.

mous leads that have passed over them, in a manner altogether inconceivable. These roads were in process of time extended to the most distant provinces of the empire, and formed an easy communication between *Britain* and *Mesopotamia*, between *Dacia* and *Egypt*. Thus the civilized world owes to the Romans the first establishment and example of a commodious intercourse; one of the greatest aids of commerce, and means of improvement that society can enjoy.

The barbarians who overturned the Roman power were for many ages so incredibly stupid as to undervalue this blessing, and almost always neglected, sometimes wantonly destroyed, the roads that intersected the provinces which they had invaded. But the example of the Roman Pontiff, the authority of the clergy, and the remains which they still beheld, gradually though slowly opened their eyes and called their attention to an object of such prime importance. I have said *starchly*, as to this day, the different governments of Germany*, Spain, Portugal, Sicily, and Greece, are still so far immersed in barbarism as to leave the traveller to work his way through their respective territories

* The Austrian territories in Germany are excepted from this censure.

with infinite fatigue and difficulty, by tracks and paths oftentimes almost impassable. Even in countries where the greatest attention has been paid to the roads, how inferior are all modern works in firmness and durability to the ancient *Via*. I know it has been said, that there was barely sufficient room on the *Via Appia* for two carriages to pass each other, and this, if the observation be confined to a very few narrow passes, such as sometimes occur in our best and newest roads, may be true; but if meant to be general it is certainly ill-founded, as the average breadth of the *Via Appia* is from eighteen to twenty-two feet.

The reader will recollect without doubt that all these magnificent outlets and approaches to the imperial city were bordered on each side, not with rows only, but with streets of tombs, and thus converted into so many avenues of death, and scenes of mortality. The last object that a Roman beheld at his departure, and the first that struck him on his return, was the *tombs of his ancestors*. The sepulchres of the heroes of the early ages were, during the reign of liberty the most conspicuous; but under the Cæsars, they were eclipsed by the funereal pomp of the freedmen, the parasites, the sycophants of the emperors. Hence that indignant epigram,

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet : at Cato parvo,
Pompeius nullo : credimus esse deos*?

Though every road presented the tombs of many illustrious persons, yet the *Via Appia* was ennobled by the greatest number of celebrated names, and beheld on its sides rising in melancholy state the sepulchres of the Servilii, the Metelli, and the Scipios ; of Archias and of Ennius. Most of the inscriptions that marked these receptacles of departed greatness, were like the views of the *minute philosophers*, who precipitated the fall of Rome, narrow, earthly, and mortal.

Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde, quid egi,
Mutus in æternum sum cinis, ossa, nihil †.

How mean, how pusillanimous, how unworthy the

- * For Licinus a marble tomb is made ;
Cato beneath a narrow stone is laid ;
No tomb, no stone great Pompey's ashes find ;
Who now shall say the gods regard mankind ?

The satyrist might have spared the gods ; perhaps in *their* eyes the *barber* (for such was Licinus) might have been superior both to the hero and the philosopher.

- † My name, my past pursuits inquire thou not,
How into being rais'd by whom begot ;
Dumb are my lips, life's transient journey o'er ;
Earth, dust, and ashes, I exist no more.

high-minded Roman! The following christian epitaph would have been more appropriate on the tomb of a Cato, a Scipio, or a Cicero * :—

Ingenio superest *Cordus*, mens ipsa recepta est
Cælo, quod terrae est, maxima Roma tenet †.

But to pass from roads which, as I have already hinted, are not immediately connected with my present object, the ancient Greeks pretended, and their admirers at present are often heard to maintain, that Rome owed all her magnificence to the arts of Greece, which she learned during the Etolian and Macedonian wars. Horace's acknow-

* “Maximum vero argumentum est,” says the latter, with his usual magnificence of language, “naturam ipsam de immortalitate animorum tacitam judicare, quod omnibus curæ sunt et maxime quæ post mortem futura sint. . . . quid propagatio nominis . . . quid testamentorum diligentia, quid ipsa sepulcrorum monumenta, quid elogia significant, nisi nos futura etiam cogitare?” *Tuscul. lib. i. 14.*

“But the strongest argument is, that nature herself tacitly concludes the soul to be immortal, is, that all men take the most lively interest in what is to take place after their death. . . . What is implied by the continuation of our names . . . what by the careful attention we pay to our wills, what by our very monuments, what by inscriptions and eulogies, if it be not that we are anxious about futurity?”

† Still *Cordus* lives : heav’n is the home of mind ;
Great Rome contains the clay he left behind.

ledgment seems to confirm this pretension so flattering to Grecian pride and vanity*. But however ancient or general this opinion may be, it stands on no solid foundation; the truth is, that of the three grand works which I have mentioned, the first was erected at a time when Grecian architecture was in its infancy, and the two others, before any regular intercourse had taken place between the Greeks and Romans. The latter derived their arts and sciences from their neighbors, the Etrurians, a singular people, who flourished in riches, power, and science, for some ages before the Greeks began to emerge from their primitive barbarism; and to them the Romans probably were indebted for that solid taste which distinguished them ever after. They seem indeed in all their works and edifices to have had constantly in view the three great qualities, which in architecture give excellence without the aid of ornament, and by their own intrinsic merit command admiration.

* *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes*

Intulit agresti Latio.

Lib. ii. Epis. i. 156.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts,
She triumph'd o'er her savage conqu'ror's hearts.

Francis.

The arts to which Horace alludes are the arts of Poetry, Criticism, and Rhetoric, and to these his acknowledgment must be confined.

This simple and manly style shewed itself in the very infancy of the city, expanded with the greatness and the resources of the republic, and displayed itself, not in the capital only, but in the most distant provinces ; it survived the fall of the empire, it struggled for ages of convulsion with the spirit of barbarism, and at length, as a monument of its triumph, it raised over the fanes, the porticos, the triumphal arches of the mistress of the world, the palaces, the obelisks, the temples of the *Modern City*.

Whether this effect be attributed to the example and lessons of the Etrurians, and to the architectural school established by Numa, or to that magnanimity which seems to have grown out of the very soil, and to have been inhaled with the air of ancient Rome, I know not ; but it cannot be ascribed to the influence of the Greeks, as it arose before they were known, and flourished long after they were forgotten, among the Romans. At a later period they certainly borrowed the Greek orders, but they employed them upon a scale commensurate with their own greatness and far above the means of the Greeks. The latter seem, in a great measure, to have confined their magnificence to gates, mausoleums, and temples ; while the former, allowing their splendor a much wider range, extended its influence to baths, circuses, forums, curiæ, and Basilicæ. Nay, they seem, even in the

opinion of the Greeks themselves, who speak of the wonders of Rome with an admiration that could have arisen from a sense of inferiority only, to have surpassed them even in those very fabrics in which the principal boast and glory of Greece consisted, and to have left them at length the sole advantage of having first invented the Orders. In reality it would be difficult to find a temple equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to that of Peace, and in splendor to that of Jupiter Capitolinus. The tomb of Hadrian, in materials, elevation, and ornament, equalled, perhaps excelled, the Halicarnassian mausoleum*, and all the theatres of Greece sunk into insignificance before the enormous circumference of the Coliseum.

Some travellers, in order to disparage the monuments of Roman grandeur and to raise the

* The dimensions of the latter were, according to Pliny, sixty-three feet in length, somewhat less in breadth, and in height twenty-five cubits or about forty feet; its whole circumference, including a square or open space around it, was four hundred and eleven feet. On the mausoleum rose a pyramid of the same elevation as the mausoleum itself, that is, between thirty-eight and forty feet, and on its summit stood a quadriga. The elevation of the whole was one hundred and forty feet. It was supported by thirty-six pillars, and its four sides were sculptured by four of the most eminent artists. I leave the task of reconciling these dimensions with the rules of proportion to professed architects. I must however add, that they are far inferior to those of the Roman mausoleum.

fame of Greece, have remarked, that the former are of brick and were lined or cased only with marble, while the edifices of the latter were entirely of marble; but this remark originated in hasty and imperfect observation, and is inaccurate in both its parts, as many of the public buildings at Rome were of solid stone or marble, and several of the Grecian edifices were of brick cased with marble pannels. Of this latter kind was the mausoleum above-mentioned *. Mausolus, indeed, is said to have first invented the art of incrusting brick walls with marble, a practice introduced into Rome in the reign of Augustus, by Caius Mamurra. Part of the walls of Athens were formed of the same materials, as was the palace of Croesus, that of Attalus, and several public edifices at Lacedæmon. Pliny goes so far as to assert, that the Greeks preferred brick to stone in great buildings as more durable, and adds that brick walls, when the perpendicular line is duly attended to, last for ever.

FORUMS.

We next come to the *forums* or squares, which are represented by the ancients as alone sufficient to eclipse the splendor of every other city. There

* Pliny, xxxv. 14.

were two kinds of forums, the *Fora Venalia** and the *Fora Civilia*†. The former were merely markets, and were distinguished each by a title expressing the objects to which they were appropriated, such as the *Forum Boarium*, *Piscatorium*‡, &c. of these of course, the number was indefinite, though commonly supposed to be about twelve. The *Fora Civilia* were intended, as the name implies, for the transaction of public business, and were five in number; the *Forum Romanum*—*D. Julii*—*Augusti*—*Nervæ*, frequently called *Transitorium* and *Trajanæ*.

The *Forum Romanum* was in rank the first; its name was coeval with the city, and its destination was connected with all the glories of the Republic. It was indeed the seat, or rather the throne of Roman power. It was encircled with buildings of the greatest magnificence; but these buildings were erected at different periods, and perhaps with little regard to regularity. They circumscribed its extent within very narrow limits, but these limits were consecrated by omens and auguries, and ennobled by fame and patriotism; they were too sacred to be removed. It was therefore found inadequate to the reception of the

* Forums for sale.

† Forums for transacting civil business.

‡ The ox-market, fish-market, &c.

crowds which flocked to the public assemblies, and Julius Cæsar took upon himself the popular charge of accommodating the Roman people with another forum, without however violating the dignity and pre-eminence of the first, which always retained exclusively the title of *Great*, and the appellation of *Roman*.

Nomen terris fatale regendis *.

Prop.

Of this new forum, called the *Julian*, we only know, that the ground on which it stood cost nine hundred thousand pounds, and that its principal ornament was a temple of Venus Genitrix †.

The forum of Augustus was lined on each side by a portico, and terminated by the temple of Mars Bis Ultor ‡. Under the porticos, on one side stood in bronze the Latin and Roman kings, from Eneas down to Tarquinius Superbus; on the other were ranged the Roman heroes all in triumphal robes. On the base of each statue was inscribed the history of the person whom it represented. In the centre rose a colossal statue of Augustus §.

* A name, by fate ordain'd to rule the world.

† Venus the Procreatrix.

‡ Ovid. *Fast. Lib. v. ver. 552*.—The twice avenging Mars.

§ The account given by Suetonius is highly honorable to Augustus. Proximum a Diis immortalibus honorem memo-

The *Forum Nervoæ*, or *Transitorium*, so called because it formed a communication between the three other forums and that of Trajan. There are still some remains of this forum, as part of the wall that enclosed it, some Corinthian pillars belonging to one of its porticos, and the portal of the temple of Minerva. It was begun by Domitian, but finished by Nerva.

The *Forum Trajani*, or *Ulpianum*, was the last in date, but the first in beauty. The splendor of these edifices was indeed progressive; the Julian was supposed to have surpassed the Roman; that of Augustus is ranked by Pliny among *pulcherrima opera quæ unquam**, and yet it was acknowledged to be inferior to that of Nerva; the latter yielded in its turn to the matchless edifice of Trajan. This

riæ ducum præstitit qui imperium populi Romani ex minimo maximum reddidissent. Itaque statuas omnium triumphali effigie in utraque Fori sui porticu dedicavit. Professus est edicto, *Commentum id se ut illorum velut ad exemplar et ipse dum viveret, et insequentium ætatum principes exigerentur a civibus.*—Oct. Cæs. Aug. xxxi.

“To the memory of the chiefs, who from small beginnings had raised the Roman empire to the highest pitch of greatness, he rendered an honor next to that of the immortal gods. He therefore erected triumphal statues to all of them, in each of the porticos of his own forum. He made it known by an edict, that he had come to this resolution, in order that both he himself during his life-time, and all succeeding princes, might be tried, as it were, by their fellow-citizens, after the standard of those illustrious men.”

* The most beautiful of all possible works.

forum consisted of four porticos, supported by pillars of the most beautiful marble: the roof of the porticos rested upon brazen beams, and was covered with brazen plates; it was adorned with statues and chariots all of brass gilt: the pavement was of variegated marble. The entrance was at one end by a triumphal arch, at the other and opposite was a temple; on one side a Basilica, on the other a public library: in the centre rose the celebrated column crowned with the colossal statue of Trajan. Apollodorus was the architect of this wonderful pile, and so great was the beauty, I might almost say, the perfection of the architecture, and so rich the materials, that those who beheld it seem to have been struck dumb with astonishment, and at a loss to find words to express their admiration*.

* Such at least appears to have been the sensation experienced by Ammianus Marcellinus, who, in his semi-barbarous style, betrays the confusion both of his feelings and his language. His words are *untranslatable*—Cum ad Trajani Forum venisset, (Constantius) singularem sub omni cælo structuram ut opinamur, etiam Numinum assertione mirabilem, hærebat attonitus per giganteos contextus circumferens mentem, nec relatu effabiles, nec rursus mortalibus expectandos †—Among the statues that decorated this forum, two were remarkable for their materials, one of Nicomedes king of Bithynia, of ivory; the other of amber, representing Augustus. The celebrated equestrian statue of Trajan was in front of the Basilica.

† When he (Constantius) arrived at the Forum of Trajan, a building, in our opinion unrivalled beneath the sun, and

When this wonderful edifice was destroyed it would be difficult to determine; the triumphal arch which formed its entrance was dismantled so early as the reign of Constantine, as its materials, or at least its ornaments, were employed to grace the arch erected in honor of that emperor. The forum itself existed, as I have already observed, in the time of Gregory the Great, and consequently had survived, at least as to its essential and constituent parts, the repeated sieges and disasters of the city. It seems, from an expression of John the Deacon, to have existed in the beginning of the ninth century; its destruction must therefore be ascribed to the avarice or the fury of the Romans themselves in their intestine contests.

PORTICOS.

From the forums we pass naturally to the porticos, so numerous and so frequently alluded to by the Roman writers. It would be difficult to state the precise number of these buildings, though we know it to have been considerable; and it

which even the gods themselves have affirmed to be wonderful, he stood still in utter amazement, examining its gigantic construction, of which no idea can be conveyed by words, and which the eye of man must never expect to see again.

would be still more difficult to describe their site, extent, and various decorations. Of the following however we have some details, by which we are enabled to form an idea of the others. It must be observed that, I speak not here of such porticos as merely formed the vestibules or decorated the entrance of temples, as these made part of the edifices to which they were annexed, but of those only which were erected solely, for the convenience of the public in sultry or inclement weather.

The *porticus duplex*, so called from its double row of pillars, was erected by Cneius Octavius, after the defeat of Perses; it was of the Corinthian order and ornamented with brazen capitals; the walls were decorated with paintings, representing the achievements of the founder. It stood near the *Circus Flaminius*.

The portico of Pompey, annexed to his theatre, was supported by one hundred marble columns; it opened on both sides into groves of plane trees, and was refreshed by fountains and streams. It was therefore in summer the favorite resort of the young, the gay, and the gallant*.

* Propertius describes it with its characteristic ornaments—

Silicet umbrosis sordet *Pompeia* columnis
Porticus aulaeis nobilis Attalicis;

Et

Augustus, attentive as he was to the general embellishment of the city, did not neglect a species of edifice so ornamental, and at the same time so useful as the portico. We find accordingly that he erected several porticos himself, and that prompted by his example, his most distinguished and opulent friends vied with each other in similar works of magnificence*. Among the former were the portico of Caius and Lucius, with a basilica annexed to it; that of Octavia, which rose near the theatre of Marcellus, and contributed not a little to its beauty as well as convenience; that of Livia, near the Roman forum. The latter was ornamented with a collection of ancient pictures, and shaded by a vine of prodigious luxuriance. Ovid alludes to it in his usual lively manner.

But this and every edifice of the kind prior to this era, was eclipsed by the splendor of the *Palatine* portico, dedicated to Apollo. It was supported

*Et creber pariter platanis surgentibus ordo,
Flumina sopito quæque Marone cadunt.*

Lib. ii. 32.

Though rich with tapestry from the conquer'd East,
Despis'd is now great Pompey's portico,
The plane-trees tall, in order'd ranks that rise,
And the pure streams, whose gentle murmurs late
Lull'd Maro's muse to rest.

* Suet. in Aug. 29.

by pillars of Numidian marble, enlivened with exquisite paintings and statues, and emblazoned with brass and gold. It enclosed the library and temple of Apollo, so often alluded to by the writers of the Augustan age, and was deservedly ranked among the wonders of the city*.

* The description which Propertius gives of this portico is the best extant, and contains a sufficient number of details to enable us to form a very accurate idea of its decorations.

Aurea Phœbi

Porticus a magno Cæsare aperta fuit :
 Tota erat in speciem Pœnis digesta columnis :
 Inter quas Danaï femina turba senis.
 Hic equidem Phœbo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
 Marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra.
 Atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
 Quatuor artificis vivida signa boves.
 Tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
 Et patriâ Phœbo carius Ortygia.
 Auro solis erat supra fastigia currus,
 Et valvæ Lybici nobile dentis opus ;
 Altera dejectos Parnassi vertice Gallos,
 Altera mœnsbat funera Tantalidos.
 Deinde inter matrem, Deus ipse, interque sororem
 Pythius in longâ carmina veste sonat.

Lib. ii. 31.

The golden portico, from Phœbus nam'd,
 Was open'd by imperial Cæsar's self.
 In fair array dispos'd, tall columns rose,
 From Punic quarries brought, whose ranks among
 Old Danaus' daughters stand, a lovely train.

A marble

Another portico erected by this emperor, was called *Ad Nationes*, from the statues with which it was furnished, representing various nations in their respective habits. It was perhaps still more remarkable for a statue of Hercules, standing neglected on the ground. That such a divinity should remain thus neglected and dishonored is surprising; but the reason of a conduct apparently so impious, is highly honorable to Roman feeling. The statue thus degraded had been brought from Carthage*,

A marble Phœbus, whom the breathing god
Had scarce surpass'd in beauty, in his hand
Held the mute lyre, and from his unclos'd lips
Pour'd forth to Fancy's ear his loudest song.
Four oxen round the altar seem'd to low,
The boast of Myron's art; and in the midst
Stood the proud temple, rais'd of Parian stone;
His own Ortygia to the god less dear.
High on the roof the chariot of the sun
Blaz'd in refulgent gold; th' expanding valves
Were form'd of whitest iv'ry; one display'd
The sculptur'd Gauls, from sacred Delphi driv'n,
And one, the tragic doom of Niobe.
Then, 'twixt his mother plac'd and sister fair,
The Pythian god, in flowing vestments clad,
Sings heavenly music.

* See Tit. Liv. xx. 57. *Inhonorus est nec in templo ullo Hercules, ad quem Pœni omnibus annis humanâ sacrificaverunt victimâ, humi stans ante aditum porticus ad nationes.* *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 5.*

“The Hercules, to which the Carthaginians every year

and was the very one to which the Carthaginians were accustomed to offer human victims, "*Sacrum*" as Titus Livius remarks, "*minime Romanum**."

The *Porticus Septorum*. Cicero speaks of this portico as *about* to be erected, and intended to embrace in its whole extent the space of a mile. Pliny† gives us to understand that it was finished or repaired by Agrippa, and enclosed not the *septa tributa comitii*, where the people assembled to vote, but the *Diribitorium*, or place where the legions were mustered and paid. These edifices were all of marble, and the latter in particular unusually magnificent.

Agrippa also built and gave his name to another portico, which some suppose to have been connected with the present portico of the Pantheon, and to have been carried round it. But as he had erected *Thermæ* and other noble fabrics near that edifice, it is more probable that his portico enclosed the whole, and united them together in one grand circumference. That it was extensive is evident from Horace, who represents it as a public walk, much frequented:

used to offer human sacrifices, is unhonored, and not placed in any temple, but stands on the ground at the entrance of the Portico *Ad Nationes*.

* A sacrifice by no means Roman.

† Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xvi. cap. 40.

Cum bene notum

Porticus Agrippæ et via te conspexerit Appi*.

Hor. lib. i. epis. vi. 26.

The materials were, as in all Agrippa's works, rich marbles; and the ornaments were paintings and statues.

The Portico of *Hercules* or of *Philippus*, so called because rebuilt by the latter at the instigation of Augustus, and dedicated to Hercules, whose temple it enclosed, under the appellation of *Musa-getes*, or leader of the muses. It was erected solely for the ornament of the city, and of course was decorated with an unusual profusion of splendid objects, as the reader will easily conceive when he is informed, that the paintings of Apelles, Zeuxis, and Antiphilus, formed part of its furniture.

Several porticos took their appellations from the temples to which they were annexed, and seemed to have formed either vast squares or courts before, or immense galleries round their respective temples, thus detaching them from ordinary buildings, and giving them a solitary grandeur†.

* For though Agrippa's awful colonnade,
Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd.

Francis.

† The temple of Jerusalem, both first and second, was surrounded by a portico; and most of the ancient churches in Italy are separated from the street by a court generally

The Portico of *Quirinus* and that of *Europa*, are mentioned by Martial* as fashionable places of resort, and must consequently have been very spacious. That of *Isis* was remarkable not only for paintings but mosaics. It would be an useless repetition of the same terms to enumerate more of these edifices, especially as in order to give the reader some idea of the numbers, it will be sufficient to inform him, that the approach to the Curia, the Basilica, the Forums, was generally by porticos; that several ranges of porticos led to the Capitol, and lined the sides of the declivity; that the *Campus Martius* was surrounded by an uninterrupted colonnade; that almost every Emperor distinguished himself by the erection of a new edifice of the kind; and that Nero is said by Suetonius†, to have lined the streets of Rome (those probably which he himself had rebuilt) with a continued portico‡.

supported by pillars. Such is the Ambrosian Basilica at Milan, the cathedral of Salernum, and the most ancient of all churches, St. Clement's, at Rome. This mode of insulating places of worship, so conformable to taste and reason, has been adopted and applied with unparalleled magnificence to the Basilica Vaticana.

* Lib. xi. epig. i.—Lib. ii. epig. 14.—Lib. iii. epig. 20.

† Suet. Ner. 16.

‡ Several porticos were erected by latter Emperors of astonishing extent. Such was that of Gallienus, extending

THERMÆ.

There were in Rome sixteen public baths, usually called *Thermæ*, supplied with hot and cold water and open at all hours of the day. Though they differed both in magnitude and splendor, yet they had some features in common, and contained spacious halls for bathing and swimming; for reading and declamation; for conversation and exercise. These halls were all lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable statues and

near two miles along the *Via Flaminia*, that is, from the *Via Lata* to the *Pons Milvius*: that of Gordian in the *Campus Martius*, which was a mile in length, and formed of one range of pilasters and four of columns, opening upon plantations of box, cedar, and myrtle. The Gordian family were remarkable for their opulence and magnificence. Their villa on the *Via Prenestina* contained baths as large as some of the *Thermæ* in Rome; three basilicæ of one hundred feet in length each; and a portico supported by two hundred pillars of the rarest marbles.

Before I give up this subject I cannot but express both my surprise and my regret that the public portico has never been introduced into England, or employed in the decoration of the capital. If we consult utility, no edifice is better adapted to a cold and rainy climate; if magnificence, none can be more beautiful or more stately. Every square at least might be lined, and every church and theatre surrounded with porticos; the want of them around places of public resort is a real nuisance. But our taste in public edifices is still in its infancy.

paintings. They were surrounded with plantations and walks, and combined every species of polite and manly amusement. The account which I have already given of the baths of Diocletian, Caracalla, and Titus, render any further description useless in this place. I must however observe, that it is to be regretted that we have deviated so widely from the ancients in this particular, and that the use of baths both hot and cold, so wholesome and sometimes so necessary, should not be rendered more easily attainable to those who stand most in need of them, the poor and laboring class of mankind. It must indeed be acknowledged that in cleanliness the moderns are far inferior to the ancients or rather to the Romans, who seem to have carried this *semi-virtue* to a degree of refinement almost incredible*.

It is not surprising that the *Thermæ* covering such a space of ground, and enclosing so many different buildings, and so much wood and water

* The following verse of Lucilius shews how many operations a polite Roman underwent even in that rude age, before he finished, or rather before he began his toilet.

Scabor, suppilor, desquamor, pumicor, ornor,
Expolior, pingor

“ I scratch myself, pluck out my superfluous hairs, rub off my scales, pumice my skin, decorate, polish, and paint myself.”

within their precincts, should be compared by one of the ancients to *provinces*, or that the noblest and most opulent provincial should look with envy on the lot of a Roman, who could enjoy every day, without trouble or expense, scenes of splendor and luxury, which the proudest monarch might in vain attempt to emulate.

TEMPLES.

There were in Rome four hundred and twenty temples. Of the far greater part of these edifices we have at present no account. Of some of the few with which we are acquainted, I have already spoken : I will therefore confine myself at present to a few additional remarks.

The temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, though not the largest in Rome, was from its destination the most sacred, from its site the most conspicuous, and from its furniture and decorations the most opulent. It was filled with the treasures of vanquished monarchs, adorned with the plunder of palaces and temples, and enriched with the spoils of the conquered world. It was in fact the treasury of Rome, the deposit of the accumulated triumphs of ages of victory, and conquest. Crowns, shields, and statues of gold, the offerings of kings, emperors, and heroes, blazed on all sides, and adorned with equal profusion the interior and ex-

terior of this palace of dominion, this throne of empire and of religion. Its threshold was bronze, the valves of its portals were gold; the roof was bronze, but bronze doubly and triply gilt*; the pediment, the sides, and the summit of the roof, presented horses, chariots, heroes, and gods, the Roman eagle and its attendant Victory, all of bronze, silver, or gold, glittering to the sun, and dazzling the eyes of the spectator†.

Acies stupet igne metalli,
Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro †.

Claud.

The temple of *Peace* was probably the largest in Rome, and is ranked by Pliny among the noblest edifices in the world. Of its architecture we can form no distinct idea, as we find no regular description of it. The ruins which now bear its

* The gilding alone amounted to the enormous sum of three millions sterling. This costliness belonged to the Capitol as restored by Domitian. The conflagration of this edifice, the seat of Roman power, was deemed by the Gauls, a certain prognostic of the fall of the empire, and of the transmission of the power to the Transalpine nations, “superstitione vana” (a vain superstition), says Tacitus.—*Hist.* iv. cap. 54.

† Vide Claudian, Tacitus, &c.

‡ From the bright gold reflected lightnings fly,
And flashing metals mar the shrinking eye.

name have not the slightest resemblance to a temple, but much the appearance of the great hall of a bath, such as that of the *Thermæ* of Diocletian. However, as popular tradition and the consent of antiquaries has affixed to these remains the appellation of the temple of *Peace*, it would perhaps be deemed presumption to question its propriety at present. This edifice seems to have answered the purposes of a Museum, and to have been the general repository of the various statues and paintings collected by Vespasian and the Flavian family. The sacred spoils of the temple of Jerusalem formed part of its decorations, and numberless masterpieces of sculpture, to several of which Pliny alludes, were arranged around it; so that if we may believe Josephus, it comprised in one grand collection all the wonders of art, which had formerly been dispersed over the various provinces of the empire. A library formed part of its furniture, enriched probably by the numberless manuscripts which Vespasian and Titus might have collected in the eastern provinces.

The temple of *Peace* was consumed by fire in the reign of Commodus. It had been erected by Vespasian as an omen and a pledge of that general peace which commenced on the conclusion of the Jewish war, and lasted with little interruption till the death of the former prince. Its destruction, occasioned by an invisible and unknown agent,

was ascribed to divine vengeance, and considered as a portent that announced war and disaster. This apprehension was increased by the extent of the conflagration, which reached the temple of *Vesta*, consumed that cradle of the religion of Rome, and for the first time exposed the *Palladium* itself to the gaze of the profane*. These presentiments of disaster were unfortunately justified by the event, and the fall of the temple of *Peace*, was followed by centuries of war, rebellion, and convulsion.

The reader will perceive that I do not pretend to do full justice to the subject, or attempt to draw a perfect picture of the magnificence of the ancient city. It would fill an ample volume were I to detail the *Basilicæ*, the *Curia*, the *Theatres*, and the *Circuses*†, that rose in every quarter, especially as they were all of the most solid and beautiful architecture, and all adorned with statues and paintings. The number of statues indeed was incredible, they crowded not the public buildings only, but even the streets and the lanes. They were of various sizes and materials; eleven of colossal magnitude adorned the Capitol alone, and nineteen of gold, and thirty of solid silver, shone

* Herodian, lib. i. cap. 14.

† There were five theatres, two amphitheatres, and seven circuses. The circus *Maximus* contained, according to some authors, three hundred thousand spectators.

in different parts of the city. Those of bronze and marble appeared on all sides in such profusion as to form, if we may credit the hyperbolical expression of Cassiodorus, *a population* equal in number to the living inhabitants.

It is to be remembered, that all the above-mentioned edifices were supported by pillars, and that these pillars were all of granite or of marble oftentimes of the most beautiful species, and that generally each shaft was of one single piece. When we take this latter circumstance into consideration, and combine it with the countless multitude of these columns, and add to these again the colonnades that graced the imperial palaces, and the courts and porticos of private houses, we shall be enabled to form some idea of the beauty and magnificence that must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever varying combinations of such pillared perspectives. Well indeed might foreigners contemplate such a city with astonishment, natives behold it with pride, and the calm philosopher feel the enthusiasm, and assume the language of the poet, when he describes its matchless wonders. "Verum" says Pliny, "*ad urbis nostræ miracula transire conveniat . . . et sic quoque terrarum orbem victum ostendere; quod accidisce toties pene quot referentur miracula apparebit; universitate vero acervata, et in quemdam unum cumulum conjecta, non alia magnitudo ex-*

surgit, quam si mundus alius quidam in uno loco narraretur*." (*Nat. Hist.* lib. xxxvi. c. 15.)

But I have already observed that Rome, in every period of its existence, from its infancy down to its modern decrepitude, has ever been distinguished for grandeur in design, and for magnificence in execution. Nor was this characteristic spirit confined to the public works and edifices which I have enumerated above; it shewed itself even in fabrics raised for such transient objects as accidental or annual amusements. Two instances deserve notice. One is of Marcus Scaurus, who, when edile, erected a *temporary* theatre, and adorned it with three hundred and sixty *marble* columns, and three thousand *bronze* statues†. The other is perhaps still more astonishing in execution, though less magnificent in appearance.

* But let us turn to the wonders of our city . . . and thus also shew that she has conquered the world; an achievement, which will appear to have happened as many times as there are wonders to be recounted; but when they are all collected, and as it were thrown together in a heap, there arises an infinity of grandeur, as if in that one spot we were giving an account of another world.

† This theatre was capable of containing eighty thousand persons. The lower range of pillars were thirty-eight feet in the shaft, and their weight such that Scaurus was obliged to give security for the reparation of the Cloacæ, if damaged by their conveyance.

It was a wooden edifice erected by Curio, for the celebration of funeral games in honor of his father, and was so contrived as to form according to the nature of the exhibition, either a theatre or an amphitheatre. In the morning the semicircles were placed back to back, so that the declamations, music, and applauses of the one did not reach the other: in the afternoon they were rolled round face to face, and the circle was completed. It is to be observed that these changes were performed without displacing the spectators, who seem to have trusted themselves without scruple to the strength of the machinery, and to the judgment of the artist. These two instances must, to the unlearned reader, appear incredible, and will perhaps be admitted with some degree of diffidence by the scholar, even though he knows that they rest on the authority of the Elder Pliny, and from their great publicity were well known to him* and his contemporaries. These works were, I admit, not the display, but the prodigality of magnificence. As such, they are justly censured by the philosopher, and placed far below the more solid and more permanent, though less showy splendor of the *Martian* and *Claudian* aqueducts. Yet they are stupendous both in conception and

* Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

execution, and shew the natural tendency of the Roman mind to the grand and the wonderful*.

The same noble taste shone forth with unusual splendor at the restoration of the arts in the sixteenth century, and displayed itself in numberless instances, too well known to be enumerated; but above all in the removal of the Vatican obelisk, and the conception and erection of that stupendous edifice, the *Basilica Vaticana*. Nay, even in our days, and almost under our eyes, works have been planned and executed in or near Rome, which would have reflected honor on the greatest of the Roman emperors. Among these we may rank the restoration of three of the ancient obelisks, the formation of the Museum *Pium Clementinum*, and above all, the draining of the *Pomptine* marshes. The late Pontiff shares the honor of the two first

* When we consider the prodigious number of pillars, and various species of marble alluded to above, we shall cease to wonder that Rome still exhibits so many superb columns, which a late learned French writer† represents as including in granite only six thousand, or that her ruins, even after so many ages of research, form a quarry still unexhausted. We may even conclude, that the pillars dug up bear a small proportion to those that still remain interred, and indulge a hope that in more tranquil times many a forgotten colonnade may once more arise in all its ancient beauty.

† Abb. Barthelemi.

of these undertakings, and may claim the exclusive credit of the last, the most difficult, the most useful, and consequently the most glorious. He had formed two other projects, which, if executed, would have contributed in a singular manner to the splendor of the city. The first was the erection of a forum at the *Porta del Popolo*, on the plan of Vitruvius, which would have made the grandeur of the principal entrance into Rome adequate to the expectation of the traveller, and to the fame of the city. The other was on a scale still greater than the preceding, and intended to form a becoming approach to St. Peter's, by a double colonnade from the *Ponte St. Angelo*, to the entrance of the portico. The distance is a mile, and the extent of such an edifice, combined with the unequalled magnitude and elevation of its termination the obelisk, front and dome of the Vatican, would have formed a scene of beauty and grandeur, equalling, perhaps surpassing, any single perspective in the ancient city.

I need not add, that these and several other similar designs were frustrated by the agitations of the revolution, the invasion of Italy, and the occupation of Rome itself; but in justice to the deceased Pontiff, I must repeat what I have elsewhere related, that his last project was the most noble and most glorious, because, if crowned with success, it would have been more beneficial to

Rome, to Italy, and to Europe, than all the others united. The design I allude to was no less than a confederation of all the states, and an union of all the forces and means of Italy in order to protect the common country against a French invasion*.

* The attitude and feelings of the Italian sovereigns is not inelegantly expressed in the following lines of the poet Monti.

Spumava la Tirrena onda soggetta
Sotto le Franche prore; e la premea
Il timor della Gallica vendetta;
E tutta per terror dalla Scillea
Latrante rupe la selvosa schiena
Infino all' Alpè l'Apennin scotea.

Taciturno ed umil volgea l'arena
L Arno frattanto; e paurosa e mesta
Chinava il volto la regal Sirena.

Solo il Tebro levava alto la testa;
E all elmo polveroso la sua donna
In Campidoglio remettea la cresta,
E divina guerriera in corta gonna,
Il cor piu chè la spada all ire e all onte
Di Rodano opponeva et di Garonna.

Beneath the stern invader's keel
White grew with foam the Tuscan main,
And tost and restless, seem'd to feel
The vengeance of the Gallic train.
From the tall Alps, to where the waves
Roar round black Scylla's howling caves,
His spacious woods of lofty pine
Shook on the back of Apennine.

Silent

The infatuation of the different governments defeated the patriotic efforts of the Pontiff; they were annihilated, and he was dragged into exile. These disasters have for the present time, and probably for many years to come, checked all public exertions, and suspended the numberless projects which had been formed for improving and beautifying the city.

How long the destructive influence of France may last, it is difficult even to conjecture; but this we may affirm, that if it should extend to many years, it will half dispeople Rome, open its deserted palaces and temples to the rains and the tempests, and bequeath the Vatican itself, shaken

Silent meanwhile, submissive and slow,
 Fair Arno's stream was seen to flow;
 And sad, and fill'd with coward dread,
 The royal Siren* hung her head.
 His front alone majestic Tiber rear'd;
 Indignant on her dusty helm in haste
 Her plummy crest the Roman Dame replac'd;
 An heav'n-born champion she appear'd:
 Though long to her martial deeds unknown,
 Proud she oppos'd her gallant heart alone
 To the fierce threats of Garonne and of Rhone. }

This poetical representation of Rome is a description of the famous statue in the Capitol.

* Naples, so called from the Siren Parthenope.

and dismantled, to the wonder and the regret of posterity.

Immortale nihil mundi compage tenetur
Non orbis, non regna hominum, non aurea Roma!*

* No sublunary grandeur is immortal;
Not the great globe itself, nor empires vast
Built up by human pow'r, nor glorious Rome!

CHAP. VI.

Observations on Ancient Names—On Roman Architecture—Defects of the Modern Style—Progress of the Art—Papal Government—Its Character—Consequences of the French Invasion and Preponderance on the present and future State of Rome.

I now proceed to state various observations as they occurred during my solitary walks, without order or connexion with each other, prompted sometimes by the scenery before me, sometimes by the recollections of the past, and not unfrequently by the precarious state of the present times.

As the principal charm and attraction of Rome is its connexion with antiquity, I have often wondered that more care has not been taken to preserve or to restore the ancient names of the streets and the public buildings. The turbulence of the middle ages may serve as a justification, or at least may plead as an excuse for former negligence; but what can have prevented the government during

the two last centuries of peace and tranquillity, from turning its attention to this object? All the members of this government are literary men, and in no capital are the knowledge and love of antiquity more prevalent. What more easy than to change *Strada* into *Via*, the ancient general appellation of street, still in use at Florence, Naples, Milan, and Palermo. *Via Lata* is as pure Italian and sounds better than *Il Corso*; *Capitolio* has the same advantages over the barbarian *Campidoglio*; and *Foro Romano* is surely in sound, in sense, and in dignity preferable to *Campo Vaccino*. I will not criticise the name of the river, because the ancient Romans, like the modern Greeks, may very possibly have pronounced the *b* as we now do the *v*, so that the difference may be very slight; but the *Porta del Popolo*, the *Porta Pia*, the *Porta San Sebastiano*, *San Pancrazio*, *San Lorenzo*, might with much advantage both to sound and recollection, be restored to their ancient appellations of *Porta Flaminia*, *Nomentana*, *Capena*, *Aurelia*, and *Esquilina*. The *Porta del Popolo* may be ancient, as it derives its name not from the people, as many have imagined, but from the poplar grove that surrounded the mausoleum of Augustus, and long formed the most conspicuous feature in its neighborhood.

The *Piazza* though derived from *Platea* might be replaced by the ancient *Foro*, and in some cases

by the *Circo*; and euphony at least would not suffer from the change of *Piazza Navona* and *Piazza di San Pietro* into *Circo Agonale* and *Foro Vaticano**.

The seven hills still retain their ancient appellations, except the Quirinal, which is more frequently called *Monte Cavallo* by the common

* Some German writers insist that *Piazza* comes from *Platz* (a place): I cannot agree with them. The Germans were unacquainted with the thing signified by the word *Platea* (a broad street), and of course with the word itself, till in some degree civilized by their intercourse with the Romans. They had no towns originally, and consequently neither streets nor squares. "Nullas Germanorum populus," says Tacitus, "urbes habitari, satis notum est: ne pati quidem inter se junctas sedes. Colunt discreti ac diversi ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit†," &c. This custom of living in separate hovels remained long after their acquaintance with the Romans, as Ammianus Marcellinus, in his account of the Roman wars in Germany three hundred years after the time of Tacitus, makes no mention of towns. At last they adopted the more commodious mode of dwelling in use among their neighbors, and with it they probably borrowed the names annexed to it, giving them as usual a rougher sound and harsher termination. Thus *Platea* barbarized became *Platz*.

† Tacitus *Germania*, xvi.—"It is well known that the German nations do not dwell in cities, and that they do not even permit their habitations to join one another. They dwell separately and by themselves, as they happen to have been attracted by a fountain, a field, or a grove."

people*, in allusion to the two celebrated horses, which, however, notwithstanding their beauty, ought not to be put in competition with the founder of the city, Quirinus himself.

Next to the restoration of the ancient names, which would awaken so many delightful recollections, and greatly increase the reverence of the classic traveller, I should propose the reparation of some at least of the ancient edifices: and here it is impossible not to express once more both surprise and indignation at the miserable manner in which many of the noblest monuments of antiquity have been disfigured by modern barbarism. I speak not of the depredations made upon such edifices for the sake of the materials, but I allude to the alterations, additions and adaptations which under various pretexts have taken place in almost every quarter of Rome, and have always been carried on without the least regard to the nature of the monument, or to the embellishment of the city. I have already pointed out some instances of this absurdity: here one more will be sufficient. The magnificent remains of the temple or portico of Antoninus Pius, now converted into the *Dogana*, in which the intercolumniations of one of

* In all papal briefs or letters, written from the palace of *Monte Cavallo*, the ancient name is preserved.

the noblest porticos of ancient Rome have been walled up to form magazines for a custom-house.

But to pass to modern works ; in a city where so many masterpieces of architecture still remain, and every day presents their beautiful forms to the eye of the artist, it is natural to expect that good taste should prevail, and that every public building should exhibit some similarity in design and proportion to the ancient models. But by some strange fatality, the greater part of the Roman architects seem to have conceived an antipathy to imitation, and in order to avoid every appearance of it have studiously deviated into the new, the grotesque, and the whimsical. How far the moderns have profited by abandoning the tracks of antiquity in other arts and sciences, I will not inquire ; but I may venture to affirm with regard to architecture, that every deviation from ancient forms and proportions is a step towards deformity, and that every attempt to innovate, however it may have been applauded at the time, has always terminated with disgrace to the artist. Such has been the case at Rome, where architects of great fame have succeeded each other in an uninterrupted line, and with all the models of ancient perfection before them have indulged themselves in fancied improvements, and left behind them works remarkable only for the folly, which contrived to turn the finest materials to the most

insignificant purposes, and to provoke criticism where admiration might have been commanded. Unfortunately, the most fantastical fashions have generally had the greatest run, and of all the modern architects few have had more employment than the absurd *Borromini**. This man seems to have laid it down as a rule, that a strait line is a mark of deformity, and of course that the grand study of an architect is to avoid it upon all occasions. Hence cornices for ever broken and interrupted, angles and curves in succession, niches, twisted pillars, inverted capitals, and all the freaks of a delirious imagination playing with the principles and the materials of architecture. It is easier to imitate extravagance than simplicity; it has followed therefore that while the plainer, nobler, and more graceful models of *Bramante* and *Palladio* have been often neglected, the absurd deformities of *Borromini* have been very generally copied, and after having infected Rome itself, have spread over Italy, Spain, and indeed almost every region of the world.

From the contemplation of this evil, which has disfigured some of the noblest edifices, and squandered away the richest materials for near three centuries, we will now turn to the consideration

* *Borromini* was born in the year 1597, and died 1667.

of the progress of the art at Rome, and follow it in its different stages. For this purpose we may divide the history of Roman architecture into five eras, the boundaries of which are strongly marked.

The first era commences with the kings, includes the infancy of the republic, and may be considered as extending to the destruction of the city by the Gauls. The architecture of this period was entirely Etruscan, and its characteristic qualities were solidity and grandeur, in both which features it resembled the Egyptian, with less gigantic but more graceful forms. The principal edifices of this age were constructed by the kings, and prove that the foundations of Roman taste and Roman greatness were laid at the same time. Of these early monuments that seem formed for eternal duration, the principal the Cloaca Maxima, still remains, and some massy traces of the foundations of the Capitol laid by Tarquinius Superbus, may be seen under the palace of the Senator. It is to be observed, that these edifices were all of public utility or rather necessity, and that their magnificence was the result and not the object of their destination.

The second era commences with the restoration of the city, and extends to the fall of the commonwealth. Public utility was still the object, and grandeur still accompanied the progress of the art.

The celebrated roads, and more celebrated aqueducts, were its first productions, and even now continue its noblest monuments. A few tombs simple and solid, such as that of Caius Publicius erected at the public expense, and that of the Scipios lately discovered, with a few temples now disfigured, such in particular as that of Fortuna Virilis, attest the same manly taste though on a smaller scale.

Towards the termination of this period the public temper, influenced by the luxuries and the opulence of Asia then flowing in full tide into the Republic, seemed to demand more splendor and ornament, and was gradually prepared for the magnificence and glory of the third and imperial era, which opened with the reign of Augustus. As this prince retained himself and encouraged in others the simplicity of republican manners, so like his uncle Julius Cæsar, and the other great popular leaders before him, he was content to inhabit a plain unadorned mansion, while he displayed all his riches and munificence in edifices devoted to public use*. Nero was the first who ventured to expend the public treasures in the erection of an imperial residence; and he built that celebrated palace of which Pliny† relates some wonderful

* Suet. Oct. 72.

† Lib. xxxvi. cap. 15.

particulars, and which, from the gold that shone in such profusion on every side, was called *Domus Aurea* (the golden house)*. His example, however was deemed opposite to the civic character affected by the earlier emperors, who, as Tacitus judiciously observes, satisfied with the reality avoided the parade of power. Hence Vespasian ordered the *Domus Aurea* to be destroyed, and he and his immediate successors, Titus and Domitian, erected on its site, various edifices of less costliness perhaps, but of equal magnificence and greater utility; such as the temple of Peace, the *Therma* called by the name of Titus, and the Flavian amphitheatre or *Coliseum*, &c. Forums, porticos, *thermæ*, triumphal arches, and mausoleums, still

* Suet. Nero. 31.—The latter gives some curious details of this enormous edifice. In the vestibule stood a colossal statue of Nero, one hundred and twenty feet in height; there were three porticos, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of pillars; the garden seems to have resembled a park, and contained an immense piece of water, woods, vineyards, and pasture ground, herds, and even wild beasts. On the banks of the lake rose various edifices that resembled towns. In the palace itself the rooms were lined with gold, gems, and mother of pearl. The ceilings of the dining rooms were adorned with ivory pannels, so contrived as to scatter flowers, and shower perfumes on the guests. The principal banqueting room revolved upon itself, representing the motions of the heavens; the baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the *Albula* (now *Solfatara*) near *Tibur*.

continued the favourite objects of imperial pride and expense, and Rome daily increased in beauty for the space of three hundred years, till the empire was divided under Diocletian, when the seat of the sovereign was translated to the East, and the Capital of the world was abandoned to hostile attacks and rapacity. However, its decay was slow and gradual. The solidity of its edifices guarded it against the sudden devastations of time or weather ; while the barbarian was often checked in the full career of victory, and awed into reluctant reverence by the irresistible majesty that still encompassed the Imperial City.

The most remarkable edifices erected during the fourth long era, first of declining taste, and then of barbarism, were the churches, the principal of which were raised by Constantine, and the Christian emperors, on the model and oftentimes with the very materials of the ancient Basilicæ. Of these some still remain, and display in their different appearances, strong features of the greatness of manner that still survived, and of the bad taste that too much prevailed in their respective ages. One of the most striking peculiarities of these edifices is the construction of arches over the pillars instead of a regular entablature, a deformity introduced a little before or during the reign of Diocletian, and adopted or rather imitated in our modern arcades. All the buildings

that rose successively on the ruins of the ancient city, so long the sepulchre of Taste and of Beauty, from the fifth to the fifteenth century, were formed indeed of costly materials, but these materials were heaped together with little regard to order, proportion, and symmetry.

At length a happier period succeeded in the fifth era, the arts and sciences smiled once more upon their ancient seat, and architects of high name and reputation succeeded each other; their exertions were called forth and rewarded by the authority and munificence of Pontiffs; they had sites formed by nature before them, and every material ready prepared at hand. In such circumstances, and with such models as Rome presents on every side, who would not have expected to see architecture carried to its highest perfection, and even the ideal fair and beautiful, so long conceived in theory, at length realized in practice? But such was not the event. Architects imagined that with so many advantages it would be mean to copy, and easy to surpass antiquity. They sought in the luxuriancy of an irregular imagination forms more fair, combinations more majestic, and even proportions more beautiful than the ancient world had beheld. They all made the attempt; they have all failed; and have proved by their failure that in the same proportion as we follow or abandon the ancients, we approach or deviate from perfection.

It must be acknowledged however, notwithstanding the censure which I have ventured to pass upon modern architecture, that it has produced edifices splendid, rich, and magnificent, with all their defects inferior only to the moderns of antiquity, and still sufficiently great and numerous to render Rome the first of cities. The grandeur that results from these modern structures, combined with the majesty of the ancient monuments, induced a French writer* to observe, that Rome is a map of the world in relieve, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Asia, of Egypt, and of Greece; of the Roman, Macedonian, and Persian empires; of the world ancient and modern†. But

* Montaigne.

† This compliment is nearly copied from Propertius—

Omnia Romanæ cedent miracula terræ;
 Natura hic posuit quidquid ubique fuit:
 Armis apta magis tellus, quam commoda noxæ.
 Famam, Roma, tuæ non pudet historiæ.

Lib. iii. Eleg. 21.

All the world's wonders to great Rome must yield:
 Whate'er the globe through all its various realms
 Contain'd, is plac'd by bounteous Nature here.
 In arms illustrious, but averse from crime,
 Nought in her peerless history is found
 For Fame to blush at.

Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and some other imperial monsters, nearly deprived Rome of the eulogium contained in the two last verses.

the glory of man, although consigned to marble and bronze, is doomed to perish; even those noble features which it was believed would bloom for ever and confer immortal beauty on the city fondly entitled *Eternal*, have, each in its season, flourished and faded away.

Of the five eras of architecture, four have already departed, and left vast and often shapeless heaps of ruins to mark the spot where their lofty structures once rose; the fifth age is on the decline; some of its proudest palaces are deserted, and not a few of its noblest temples are already forsaken and neglected. A century or two will probably strew the seven hills with its splendid embellishments, and the future traveller may have to admire and to deplore the ruins of the Medicean as of the Augustan age, the fragments of pontifical as of imperial grandeur*.

* The *Villa Manliana*, *Villa Sacchetti*, &c. are in ruins; *Villa Medici*, *Palazzo Farnese*, *Palazzo Giustiniani*, &c. &c. are uninhabited, unfurnished, almost abandoned.

Vos operum stratæ moles, collesque superbi,
 Queis modo nunc Romæ nomen inane manet;
 Vosque triumphales arcus, cæloque colossi
 Æquati, Pariis cæsa columna jugis:
 Edita Pyramidum fastigia, templa deorum,
 Digna vel æthereis amphitheatra locis:
 Vos ævi tandem attrivit longinqua vetustas!
 Vos longa tandem fata tulere die.

At

OBSERVATIONS.

The contemplation of the ancient monuments, and the study of Vitruvius, had first excited attention, and then, wakened a spirit of emulation. *Bramante* and *Sangallo* began the work of reformation with spirit, and at the same time with singular modesty, and a well-founded apprehension of the danger of forsaking the traces of antiquity.

At Romæ Æneadum magnum et memorabile nomen
 Tempus edax rerum tollere non potuit.
 Nec poterit, donec clari monumenta vigeant
 Ingenii, quæ non ulla senecta rapit.
 Cætera labuntur tacito fugientia cursu ;
 Calliope æternum vivere sola potest.

Bonamico. ap. Fab.

Ye prostrate fabrics, and ye lofty hills,
 That nought can boast, save Rome's undying name ;
 Ye arcs of triumph, and ye statues tall,
 Uplifted to the skies ; ye pillars huge,
 Torn from the entrails of the Parian rocks ;
 Ye sacred temples, lofty pyramids,
 And theatres that Heav'n itself might claim,
 Ye all are conquer'd by the lapse of ages !
 The fates have brought at length your day of doom.
 But Time, the grave of all things, has not quench'd,
 Nor e'er shall quench the glorious name of Roman,
 While those great monuments of genius live,
 Which years can never wither nor destroy.
 All other mortal works must pass away ;
 The Muse alone exults in endless youth.

Peruzzi and *Raffaello* pursued the work with equal intelligence but more boldness. The principles of *Vitruvius* were reduced into a system, and adapted to modern edifices by *Palladio*. So far there was much to praise, and little to criticise in the new system. But the genius of Michael Angelo, sublime, daring, and impatient of control, is accused of deviating from antiquity and of introducing innovations, which, copied and exaggerated by his followers, soon degenerated into defects, and became at length the bane of the art itself in the following century, when the check of his authority was removed, and the impulse only which he had given, remained. The defects of the style to which this great man is supposed to have given rise, and which *Borromini* finally carried to the very height of deformity and folly, are principally the following:—1. Pillars that support nothing, that are coupled together, or hid in niches and recesses.—2. The repetition of the same order on a different scale, or the introduction of another order in the same story or on the same plane.—3. The same order carried through different stories and the consequent confusion of proportions.—4. Multiplicity of pedestals and pilasters.—5. Prodigality of ornaments.—6. Breaks, interruption, or waving of the cornice.—7. Profusion of pediments, and pediments of various forms, such as curves, semicircles, arcs of circles, advancing, receding, &c.—8. Abuse of

the rustic.—9. The introduction of low stories, called *Mezzanini*, and little windows between the principal stories.—10. The protuberance of columns in the shaft.—11. Multiplication of slips of columns and pilasters, with portions of capitals crowded together in the angles of edifices. Though many more might be mentioned, these are sufficient to give the reader an idea of the censure passed by the rigid admirers of antiquity on the modern style; and certain it is, that if greatness of manner consist in presenting few, and those essential parts to the eye, the more breaks, interruptions, and divisions there are, the more the appearance of the whole must tend to littleness and deformity*.

THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.

Of the Roman government the reader may expect some account, although ere these pages become public, that government may cease to exist; all that can be said of it at present is, that though despotic and above all control, it is exer-

* To enlarge upon this subject is the business of a professed architect, whose observation might easily enable him to fill an useful and entertaining volume on the subject. It is a pity that some gentleman of the profession, whose mind has been enlarged, and whose taste has been matured by travelling, does not undertake the work.

cised by the Pontiff with mildness, and submitted to by the people with respect. The sacred character of the bishop influences both the sovereign and the subject. The love and reverence with which it inspires the latter may be useful; but its effects on the former are perhaps less beneficial, as the justice of the prince is often suspended, and sometimes defeated by the indulgence of the pastor. But of this inconvenience we ought not to complain; it is not now, nor ever was it, a common or characteristic defect of any government, and few sovereigns recorded in history are reproached with want of severity. The worst consequences of pure unmixed monarchy, the general indolence which it inspires, and the lethargy in which it involves all the powers of the mind, by excluding the nation from all share in the management of its own interests, are felt without doubt in the Roman territory, but perhaps in a less degree than in other countries under the influence of the same perverted system. The government is elective; promotion depends in a great degree upon talents and virtues, and consequently there is a stimulus to exertion, and a scope for honorable ambition; moreover many salutary regulations have been made by the present Pontiff, and some vague reports have been circulated, and have excited a hope that he intends to establish a senate, and to govern his states by their advice and with

their concurrence. Such a step, the result of an enlightened policy, would contribute more to the prosperity of Rome and to the independence and union of Italy, than all the edifices he can erect at home, and all the alliances he can contract abroad. But this report is probably the effusion of patriotism, or perhaps the modest expression of the public wish and opinion. But be it as it may, Rome is now under the iron sceptre of the French ruler; no change can take place without his approbation, and the amelioration of its government, most undoubtedly, forms no part of his system.

As for the origin of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes it may, without any reference to imperial donations real or imaginary, be most honorably and firmly established on the free consent of a grateful and admiring people*. After the expulsion of the Goths, when the arms of the Eastern Emperors had reconquered, but were incapable of protecting Italy; when the incursions and menaces of the Lombards kept the city in constant alarm, and pestilence and famine preyed upon it, the Romans naturally turned their eyes to their bishops, and found in them the support which they had vainly solicited from their sovereigns. The Pontiffs had till that period been as

* Gibbon.

eminent for their virtues as for their station, and when forced by public distress to take a considerable share in the administration of the state, they displayed a prudence equal to their sanctity, and a benevolence as extensive as the possessions of the Roman church, even when augmented by their own private fortunes*. We see them in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries protecting Rome on one side against the attacks of the Lombards, and securing it on the other from the rapacity and treachery of the Exarchs, repairing its walls, feeding its inhabitants, engaging distant princes in its interests, and finally restoring the majesty of its name in the new empire. Rome indeed seems to owe her existence to her Pontiffs, and had not the chair of St. Peter replaced the throne of the Cæsars, and the seat of empire become the sanctuary of religion, Rome would probably have sunk into a heap of uninhabited ruins, and left to posterity nothing more than the *whistling of a mighty name*.

From the re-establishment of the Western Empire to the tenth century the Popes employed their influence in opposing the growing power of

* If the reader wishes to know how great were the exertions, how extensive the charities, how active the patriotism of the Popes in the sixth and seventh centuries, he need only peruse the epistles of Gregory the Great.

the Saracens, and in protecting the coasts of Italy and the Capital itself against the predatory incursions of those barbarians. Shortly after commenced their contests with the German Cæsars, contests which arose more perhaps from Roman pride and a rooted hatred to Transalpine, that is, in their eyes, barbarian domination, than from prelatical arrogance; the cause to which they are very generally and very confidently attributed. That such arrogance existed is indeed sufficiently evident, and that it operated as a very active principle is equally clear; but it may be questioned whether the insolent claims of universal dominion advanced by Gregory VII. did not originate as much from the lofty spirit of the Roman, as from the ambition of the Pontiff. Certain it is, that this extraordinary personage seemed better formed to fill the imperial throne than the pontifical chair, and that if he had been a prince only and not a bishop, he might, with such a daring and intrepid spirit, have restored the grandeur of the empire, and fixed its seat once more on the seven hills.

But however we may censure the Popes as ecclesiastics in these bloody and destructive quarrels; as princes and as Romans they may claim our indulgence, as they struggled against foreign influence, and finally succeeded in freeing Italy from the yoke of a German, that is, a barbarian and absentee ruler. The disputes of the Popes

with the barons and the Roman people were founded on the just opposition of a firm government, to the arrogance and the tyranny of an aristocratic body on the one side, and to the licentiousness of a turbulent populace on the other; but Rome has just cause to deplore and to condemn the folly and the perversity of her pastors, when they forsook her venerable walls, and instead of discharging in the Vatican the sublime duties of prince and of pastor, submitted to while away their unprofitable days in voluntary exile, alternately the instruments and the victims of French intrigue and ambition.

Of all the disasters that befel Rome in the long series of her eventful history, this, perhaps, was the most pernicious both in its immediate effects and distant consequences; and to it may be ascribed the degradation of the noblest monuments, the depopulation of the Capital and its neighborhood, and the multiplicity of evils that anarchy and tyranny never fail to bring in their train. These evils continued to operate, as is natural in political as well as physical distempers, long after their efficient causes had ceased to exist; and the Popes, during many ages after their re-establishment in Rome, had to struggle with the restless and unbridled passions excited by the guilt or the folly of their absentee predecessors. Sixtus Quintus at length succeeded in the arduous un-

dertaking, and after having broken the stubborn spirit of the barons, and tamed the people to submission, restored order, peace, and industry in the Roman states.

From this period Rome rapidly increased in prosperity, riches, and population, and became the seat of the arts and sciences, the centre of political negotiation, and not unfrequently, of courtly intrigue. Most of the succeeding Popes did not fail to take an active part in the public transactions of the times, sometimes indeed as mediators, a character well becoming the common Father of Christians, but too frequently as parties concerned, with a view to national interests or to family aggrandizement. Their conduct in this respect, though little conformable to the principles of their profession, was however very advantageous to their territories, as it brought wealth to the inhabitants, and reflected lustre on a city, at the same time the metropolis of the christian world and the Capital of an extensive and flourishing country.

The reformation produced at the time little or no diminution of the temporal greatness and consideration of the Popes; so little indeed that, in the century following that event, Rome seems to have enjoyed a splendor and prosperity not witnessed within her walls since the fall of the empire. Hence, a judicious historian has observed,

that if Pyrrhus' ambassador could with propriety call the Roman senate in his time a congress of kings*, a similar appellation might with equal veracity be applied to the modern senate of Rome the college of cardinals, during the seventeenth century. That assembly was, strictly speaking, composed of princes, the sons, nephews, brothers, or uncles of the first sovereigns in Europe; men who not unfrequently, as statesmen and ministers, had held the reins of empire at home, or as ambassadors, represented their royal relatives abroad. They either generally resided or frequently assembled at Rome, not only to discharge their duties about the person of the Pontiff, but to support the interests of their respective courts; and in order to attain this object the more effectually, they displayed a splendor and a magnificence nearly royal. The officers of their household were often nobles of high rank; their secretaries and chaplains were men of talents, and business; a long train of guards, servants, and retainers attended their persons when they appeared in public, and the blaze of the purple in itself so dazzling, was heightened by all the adventitious circumstances of birth, power, and opulence. The union of so many illustrious personages, vying with each other in

* Denina. *Ray. d'Italia.*

talents and magnificence, gave Rome the appearance of an universal court, where all the sovereigns of Europe were assembled to discuss the general interests of Christendom, and to display their rival glories in peace and security. Such indeed was its state under the Pontiffs of the *Borghese*, *Barberini* and *Panfilii* families, as it had been before under those of the Medicean and Farnesian houses; nor is it wonderful if at such periods of glory it should have recalled to the memory of the spectators the republican era when Pompey and Caesar, Crassus and Lucullus were seen to parade the streets and forum, surrounded by their friends and clients.

From this epoch the character of the Pontiffs became more episcopal and pacific; occupied with the government of the Catholic church over which they preside, and with the civil administration of their own territories sufficiently extensive to engross their utmost attention, they seem to have lost sight of foreign or at least, of *ultramontane* politics, and have only interfered, as far as decency permitted or necessity required, their interposition. Their fondness for their families, a defect pardonable in an old man, has, where it may have existed, betrayed them perhaps into hasty promotions, but has seldom engaged them as formerly, in mischievous projects of aggrandizement. The arts and sciences have at all times, but par-

ticularly during the latter centuries, met with their special encouragement; and Rome, enlivened by their constant presence, embellished by their munificence, and fed by the produce of several extensive, populous, and well cultivated provinces, had gradually resumed her robes of glory, and began to promise herself once more the return of ease, dignity, and permanent prosperity. She had been great even in her fall, and venerable in her disasters. She had ceased to be the mistress of the world in arms, but she still remained the mistress of the world in arts; she was no longer the capital, but she was the metropolis of Europe, not the residence of the first sovereign, but the see of the first pastor. She had not been subjected to slavery as Athens; she had not been reduced to a heap of ruins as Babylon. She still reigned, widowed, but independent; and still claimed and enjoyed the veneration of kings and of nations. Without fleets or armies she reposed in fearless tranquillity: public reverence, more mighty than military power, covered her head with an invisible Ægis, guarded her frontiers, and secured her repose*. Even the nations which had forsaken her

* Forti eserciti allor ti armaro; ed ora . . .

T'arma il rispetto.

Filicaja. Cans. xi.

*Then mighty armies guarded thee, and now
Respect and rev'ence are thy sure protection.*

communion, and in days of irritation had defied the thunders of her fulminating Pontiffs, now looked towards her with respect, and beheld with affection and reverence the benevolence, the sanctity, and the humility of her pastors *. Such was the state of Rome during the eighteenth century; a state happy in the present enjoyment of peace, plenty, and increasing improvement, and big with the hopes of future and accumulating prosperity. The French invasion closed the scene †.

* A passage from a speech of Mr. Pitt may explain this observation. Alluding to the suppression of the papal government by the agents of Bonaparte, he says, *a transaction accompanied by outrages and insults towards the pious and venerable Pontiff, in spite of the sanctity of his age, and the unsullied purity of his character, which even to a protestant, seem hardly short of the guilt of sacrilege.*—Speech of Mr. Pitt, Feb. 3, 1800.

† Here it may not be improper to mention, that we went (July 22, 1802) to *Frescati*, to pay our respects to Cardinal York, who receives all English visitants with cordial hospitality. It is impossible to behold this prince without emotion; he is in the seventy-second year of his age, stoops much, but retains a glow of health and ruddiness, the remains of early beauty, in his countenance; he talks English with ease and accuracy, and seems to speak it with pleasure. There is, however, in his pronunciation, as may easily be supposed, somewhat of that thickness or heaviness which is observable in the accent of Englishmen who have been long accustomed to converse with foreigners only. His manners, though dignified, are easy and unaffected. He speaks of England with warm affection, and to employ his own expres-

The reader may expect some account of the conduct of the republican army while in posses-

sion, is always happy to see *his countrymen*, for he glories in being a Briton. His generosity to his attendants of every denomination is boundless; hence they all flourish under his influence, and soon grow up into fortune and independence. The poor of his diocese bless his benevolence, and owe to the charity of their pastor a degree of comfort, which the inhabitants of few towns in Italy are so fortunate as to enjoy. He resides at *Frascati*, and seldom visits Rome, unless when some public function requires his presence as Dean of the Sacred College, Archpriest of St. Peter's, or Chancellor of the Roman Church. He passes his mornings in his cathedral, and in the library of his seminary, where he transacts business with his clergy, and where about eleven or twelve o'clock he receives the visits of such persons of rank, or foreigners, as come to wait upon him. He soon dismisses them, and if English, sends his carriage to convey them to such places as they may choose to visit in the neighborhood. About one he drives out himself, and returning at two dines with his family and guests, always placing the English near him, and addressing his conversation to them with visible complacency. His table is served plentifully; but without any affectation either of magnificence or simplicity. About four o'clock he withdraws, and according to the Italian custom reposes for some time; after which he returns to business, and finally terminates the day with the accustomed acts of devotion.

Such is the ordinary tenor of the Cardinal's life, plain, useful, and untrifled, and I doubt much whether his days would have flowed so smoothly had his brother's daring attempt succeeded; and placed him on the steps of the throne of Great Britain. Disappointment or failure in this enterprise can therefore scarce be considered by him as a misfor-

sion of Rome, and of the consequences of their invasion. On the first of these topics little need

tune; especially as the dignities which he enjoyed in various countries, and the pensions which he received from the *Bourbon* princes, not only raised him above want, but enabled him to support the dignity of his title and family with sufficient splendor. Some pretend that his income amounted to forty, but others more moderate calculate it at thirty thousand pounds a-year; a sum fully adequate, particularly in Italy, to all the purposes of episcopal charity and of princely magnificence. But the consequences of the French revolution, a revolution which has cost the human species so many tears, and so much blood, reached the venerable cardinal, drove him from his See, stript him at once of his whole income, and sent him in his old age a needy wanderer, to seek for refuge in Austria, in Corfu, and in Sicily. He relates his adventures during this distressing period with satisfaction, and enlarges upon them as a favorite topic of conversation. In this state of exile and dejection he was suddenly relieved by the well-timed but unexpected generosity, of his illustrious relation, our gracious Sovereign. George the Third accustomed to deeds of benevolence, distinguishes every month of his honorable life by some act of generosity. But never did he confer a benefit with better grace, or place it to more advantage. A pension of four thousand pounds a-year, paid in advance, relieved the Cardinal from the prospect of present want, and placed him above the reach of future distress. The nation, I may venture to assert, applauded the generosity of its sovereign, while I can assure the public, that the Cardinal feels and expresses the most grateful acknowledgment, and glories in owing to his country only his present comfort and independence. He is, as is well known, the last of the illustrious line of the *Stuarts*, which, elevated in all its branches, and peculiarly unfortunate

be said; the public papers have given various details, and where they are silent, there are accounts in every body's hands that make up the deficiency. From these we learn that the behaviour of the soldiery and subalterns was in general civil and orderly, but that of the generals and their immediate dependents in the highest degree insolent and rapacious. For this assertion, we have the best authority, that of the army itself, expressed, first, in a representation to *Massena*, then commander, and next in an address to the citizens of Rome, published the 23d and 24th February, 1798.

With regard to the public plunder of the churches and pontifical palaces, as also of some

in some, has never sunk either into meanness or contempt, and will terminate ere long its chequered career in religious dignity and virtuous resignation*.

* The Cardinal's defects are those of his rank and age: fond of the ancient glories of his family, he delights in the sound of royalty, and is offended if the title of *royal highness* be not frequently used by those who speak to him; a title which, as grandson to a king of Great Britain, he perhaps, has a right to claim. Prince Augustus, while at Rome, frequently visited the Cardinal, and with that delicate politeness which distinguishes the present race of British princes, gratified his eminence's ear with the frequent introduction of the favorite epithet. Some unrelenting revolutionists may perhaps condemn this piece of innocent flattery, but men of feeling and men of the world will unite in applauding it.

private houses, many of the masterpieces in statuary and painting were sent to Paris, a valuable collection of gold medals dispersed, several inestimable manuscripts purloined, and without doubt much mischief done in every respect. But when the reader recollects that there are sixty thousand ancient statues in Rome, that of most of the masterpieces in painting that have been carried away, there are mosaic copies superior in coloring and duration to the originals; nay, that the first of paintings, those which form the very school of the art itself, are imprest on the walls of the Vatican, and may indeed be disfigured but cannot be removed; and, in short, that the models of modern skill and the monuments of antiquity stand yet untouched, he will agree with me that so far the evil is neither very great nor irreparable. Rome is still the seat of the arts; and the painter, the sculptor, the architect, must frequent its schools, if they wish to attain perfection and aim at any reputation. I mean not to excuse, much less defend, the atrocious deed of the French government or the conduct of its generals. How far such acts of plunder are justifiable even in a legitimate war, carried on according to the lenient maxims of modern times, I know not; but neither Louis XIV. nor Louis XV. thus pillaged the libraries, galleries, or churches of the Netherlands, notwithstanding the allurements which the works of *Vandyke* and

Rubens held out to them, particularly at Brussels and Antwerp. Nor did Frederic of Prussia, though passionately fond of pictures, and not easily controlled by considerations of justice and humanity, take from the gallery of Dresden one painting, not even the *Notte** of *Correggio*, notwithstanding his enthusiastic admiration of that masterpiece. But the war which the French waged on Rome (I may add, on Venice, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, &c. &c.) was an unprovoked attack, a speculation of rapacity, an act of wanton violence, an abuse of confidence, and a cowardly stratagem, where every means had been employed first to deceive, and then overturn an unsuspecting and, as they themselves at their first entrance into Rome called it, a friendly government. In such a ruffian aggression, for it merits not the appellation of war, every subsequent deed of rapacity is a violation of the law of nations, and every life sacrificed to usurpation is a murder.

The example of the Romans has, I know, been adduced in justification or at least in extenuation of this national felony. But, in the first place, the Romans did not take one statue from the Greeks during the first war, nor even the second, till the Etolians and their allies brought down

* Night.

upon themselves a reluctant and long-suspended chastisement. In the next place, this high-minded and generous people never by public authority compelled the Greeks to surrender the masterpieces that adorned their cities; they never entered as friends and acted as enemies; they never employed cunning and intrigue, to deceive their enemies, but open declaration to caution them, and power and wisdom to subdue them. The destruction of *Corinth** was a signal act of vengeance justifiable by the laws of war as then admitted;

* That very Mummius, who destroyed Corinth, rebuilt the temple of Jupiter on or near the site of that city, erected a brass statue to Jupiter at Olympia, and contributed very largely to the embellishment of the temple of Delphi. In fact, the Romans were so far from depriving the cities which fell under their power of their statues and public ornaments, that they even restored to the owners those which had been carried away. Thus when Scipio took and destroyed Carthage, he restored to the Sicilian cities the various articles, and particularly the statues and paintings, which the Carthaginians, a cruel pilfering people, had deprived them of. He extended this benefit not to Italy only, as that was just and natural, but even to Africa, and directed that every community should be allowed to resume all the articles of public property which it could identify.—*Liv. Supp.* li. 50.

We find moreover, that so late as the era of Pliny, when Greece had felt not the resentment of Sylla only, but the madness of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, the different cities were in possession of several of the masterpieces which had distinguished them at an earlier period—*Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxiv. & xxxv.*

but yet it was more the act of the general than of the Roman people, and not altogether sanctioned by the senate*. When the Romans became corrupt, their prætors and pro-consuls were often personally unjust; but never was such pillage publicly authorised till the maxims of Roman justice were neglected, and the majesty of public rule was abused and turned into an instrument of tyranny by the emperors. The French since the revolution have indeed often compared themselves to the Romans; but the resemblance is only in vice; here indeed they surpassed the original†.

But to come to the consequences of the French invasion; the evil here is of very different, and indeed of very alarming magnitude. In the first place, they have separated the opulent city and territory of *Bologna*, and almost all the Adriatic coast from the Roman state, thus retrenching near one-half of its income, and one-third of its population; a defalcation which must considerably affect the dignity and resources of the capital, and consequently reduce the number of its inhabitants. In the next place, by the enormous contributions

* Cicero hints censure of this act of severity.—*De Off.* i. 11.

† Nero, it is true, took *five hundred* statues from Greece in the course of his reign (fourteen years). The French took twice as many from Italy in one year.

which they raised, they annihilated the credit, and swallowed up the income of the state, burthened the rich with debt, and deprived the poor of employment. The fall of public credit occasioned the ruin of the greater part of the hospitals, schools, and charitable establishments, which, generally speaking, derived their income from the apostolical exchequer. However the fertility of the soil, and the industry of the inhabitants, aided by the exertions of government, might perhaps repair even this evil; and it is said that Cardinal *Ruffo*, by an improved system of finance, by the suppression of exemptions, and by a more equal distribution of burthens, has already made a very considerable progress towards that desirable object.

But another and greater evil still remains. A secret and, it is much to be feared, a well-founded suspicion exists that the French have other and, if possible, far more mischievous designs in contemplation than any they have hitherto attempted to execute; and so deep is the policy and so great the influence of the First Consul, that the success of his projects, whatever they may be, is scarcely problematical. In such circumstances, when the last years have been all calamity, and the future are all uncertainty, there can be no energy, no decision, and little dignity in public administration. To what purpose, it will be said, are ameliorations in a system not destined to last? or regulations

shortly to be abrogated? why ornament a city which may be plundered again next year? why repair ancient monuments to be again disfigured by a barbarian soldiery? or why discover and restore statues to see them borne away by our enemies? While such are the fears of government, individuals cannot indulge themselves in much security. Why embrace a profession, one may say, from which I may perhaps derive no adequate provision? why, says another, build a house in a city open to a second attack? The nobles partake, as may well be supposed, the general apprehension; and while on the one side they are obliged to sell the valuable furniture of their cabinets and galleries to meet the exigencies of the moment, on the other hand they have no means to replace them, nor indeed can they have any inclination to amass with great difficulty and expense objects to allure and gratify foreign rapacity. The French therefore have deprived Rome of its credit, its resources, its dignity, and its independence; they have robbed it of all that constitutes the prosperity and security of a state, and have thus caused it more real and permanent injury than the predatory attacks of Genseric and Bourbon, or the transient fury of Odoacer and Totila.

The Gauls have, indeed, at all times been the bane of public felicity, and the torment of the human species; in ancient times, restless, bold,

and ferocious, they invaded and ravaged Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. Tamed by the power and civilized by the arts of Rome they slumbered for a few centuries, till they were conquered and barbarized again, first by the Franks and then by the Normans, when they arose with redoubled impetuosity to disturb the neighboring states, and to convulse all Europe with an uninterrupted succession of ambitious projects, plundering excursions, and unprovoked attacks. One consolatory reflection is suggested by the history of this turbulent race, and upon its solidity we must for the present rest all hopes of liberty and independence in Europe. It is this, that while the ardor, the impetuosity, and the numbers of the French have almost constantly given them the advantage in the beginning, the insolence and frivolity, apparently inseparable from the national character, have as invariably foiled them in the end, and involved them in shame and disaster. Their present leader, it is true, is an Italian: his depth and perseverance may perhaps fix for a time the volatility, and with it, the fate of the nation over which he presides; but durability, so seldom granted to the wisest of human institutions, can never be annexed to French domination.

It may perhaps be asked, what will be the probable fate of Rome? Is it destined to be a dependence, or the capital of the Italian republic? or

rather may it not be left in its present state as the destined seat of the Consul's uncle, when placed by his influence in the papal chair? Rome, if united to the Italian republic, would probably in a short time become the capital of all Italy, and form as anciently a state of such power and magnitude as might rival and perhaps humble France herself*. To raise such a rival cannot be the object of the First Consul. To keep Rome in a state of dependence is certainly his intention; but whether as a republic under the government of one of his brothers, or as the pontifical residence of his uncle, is still a matter of mere conjecture. The latter may be the most probable destination of Rome.

As the catholic religion is the most extensive Christian communion, and has numerous votaries, not only in the countries where it is exclusively established, but even in those where the reformation prevails, it is without doubt the interest of every government, that the head of such a body should be independent, and that his residence, for different motives, should be regarded as sacred. Here the piety of the catholic and the prudence of the politician must agree. To this consideration

* To realize this event is the interest and ought to be the grand political object of England, of Austria, and of Russia.

another may be added. The residence of the common Father of Christians ought to be the seat of universal charity and untroubled peace; its gates ought to be open to all nations; and all tribes of the human species, whatever their variances and wars may be elsewhere, ought there at least to meet as brethren, and find the comforts of a common home. It would indeed be an inestimable advantage to have one city thus exempt from the destructive influence of human passions, impervious to the horrors and alarms of war, and wholly consecrated to peace, benevolence, and humanity; to the study of religion, to the improvement of science, and to the perfection of art.

CAMPAGNA DI ROMA.

One of the most striking objects in the approach to Rome is, as I have elsewhere observed, that vast uninhabited, and in many places uncultivated extent of country that surrounds it on all sides, and is called the *Campagna*. Its present state of desolation is certainly singular, and naturally calls for inquiry. Some travellers attribute it to the destructive influence of papal government and of catholic *superstition* working here as in their very focus, and with all their pernicious activity. It must appear fortunate in the eyes of such ob-

servors, that causes which strike the earth with barrenness and taint the air with pestilence, have not also darkened the face of heaven and involved Rome in clouds and tempests. And singularly lucky it must be considered that their malignity is restricted to the plains, and that while it extends on one side to thirty it is on the other confined to twelve or sixteen miles; that they sometimes spare certain favored regions, and now and then fix on others apparently more distant from their sphere of action; and in short, that they are not very regular and systematical in their progress; as otherwise they must have reached the mountains of *Albano*, *Tibur*, and *Sabina*, extended over *Umbria*, and spreading from the Tuscan to the Adriatic Sea, from *Bologna* to *Terracina*, they must have long since turned one of the most fertile countries in the world into a dreary desert. But as these causes, so active in the *Campagna*, are perfectly inefficient in every other part of the Roman territory, and particularly at *Loretto*, *Ancona*, *Fano*, and in all the delicious environs of *Bologna*, though as much under their deadly influence as Rome and its immediate neighborhood, the reader may be disposed to seek for some more satisfactory solution of the difficulty. To obtain it we must go back to antiquity.

Strabo observes, that the coasts of *Latium* were in some places unhealthy, and ascribes that

quality to the marshes that border them*. It naturally follows that in ancient as well as in modern times the air of the coast must not unfrequently be carried by sea breezes into the interior, and as the *Campagna* is surrounded by mountains on every other side, these vapors may, particularly in the calm and sultry months of summer, remain suspended in the air, and considerably affect its salubrity. The same effect is produced in the gulph of *Corinth* by a similar cause every autumn, when the exhalations from the swamps and marshes at the mouth of the *Achelous*, are carried up the gulph, and being confined by the high hills and mountains that border it, hang brooding over the sea and neighboring shore, and oftentimes rise so high as to render *Corinth* itself, though seated on an eminence, for some months almost uninhabitable. To confirm this conjecture, I need only observe, that several ancient writers, and among others Horace, Martial, and Frontinus represent the air of Rome itself as unwholesome during the great heats; and at present, the wind which blows

* Lib. v.—Columella indeed seems to consider the vicinity of the sea as generally insalubrious. "Præstat," says he, "a mari longo potius intervallo quam brevi refugisse, quia media sunt spatia gravioris halitus."

"It is better to be at a great distance from the sea, than a short one, because the atmosphere of the intervening space is unwholesome."

from the coasts in summer, particularly since the forests that formerly covered them have been thinned by the late Pope, is considered as peculiarly noxious*. A marshy soil, under the influence of a warm sun, must naturally emit gross exhalations, and the more serene the sky, the more permanent and destructive must be their influence.

We must recollect at the same time, that the *Campagna* is not the only unhealthy tract in Italy; that *Etruria* has its *maremma*, and that its coasts were never remarkable for salubrity. "*Est sane,*" says the younger Pliny, "*gravis et pestilens ora*

* Agues, intermitting fevers, and phthisical symptoms were common in Rome anciently as well as now, according to Asclepiades, who flourished in the time of Pompey, and is quoted by Galen, who confirms his report.

Of the insalubrity of the immediate neighborhood of Rome we have a striking instance in Columella, who, speaking of Regulus, says—*Nam Pupiniæ pestilentis simul et exilis agricultorem fuisse eum loquuntur historię*†. Now this tract gave its name to the *Tribus Pupinia*, and was only seven or eight miles distant from Rome towards *Tusculum*.

The Vatican valley, now called *Val d'Inferno*, and anciently *Vallis Infera* (the lower valley), was formerly, as it is at present, though close to the city, deserted because unhealthy.—See *Tac. Hist.* ii. 93.

† For history informs us that he was a cultivator of land in the Pupinian district, which is at once infectious and barren.

*Tuscorum, quæ per littus extenditur**." Rutilius confirms this observation when he describes *Graviscæ* and *Cosa*.

Inde Graviscarum fastigia rara videmus
Quas premit æstivæ sæpe paludis odor . . .
Cernimus antiquas, nullo custode ruinas,
Et desolatæ mœnia fœda Cosæ†

Rutil. Iter. lib. i. ver. 281.

Silius, speaking of another town on the same coast, alludes to its insalubrity produced by the same cause.

. . . . obsessæ campo squalente Fregellæ‡.

Lib. viii. 475.

Even in England, where the summer heat is so moderate, and of such short duration, and where the wind blows strong from one point or other ten months out of the twelve, the fens, marshes, and low lands in Essex, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, diffuse their influence wide enough

* L. v. Ep. 6.—The coast of Tuscany, which extends along the sea-shore, is unwholesome and infectious.

† Graviscæ's scanty roofs we next descry,
By fetid air from stagnant swamps annoy'd . . .
And soon th' unhealthy ruins met our eye
Of Cosa, long deserted and destroy'd.

‡ Fregellæ, circled by a filthy swamp.

to enable us to calculate its effects in a hotter climate. Freedom and industry united have not yet been able to purify the air of the fenny islands of Zealand.

From these observations I am inclined to infer, that the air of the *Campagna* could never have been more healthy than it is at present. I admit, however, that cultivation and population might then have counteracted the causes above mentioned; and I must observe also, that at a very remote period those causes did not perhaps exist, and that many portions of land, now marshes, might then have been covered with the sea, as the flatness of the coast and the consequent shallowness of the water must have been considerably increased in the course of time by the perpetual depositions of the *Tiber*. The population of this territory seems to have been greatest during the infancy of the Roman republic, whose energies were first displayed in contests within her immediate vicinity, and almost in sight of the Capitol.

Not to mention *Gabii*, *Fidenæ*, *Collatium*, &c., Pliny enumerates more than fifty nations inhabiting *Latium* at the same time; and what must appear more extraordinary, places thirty-three towns within the narrow compass of the *Pomptine* marshes. These towns, like the cities mentioned in the Scripture during the time of Abraham, were probably little more than our ordinary villages.

But whatever they were, the fifty nations and the thirty-three cities had disappeared, and scarcely left any trace behind.—Ita, ex antiquo Latio lili populi interiire sine *vestigiis* *. Among these tribes Pliny enumerates the *Albans*, the *Fidenates*, the *Coriolani*; and indeed of the depopulation of the *Campagna* during the most flourishing period of Roman prosperity, we have sufficient and unquestionable evidence. Horace, to give a full idea of a lonely deserted spot, says,

Gabiis desertior atque,
Fidenis vicus † ——— Lib. i. epist. xi. 7.

It is to be observed that *Fidenæ* was five, *Gabii* ten miles from Rome ‡. Propertius expresses the solitude of *Gabii* in a very concise but emphatical manner.

Et qui nunc nulli, maxima turba *Gabi* §.
Lib. iv. eleg. 1.

* Lib. iii. cap. 5.—Thus, fifty-three nations have disappeared out of Latium, without leaving a trace behind them.

† Emptyer than *Gabii*, and *Fidenæ*'s streets.

‡ It is probable, that most of the persons killed by the fall of an amphitheatre at *Fidenæ* in the reign of Tiberius, were Romans, who flocked from the capital to the amusements of a neighboring village or rather suburb.—*Tac. Ann. lib. iv. cap. 62.*

§ And *Gabii*, crowded then, deserted now.

Strabo, who lived in the time of Tiberius, represents the cities of *Ardea* and *Laurentum* as having been destroyed by the *Samnites*, and still in ruins in his time. To these he adds many others, such as *Lacinium*, *Collatia*, *Antennæ*, *Fregellæ**, &c. which he says had dwindled into villages; so that the central regions of Italy, and *Latium* itself, do not appear to have abounded with population, even during that prosperous period. That *Ostia*, though the seaport of Rome, should lose almost all its inhabitants, when the capital was on the decline, must appear very natural, when we consider that the air was infected by the neighboring marshes and the harbor nearly choked up with sand. Every reader is acquainted with the beautiful description of Lucan, who, as a poet, affects to foretel at the battle of *Pharsalia*, the desolation which he himself witnessed†. Juvenal represents

* Strabo, lib. v.

† Gentes Mars iste futuras
 Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
 Erepto natale feret. Tunc omne Latinum
 Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiosque, Coramque
 Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ;
 Albanosque Lares, Laurentinosque penates
 Rus vacuum, quod non habitat, nisi nocte coacta
 Invitus. Lucan, lib. vii. 389.

How shall this day the peopled earth deface,
 Prevent mankind, and rob the growing race!

Soon

the *Pomptine* marshes as a receptacle of robbers, and speaks of guards employed for the protection of travellers *. I need not repeat what I have related elsewhere, that Cicero mentions an attack made upon a friend of his at the foot of *Mount Albanus*; that the *Via Appia* was lined with tombs and mausoleums from the very walls of the city to the neighborhood of *Alba*; that the other roads were by no means void of such gloomy decorations; and that amidst this crowd of monuments little room was left for habitable mansions.

From all these circumstances I should be led to suspect that the population of the *Campagna* was not very great even in the time of Augustus and of Trajan; and if this should really have been the case, I know of no satisfactory method of accounting for a deficiency so extraordinary in the neighborhood of such an immense capital other than the unwholesomeness of the air. That there were anciently a very great number of villas rising in every part of this region I admit, but this multiplicity of country houses cannot be adduced as a proof of its general salubrity, because many of them

Soon shall the greatness of the Roman name
To unbelieving ears be told by fame.
Low shall the mighty Latian tow'rs be laid,
And ruins crown our Alban mountain's head.

Rowe.

* Sat. iii. 307.

were erected in places acknowledged even then to be unwholesome, and were moreover designed for temporary accommodation, and as occasional retreats in winter, spring, and the beginning of summer, seasons when the whole *Campagna* is perfectly salubrious. The *Laurens* or *Laurentine* villa of Pliny seems to have been of this description, as we may very fairly infer from the many precautions taken to catch every gleam of sunshine, and to exclude all the cooler winds. He speaks also of the convenience of one particular apartment, especially during the *Saturnalia*, that is, in December.

As for the cultivation of this territory, a very considerable part was anciently as it is now, entirely given up to pasturage. Such in particular was the territory of *Laurentum*, *multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum, boumque armenta**, says Pliny the younger, when describing his villa near *Laurentum*; he also in the same epistle alludes to the woods which covered the coasts, and extended in various directions around his house. *Modo occurrentibus silvis via coarctatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit†*, are his expressions when describing

* Plin. ii. Epist. 17.—Many flocks of sheep were there, many droves of horses, and of oxen.

† Sometimes the road is confined by woods that meet each other, sometimes it spreads over meadows of wide extent.

the way to it. *Suggerunt*, adds he, *affatim ligna proxima silva**. Such is precisely the present appearance of the coast from *Ostia* to the promontory of *Ciroe*, a vast extent of plain covered in many places with forests, and in others expanding into wide meadows and pastures. Much does not seem to have been anciently under corn, as immense supplies were regularly conveyed to Rome from Sicily, Egypt, and Africa, supplies which the fertility of the plains of *Latium* and *Etruria*, if called forth by the arts of cultivation, would have rendered unnecessary†. At present several exten-

* The neighboring woods supply abundance of timber.

† We find in ancient historians frequent mention made of years of scarcity at Rome, an evil which could not have occurred so frequently, if Italy had been as well cultivated anciently as it is at present. Thus in the earliest ages of the republic we find Rome reduced to the greatest distress for want of corn, as in the year U. C. 301, again in the year 314 and 343. I am aware that the scarcity on both these occasions is ascribed by the historian to other causes than the sterility of the soil; such as the dissensions that occupied the minds and time of the people, and the harangues of the tribunes that captivated and rivetted them to the forum. But this cause of neglect must be confined to citizens, or at least to freemen, and they were only a part, or rather the masters of the cultivators, who were in general slaves or bonds-men. But the same scarcity returned more frequently, without the same or any similar cause, under the Emperors, twice during the reign of Tiberius, as often under Claudius, &c. &c. A similar evil is seldom heard of in Rome in modern times, though its population exceeds one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

sive tracts are cultivated, particularly on the left of the *Via Tiburtina*, and of the *Via Appia*, in the *Pomptine* marshes. The fields in the immediate neighborhood of Rome, and on the banks of the *Tiber*, excepting however the gardens that lie between that river and the *Monte Mario*, are used as meadows, and produce great quantities of the finest hay. It is indeed a grievous mistake arising partly from inattention and partly from prejudice, to imagine that the *Campagna*, because uninhabited, is therefore totally neglected and unproductive. At stated periods the population of the neighboring towns is employed in its cultivation, and the yearly produce, if I may believe the assurance of a very intelligent Scotch gentleman, who had passed twenty years at Rome, and was thoroughly acquainted with the state of the capital and the country around, was upon an average valued at two pounds per acre. Such a produce seems to imply no small attention to cultivation, especially when it is considered that in some parts, the soil neither is nor probably ever was very fit for agricultural purposes. Such at least is the opinion of a very candid, learned, and worthy author, who viewed it without prejudice, and examined it with scientific minuteness. His words are—"I will boldly affirm, that the most striking parts, the whole plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the Pomptine marshes, never were or could

be in a much better state than at present. I have walked over in shooting great part of the plain between Rome and Tivoli, and the soil, which consists of a deep white chrystallized sand, generally covered with a coat of black sand not half an inch, and oftener not a quarter of an inch deep, evidently proves that it never could be in a state of ordinary cultivation. Immense expense may have carried soil to some spots to make gardens; but even that adventitious fertility could not be of long duration, it would soon disappear through the hungry unconnected sand beneath*."

Whether any, or if any, what degree of blame may attach to the papal government, it is difficult to determine, because it is not very easy to discover what right the sovereign has to interfere in the management of individual property, and the cultivation of private estates. That the Roman government and nobility have hitherto, like most continental governments and nobles, paid little attention to agriculture is I believe generally admitted, and that the system of corn laws established in the papal territory was impolitic and pernicious, is equally acknowledged on all sides; but the last of these defects has been removed by the recent suppression of all the ancient regula-

* Theory of the Earth, by Philip Howard, Esq.

tions on this head, and by the introduction of a new code, founded upon more enlightened principles: while the former can only be remedied by time, and by a very general revolution in continental manners and feelings. The papal government is not indeed in its nature very active, and that agriculture is not, or rather has not hitherto been one of its principal objects is undeniable; a defect which is the more to be lamented, as few territories are better calculated for all the purposes of cultivation, in consequence of the fertility and the variety of the soil, of the profound peace which the character of the Pontiff generally ensures to his subjects, and of the site of the country itself, in the very centre of Italy, commanding two seas, and affording all the means of easy exportation*.

* Non sine causâ dii hominesque huic urbi eondendæ locum elegerunt, saluberrimos colles, flumen opportunum, quo ex Mediterraneis locis fruges devehantur, quo maritimi comæatus accipiantur; mare vicinum ad commoditates regionum Italiæ mediæ, ad incrementum urbis natum ungue locum.—*Tit. Liv. lib. v. 54.*

“Gods and men, not without reason, selected this spot for the building of the city; hills remarkable for salubrity, a river, convenient for carrying down corn from the Mediterranean districts, and for receiving imports by sea. The sea near enough for all purposes of convenience a spot in the centre of the countries of Italy, and singularly adapted to the increase and advancement of the city.

A spirit of improvement is at present gone abroad in the various states of Italy, and as it has reached Rome in its progress, it is to be hoped that its influence will be active and efficient. One means of amelioration the authority of government might without any difficulty introduce into the *Campagna*, by planting the road sides, and increasing the growth of the forests along the shore, and by giving premiums and every other possible encouragement to that particular branch of agriculture. The multiplication of trees ornamental and useful in most countries, would be particularly so in the *Campagna*, where wood only is wanting to complete the picture, and to shelter at the same time the capital, and the inland tracts, from the exhalations of the marshes along the coast*.

The *malaria* or unwholesomeness of the *Campagna* is supposed to commence with the great heat or dog-days, and last till the autumnal rains precipitate the noxious vapors, refresh the earth, and purify the atmosphere. During this period of time, that is during the space of two months, the country is deserted, and except the delightful retreats of *Tivoli* and the *Alban Mount* placed by their elevation above the reach of infection, every

* See Venuti on the Cultivation of the *Campagna*.

villa, casino, and even abbey and convent is deserted. So strong is the prejudice of the Romans in this respect, that it is considered as dangerous and almost mortal to sleep out of the walls, though perhaps not twenty yards from the very gates of the city*. It is certainly reasonable to allow that the natives of a country are the best judges of its climate, and it is prudent and right that strangers should follow their advice and example in guarding against its inconveniences; yet it is impossible not to suspect that there is on this occasion a considerable degree of groundless apprehension. In reality, if a cold is taken in a rural excursion during the hot months, it is attributed to the *malaria*. Every fever, and indeed every indisposition caught by travellers who pass the *Pomptine* marshes, or the *Campagna* during the summer months, is ascribed to the influence of the air; while such disorders might very naturally be supposed to arise from heat and fatigue, causes sufficiently active to produce fatal distempers in any climate.

The conclusion which I am inclined to draw from these observations is, that the *Campagna di Roma* may, from very obvious causes, be in

* As in the Villa Borghese for instance.

some places and at certain seasons unhealthy; that active cultivation, draining, extensive plantations, and, above all, an increase of population, might in a great degree remedy this insalubrity; but, that it is unjust and uncandid to attribute to the Popes an evil which the ancient Romans either did not, or could not remove, though they might command and combine for that purpose all the skill, and all the riches of the universe*. If there be any difference between ancient and modern Rome in point of healthiness, I am inclined to think that the latter must have the advantage, as the site of the modern city is considerably raised by the ruins; and consequently the inundations of the *Tiber* are less frequent and less mischievous, and the quantity of stagnant water is much diminished. In fine,

* The appearance of the few peasants that inhabit the *Campagna* is frightful and disgusting; bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexion, livid eyes and lips; in short all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, seem united in their persons. But though I am far from maintaining that the qualities of the air have no share in the production of these deformities, yet I am inclined to attribute them in some degree also to bad water and bad diet. The first of these causes produces similar appearances in several mountainous countries, particularly in Switzerland, and the latter disposes the constitution to receive with ten-fold effect the action of the air, and the impression of noxious exhalations.

whatever the air of Rome may be for infants and youth, it is now considered as peculiarly favorable to riper age, and is said to be, as anciently, highly conducive to longevity.

CHAP. VII.

*Departure from Rome—Character of the Romans,
ancient and modern.*

At length the day fixed for our departure approached, and on the second of August we made a last visit to the Forum, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and the Capitol. We once more hailed the genius of Rome in the colonnade of St. Peter, and retired after sunset to the gardens of the *Villa Medici* on the *Pincian Mount* (*Collis Hortulorum*, the hill of gardens). There we seated ourselves under a cluster of pines and poplars that hung waving over the ancient walls of the city, and as we enjoyed the freshness of the evening air, we reflected upon the glorious objects we had seen, and the happy hours we had passed in this grand Capital of the civilized world, the seat of taste, literature, and magnificence. We were now about to take our leave for ever probably, of these noble scenes, and felt (and who would not have felt?) a considerable degree of regret at the reflection, that we now beheld the towers of Rome vanishing in

darkness for the last time ! It is indeed impossible to leave this city without emotion ; so many claims has it to our attention ; so many holds upon our best passions.

As the traveller paces along her streets, spacious, silent, and majestic, he feels the irresistible genius of the place working in his soul, his memory teems with recollections, and his heart swells with patriotism and magnanimity ; two virtues that seem to spring from the very soil, and flow spontaneously from the climate : so generally do they pervade every period of Roman history. While the *great republic*, the parent of so many heroes rises before him, he looks around like Camillus at the hills—the plain—the river—for ever consecrated by their fame, and raises his eyes with reverence to the sky that seemed to inspire their virtues.

In truth, no national character ever appeared so exalted, rose with such an accumulation of honor from so many trials, or retained its hard-earned glory for so long a period, as that of the Romans. *Nulla unquam respublica nec major, nec sanctior, nec bonis exemplis ditior fuit* *, says Titus Livius †, and the assertion was not the effusion of

* No republic was ever either greater, or more holy, or richer in examples of excellence.

† Præf. ad lib. i.

national vanity, for the Romans were too great to be vain, but the result of well-grounded conviction. That deep sense of religion which distinguished the republic from every other state, and was according to Cicero one of the sources of its grandeur; that benevolence which taught them to respect human nature in their enemies, at a time when to slaughter or at best enslave the conquered, was deemed even by the Greeks themselves the right of the victor; that strict attention to justice and the law of nations in proclaiming and carrying on war*; that contempt or rather defiance of danger and calm perseverance in spite of difficulties and obstacles; that disinterestedness and neglect of all personal indulgence, and above all, that manly and unalterable consistency which in a peculiar manner marked and supported their conduct both in public and private†: these were the grand and distinguishing features of the Roman character, features which they have imprinted on their edifices, their writings, their laws, and their language, and bequeathed to posterity as an endless claim to its gratitude and admiration. That

* Cic. de Off. lib. i. cap. xi.

† Maxime ipse populus Romanus animi magnitudine excellit.

Cic. Off. i. 18.

“The Roman people principally excels in magnanimity.”

each of these qualities may have shone forth conspicuously in other nations, and in many individuals, must be admitted; but never were they so intimately interwoven with the whole existence and being of an active people either before or after. The Greeks, more lively and ingenious, but at the same time changeable and fantastic, appear, when compared to the Romans, as children put in contrast with men; and Virgil has most philosophically as well as poetically struck off the characters of the two nations, when to the acuteness and subtlety of the Greeks he grants superiority in the arts and sciences, while to Roman firmness and wisdom he consigns the sceptre of the universe*.

To seek for parallels in modern history, would be a vain pursuit, though our sprightly neighbors are wont in a delirium of self-complacency, to compare themselves to the Greeks and Romans alternately, and interweave the virtues of both these renowned races, in the texture of modern French perfection. But while we give them in unison with the voice of Europe, much of the valor and

* *Excudent alii, &c. Tu regere, &c.*

Æn. vi. 847—851.

Let others better mold, &c.

. . . . 'tis thine alone

To rule mankind.

Dryden. Æn. vi. 1168.

ingenuity, with all the levity, and all the vanity of the Greeks, we cannot allow them one spark of Roman magnanimity. The Roman Pontiffs have occasionally emulated the firmness of the Consuls, and the Venetians not unfrequently displayed the wisdom of the senate ; while owing to the manly and generous spirit of a free government, the British nation may be allowed to possess a considerable portion of the patriotism and intrepidity of the Roman people.

The ambition with which the Romans are so often charged, cannot with justice be considered as a flaw in their character, as no great nation, or illustrious individual, ever was or indeed, can well be entirely exempt from that active passion, that *vis viva animi*, (energy of mind) which always accompanies great talents, and is designed by Providence to develop and bring them into action. To which we may add, that a spirit of conquest generally originates from the necessity and success of self defence ; and it must be admitted that the far greater part of the early wars in which the republic was engaged, arose from the jealousy of the petty states in her vicinity. The subjugation of these states and their incorporation with the victors, awakened the suspicion of more distant and powerful rivals, and brought the Samnites, the Lucanians, and the Bruttii successively into the field ; till the war of Pyrrhus showed the neces-

sity of uniting Italy under one head, to prevent her jarring cities from introducing foreign powers into her provinces, and from thus sacrificing her general independence to a momentary and local interest. This struggle tried and proved the strength of Rome, enabled her to unite all the energies of Italy, and prepared her for the more dangerous and more extensive contest with the Carthaginians. The Punic wars originated from sound policy, which pointed out the necessity of keeping so powerful a rival at a distance from the coasts of Italy, and were at the same time the unavoidable effect of two states, whose interests and views were so opposite, coming into immediate contact. The first was an essay and a mere prelude to the second, which decided the contest, and in fact laid Carthage at the feet of her more magnanimous rival. Never did a more arduous struggle engage two powerful nations, and never did mortals witness a more splendid display of the heroic virtues than that which Rome then exhibited to the astonished universe.

The dissensions among the Greeks, and the far-famed Peloponnesian war itself, sink into insignificance when compared not only with the mighty weight, and the wide sweeping desolation of the second Punic war, but with the perseverance, the wisdom, the spirit, and the magnanimity with

which it was prosecuted; nor is there a period in the annals of the world which furnishes more instruction, or presents human nature in a nobler point of view, than the history of this most sanguinary contest. Every page of it is a record of heroism that sets the soul in a blaze; it ought to be read over and over again, and every line committed to memory by the youth of every free state, and particularly of Britain, that they may learn how to appreciate the liberty and independence of their country, how to fight, and how to die in its defence.

The insidious policy of *Macedon* next engaged the attention of Rome, and the punishment she inflicted upon its temporizing despots cannot but deserve our applause. In her conduct towards the Greeks the republic first displayed its moderation and generosity, and on the glorious day when at the Isthmian games she proclaimed the liberty of Greece by her victorious general, gave an instance of magnanimity that even now melts the soul into fond admiration. But the age of heroes and of ages was passed in Greece. Incapable alike of liberty and control, proud of their former power, and unconscious of their actual weakness, jealous of each other's prosperity, and perpetually engaged either in open hostility or secret intrigue, her states alternately flattered and insulted, invited and be-

trayed their benefactors, till at length they extorted from the reluctant Romans the chastisement due to folly and ingratitude.

So far the Roman character shone unclouded; that at subsequent periods its splendor was sometimes tarnished by the ambition or the avarice of its chiefs must be admitted; but even when intoxicated by power and corrupted by luxury the city had become a vast theatre of opposite factions and turbulent passions, yet the greatness and magnanimity inherent in the national character still predominated, and shewed itself even in the vices and crimes of its perverted citizens. Though fired with lawless ambition and stained with civil blood, Marius and Sylla, Caesar and Pompey, Augustus and Antony, were lofty and towering minds that soared far above the usual reach of human greatness, and stand yet unrivalled in the lists of fame. Even Catiline and Cinna, with much of the malignity, have also much of the greatness of Milton's demons; and like those tremendous phantoms excite by the magnitude of their crimes our terror rather than our contempt. Nor was this magnanimity extinguished, or indeed always repressed by the despotism of the Emperors. Though subdued and chained, yet the Roman glared at his tyrant, and made him feel not unfrequently the effects of his indignation. Cherea and Sabinus, Corbulo and Vindex, displayed the courage and the virtue of

Brutus and Cassius ; the softer sex emulated the fame of Clelia and Lucretia ; and Arria and Epiclaris continued to shew the influence of Roman firmness on female minds. The imperial race itself was distinguished above all other royal lines, not only by pre-eminent vices but fortunately for mankind by pre-eminent virtues also ; and, if Caligula and Nero, Domitian and Caracalla, surpass in cruelty all other tyrants, so Titus and Trajan, Aurelius and Antoninus, excel all other monarchs in wisdom and benevolence.

Of the character of greatness which the Romans have given to their works I have already spoken ; here I need only remind the reader that while in the pyramids of Egypt we admire massive vastness, and in the edifices of Greece just proportion, in Roman structure, we applaud the union of magnitude and beauty with convenience and utility. In her temples Rome was more magnificent, because more opulent than Greece ; but her temples however splendid were not her noblest works. Behold that vast amphitheatre, equal in size, but how superior in form, grace, and destination to the useless bulk of the pyramids. See those aqueducts that bestride extensive regions, and convey rivers into distant cities to refresh nations and to fertilize a whole country. Their arches still stand gracing not the capital only and its vicinity, but the most remote provinces, and astonish travellers

by their solidity and their elevation. Consider those bridges which eighteen centuries, aided by inundations and earthquakes, have not in many places even shaken; and see the Danube itself for once submitting to the yoke, and still respecting the traces of his subjection. See their almost interminable roads intersecting the immensity of the empire, from the borders of *Persia* to the *Orcades*, from the *Tanais* to the *Nile*, and opening a free communication through all parts of the civilized world. These are monuments which no other nation has left behind, monuments not of taste and art only, but of wisdom and benevolence, which claim not merely our admiration but our gratitude, and rank their authors among the best benefactors of mankind.

Inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo *.

Æneid. vi. 663.

To apply this remark to works of genius would

* And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new invented arts:
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend,
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.

Dryden.

Dryden in the last couplet has entirely mistaken the meaning of Virgil, which is, "they who made their memories immortal by deserving well of mankind."

be to enter a field of criticism too extensive for the present work; but we may be allowed to assume that there is in all the great Roman authors, whether in verse or prose, a certain loftiness of thought peculiar to themselves, and very different from the terseness of the Greek, particularly the Attic writers. Majesty, though the characteristic of Virgil, and more eminently conspicuous in his divine poems, is yet strongly perceptible in Lucretius, Lucan, and Juvenal. The subjects of Horace and Ovid were not in general very susceptible of this quality, and yet even in them it occasionally transpires, and gives a certain weight and dignity to the *nugæ canoræ**. Their muse is still the Roman muse, like Minerva reserved and majestic, even when playful. But this distinctive feature of the Roman mind is most apparent in the historians; for however different Sallust, Cæsar, Titus Livius, and Tacitus may be in style, yet there is in them all an elevation of thought, a boldness of sentiment, and a dignity of language, superior, I will not say, to modern historians, but even to the compositions of the Greeks, in every other respect so perfect. In perusing them the reader finds himself raised above the common level of human thought, and placed out of the

* Poetical trifles.

reach of ordinary feelings; he is conversing with an intermediate race of beings, a species of heroes and demigods.

*Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis **.

Æn. vi. 649.

Virtue, patriotism, benevolence, the love of his country, and of mankind, rise in his estimation, and engross his whole soul. Self-preservation and self-interest, the cares and the pleasures of life shrink in comparison into trifles almost beneath his attention. His heart glows as he reads, and every page he turns over makes him a better, and fits him to be a greater man. But above even these exalted spirits, *above all Greek, above all Roman fame*, towers the immortal genius of Cicero, collecting in itself all the lights of human intellect, and scattering them over every subject on which it shines—Orator, Philosopher, and Statesman, and in all these characters unrivalled, he makes them all subservient to that of Roman and Consul, and whatever topic he treats, he never fails to display the spirit of the one, and the majesty of the other.

The Greek philosophers, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, &c. passed their days, if not in absolute re-

* The old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.

Dryden.

treat, at least in learned leisure; speculation was the business of their lives, and their works were the result of a whole age of study and reflection. Cicero devoted his youth only to books; his riper years he gave to the active duties of Roman magistracy, the direction of the senate, the management of the people, the command of legions, and the government of an empire. In the midst of these occupations, each of which seems sufficient to absorb all the time, and to engross all the attention of the most vigorous mind, he found leisure to plead the causes of his friends, to prescribe the laws of eloquence, and to sound the depths of philosophic inquiry. Thus he excelled his master Plato, and by uniting practice with theory, brought philosophy from the shades of retirement into public life, introduced her into the forum, and seated her even in the senate. In perusing the varied compositions of this illustrious Roman, it is impossible not to feel and admire that national magnanimity, that senatorial and consular dignity which pervade them, ennobling every subject, whether public or private, literary or political; and communicating to the mind of the reader a congenial elevation and grandeur, well calculated to counteract the narrow contracted views and selfish passions of these degenerate days*.

* Rousseau has ventured to call Cicero a mere rhetorician, and asks insultingly whether, without the writings of Plato,

I have already alluded to the Roman laws, and will therefore confine myself at present to one single remark. The laws of the Greeks were either the result of the meditations of a particular legislator, Lycurgus, Solon, &c. or the dictates of some momentary emergency; not unfrequently the effusion of popular passions, and in most cases applicable only to the commonwealth, or the country for which they were originally enacted. Hence, though Liberty was in general their object, and so far their effects were beneficial; yet their duration was short, and their influence contracted. But the Roman code was compiled with the same

he would have been able to compose his *Offices*? Without doubt, the Roman philosopher owed much to the sublime doctrines of Plato, and seldom omits an opportunity of acknowledging the obligation; but though a disciple of Plato, he often surpasses his master, and gives substance and body to the refined and ideal visions of the Athenian. That very treatise "*De Officiis*" is an abridgment of morality more perfect and useful than any particular work of Plato. Surely his *Epistles* are not imitations of Plato, and yet they alone are sufficient to establish Cicero's reputation, and to place him among the first of statesmen and of authors. As for the contemptuous term *rhetor* (rhetorician), if Cicero was not an orator in the highest sense of the word, who ever was? But the eloquent Genevan loved singularity, and sought for it by paradoxes; he seems to have read but little of Cicero, and if we may credit the account he gives of his own education, he could not have had a very perfect knowledge of Cicero's language.

view indeed, but on principles far more permanent and universal. It was founded not upon the convenience of the moment, nor upon the interest of one particular commonwealth, but upon the comprehensive basis of the law of nature, embracing alike all times and all places, and applicable to all governments and to all emergencies. Hence Cicero declares, that the *Twelve Tables* contain a system of morality, superior, in his opinion, to the writings of all the philosophers, and form a code of laws at the same time, that transcends all the institutions of all the Grecian legislators*.

Hence the Roman became the *universal* law, the code of nations, and to its prevalence over Europe, we may perhaps in part ascribe the superior advantage in liberty and property, which its inhabitants enjoyed during the darkness and the barbarism of the middle ages. In reality, the Roman laws and language were the two great

* Fremant omnes licet, dicam quod sentio: bibliothecas mehercule omnium philosophorum, unus mihi videtur xii. tabularum libellus, si quis legum fontes et capita viderit, et auctoritatis pondere, et utilitatis ubertate superare, &c.—*De Orator. lib. i.* 43, 44.

“In spite of murmurs of disapprobation, I will speak what I think; if any one looks to the principle and fountain head of law, the single book of the twelve tables seems to me to surpass the libraries of all the philosophers, both in weight of authority, and in its abundant utility.”

barriers that resisted and repelled the violence and ignorance of those savage times, and conveyed down to us the maxims and the sciences of the preceding more enlightened generations.

Of that language I may now be expected to speak, but as I have treated the subject elsewhere, my remarks shall be few and cursory. It is a trite observation, that the language of each nation is attuned to its feelings, habits, and manners, or in other words, to its character; and it has consequently been remarked, that Italian is soft and musical; Spanish, stately; French, voluble; German, rough; and English short and pithy. To apply this common observation to the subject before us, the language of the ancient Romans is a manly and majestic dialect, full, expressive, and sonorous, and well adapted to the genius and the dignity of a magnanimous and imperial people. Inferior in some respects, but in the qualities just mentioned superior to Greek, it corresponded well with its object, and was the vehicle, first of the edicts of the conquerors, and then of jurisprudence, philosophy, and the sciences in general; that is, it became the grand instrument of civilization, the universal language, and the parent of all the more refined dialects of Europe*.

* "Ita sentio," says Cicero, "et sæpe disserui, Latinam linguam non modo non inopem, ut vulgo putarent, sed lo-

Such were the Romans: born as it were to empire, they had nationally the same elevation of mind and dignity of sentiment as the heirs of kingdoms and principalities are supposed to possess individually; and this grandeur of thought and manners they communicated to all their achievements, and stamped on all their monuments. Who can reflect on those achievements without astonishment? who can walk amid those monuments without emotion? the very ground trod by such a race is sacred; and were Rome with all its magnificent edifices and noble remains annihilated, the seven hills would be still dear to genius and to virtue. The pilgrim would still come from distant

cupletiore^m esse quam Græcam*.”—*De Finibus*, lib. i. 3. He repeats the same assertion in the third book, cap. 2. Gibbon has exemplified its superior majesty when compared to Greek, in the two names Diocles and Diocletianus, and it may be exemplified still more satisfactorily in contrasting certain passages of Virgil, with the corresponding verses, from whence they are copied, in Homer; to which I may add, that if the vowels and diphthongs were pronounced by the ancient Greeks as they are by the modern, and there are many reasons for supposing that they were, Latin must have had at all times, in fulness and variety of sound, a decided superiority.

* “I am of opinion, and I have frequently expressed that opinion in my dissertations, that the Latin language is not only not poor, as is commonly thought, but that it is richer than the Greek.”

regions to visit with reverence the spot on which once stood the first of cities—"quæ una in omnibus terris domus fuit virtutis, imperii, dignitatis*."

But, of the heroic qualities of the ancient Romans, what share do the modern inherit? are they high-spirited and inflexible as their ancestors? or are they not rather a tame, pusillanimous race? not the descendants of the masters of the world, but the mongrel offspring of every invading tribe? or as a French writer expresses it, not Romans, but *worms that prey upon the carcase of fallen Rome?* It is easy to supply the want of observation by sarcasm and antithesis; let us endeavor to follow a different process.

National character, though it may be influenced both by the soil and the climate, is not the effect of either. Government and education, as I have elsewhere observed, are the grand and efficient causes in the formation of character both public and private. Is that government free, and that education liberal? the character will be open and manly. Is the one oppressive, and the other confined? the character will necessarily be abject and contracted. Rome is no longer mistress of the world; she is not even free; her sons, of course, have not from their infancy a brilliant

* Cic. de Orat. lib. i. cap. 44.—"Which alone in all the world was the abode of virtue, of empire, and of grandeur."

career open before them ; public honors are not held out to them as incentives to exertion, nor are their labors and sacrifices rewarded by triumphs and titles of glory ; they are not now as anciently taught even by their nurses to raise their heads, to tread with dignity, to look, move, and feel as *lords of human kind*. To submit to the will of a sovereign without sharing his councils is their fate, and domestic concerns are their only occupation. To conform them to this humble destiny is the object of education, and when they have passed some years in college confinement under the superintendency of suspicions and prying masters, they return to their families to pass their days in indolent repose.

Yet notwithstanding these disadvantages some features of the ancient are still strongly marked in the character of the modern Roman ; as amid the palaces of the present there still arise many traces of the former city. This resemblance is very naturally preserved by various circumstances ; in the first place as the language of their ancestors is an essential part of their education, and as their application to it commences at a very early period, they soon become acquainted with the ancient glories of their country, and with its history they imbibe a certain generous pride not totally devoid of magnanimity. The same effect is necessarily produced by the contemplation of the grand mo-

numents that tower around them, and force themselves upon the observation of the most inattentive. In the next place, the superiority which Rome has always enjoyed in the liberal arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and consequently her superior beauty and magnificence, which while they attract strangers from the most remote countries, must unavoidably awaken in the bosom of a citizen some emotions of self-importance and complacency. Thirdly, Rome has always been considered as the capital of the empire and the metropolis of Christendom. In the first quality she gives title and precedency to the first sovereign in Europe; and in the second, she confers upon her bishops, rank and pre-eminence above all others even though primates and patriarchs; privileges in both cases so brilliant as to reflect upon Rome a lustre still unequalled, and to inspire her inhabitants with lofty sentiments of her grandeur and their own dignity. Rome is still the *holy*, the *eternal* city, the *citadel of imperial* power, the *centre of Christian unity*—"Deorum domicilium, arx orbis terrarum, portus omnium genitum *." Crowds of strangers flow through her gates attracted by the magnificence of her monuments, the sanctity of her temples, or the glories of her name. *Et anti*

* The abode of the gods, the metropolis of the world, the refuge of all nations.

*quitas amabilis, sed et religio venerabilis sæpe eo vocant**, says *Lipsius*. The S. P. Q. R. that still blaze on the edicts of her magistrates, and ennoble her public edifices, though now a sound only, is yet an awful and venerable sound, which brings with it a train of ideas formed of all that is grand and impressive in history.

The natives of a city, whose destinies are so glorious, neither are, nor can be altogether a low-minded grovelling race; they are proud of their birth, and inherit some portion of the dignity and the elevation of their ancestors. If it be asked on what occasion the modern Romans have displayed this noble spirit, or what instances of magnanimity we find in their history, the answer is obvious. Not to speak of the courage and perseverance with which they so long and so successfully resisted the Lombards, because that era may perhaps be supposed to belong rather to ancient than modern history; I come to the year eight hundred, which may fairly be considered as the period of the calamities of Rome; and though her language was still in a state of deterioration, yet her political situation began from that epoch to improve, and continued in a progress of amelioration with little interruption, except that occasioned

* Invited thither by love for her antiquity, and also by veneration for her religion.

by the absence of her bishops, till the late French invasion. From the restoration of the Western empire we may therefore date the commencement of modern Rome, and take it for granted that as no event has since occurred to break the spirit of the Roman people, their character cannot be supposed to have undergone any change materially to its disadvantage.

Now from this era, to the pontificate of Sixtus V. the Romans seem to have displayed rather too much than too little spirit, and distinguished themselves rather by a lawless rage for independence than by a tame submission to rulers. Their history during the space of seven hundred years that elapsed between the two epochs mentioned above, is little more than a series of contests with the German Cæsars, the Popes, the Roman Barons, and the cities in the neighboring mountains. These contests, which were carried on with much violence and great slaughter, even in the streets, the squares; and sometimes the very churches themselves, contributed much to the ruin of the city, and to the destruction of its ancient monuments; but terminated not unfrequently to the advantage of the Roman people, and prove at least that in courage they were not deficient. Their occasional battles with the Saracens at that time a most warlike and formidable nation, always ended in the defeat of those infidels, and reflect no inconsi-

derable honor on the victors, who never allowed them, as the Sicilians and Neapolitans had done, to take possession of their towns, and to make settlements on their coasts. Their resistance to the German Emperors may be ascribed to some remaining sparks of Roman spirit, scorning to brook the pride and insolence of barbarian sovereigns, who, though they owed their rank and titles to the acclamations of the Roman people, sometimes presumed to approach the city in hostile array, and to impose laws on its inhabitants.

The liberties of the Romans sunk under the genius and spirit of Julius II. and of Sixtus V. and were finally suppressed by the authority and the arts of the two Pontiffs of the Medicean family (to which literature owes so much and liberty so little) Leo X. and Clement VII. Since that period every circumstance has contributed to turn the attention of the Romans to the arts of peace, to the contemplation of religion, the study of antiquity, and the embellishment of the city. Few opportunities have occurred that could call their courage into action, or awaken their ancient magnanimity. The storming of the city by the Constable *Bourbon*, and the battle of *Lepanto*, are perhaps the only occasions. In the former, though taken by surprise and treachery, the Romans protected only by the ancient walls, resisted the attacks of a veteran and regular army, and were at length overpowered by

the numbers of that truly barbarian horde ; while
Bourbon the General

. giganteis urbem tentare Deorum
Aggressus furiis * *Claudian.*

perished, as is well known, in the very act of scaling the walls. In the battle of *Lepanto* the Roman galleys, commanded by the gallant *Colonna*, led the Christian fleet, and were acknowledged to be the principal agents on that glorious day, which checked the victorious career of the Sultan, and broke his naval strength for ever.

It may further be inquired, why the Romans made little or no resistance on the late invasion, which was accompanied with circumstances sufficiently insulting to rouse even the spirit and energies of a coward ? The Romans themselves though undisciplined and unprepared, were ready to take arms, and even made a tender of their services to the government ; but the Papal ministers, and perhaps the Pontiff himself, were duped by the declarations and solemn promises of the French generals ; and in opposition to the wishes and the suspicions of the people, consented to receive the hostile army within their gates. Yet when thus

* Who, like the Titans, fir'd with impious rage,
Dar'd to attack the city of the gods,

betrayed and enslaved, the people more than once rose upon the French troops; and the *Trasteverini* in particular, on one occasion, made considerable havoc, and excited the greatest alarm among them. Insomuch that the French had recourse to their usual arts of promises, protestations, appeals to *liberty*, to the *genius of Brutus*, and to the *Roman name*, to induce these generous patriots to quit the bridges, the capitol, and other strong posts of which they had taken possession. Similar insurrections took place at *Albano* and in *Sabina*, where the peasants undisciplined and half armed, resisted and sometimes routed their enemies. These efforts, unavailing as they were, and as from the unfortunate situation of the Papal territory, and indeed of all Italy at that time, they must necessarily have been, are still so many proofs that the Romans are not, as has been so often asserted, a race of abject dastards.

The truth is, that want of courage is not the predominant vice either of the Romans or of the Italians, or indeed of any other nation: courage is a quality inherent in man, but its exercise is the result of calculation. Give an individual that which is worth defending, and he will defend it; give a nation liberty with all its blessings, and it will fight for them; a bad government has no value, and excites no attachment—who then will expose his life to support it?

The modern Romans are accused of habitual indolence, and a disposition to mendicity; a reproach founded upon hasty and partial observation. To repose during the heat of the day is a custom established in all southern countries, is conformable to the practice of the ancients, and is both useful and wholesome; because by sacrificing hours when exercise is dangerous or oppressive, it leaves the morning and the evening, that is, all the cool and delightful part of the day, with much of the night, open to business and amusement. The time given to labor and to rest is in quantity the same as in northern regions, but divided in a different manner. As for mendicity, I have already observed, that in countries and cities where the poor are supported by voluntary contributions, mendicity is not easily avoidable: in favor of Rome I must add, that the number of beggars is not greater there than in other capitals of the same population; and that the wretches who infest the churches and public edifices are in general strangers, attracted by the facility of gathering alms in a city frequented by so many rich travellers, and filled with so many convents and pious establishments. The extreme misery which we witnessed was owing to the entire spoliation of all the hospitals and asylums; to the ruin of public credit; to the impoverishment of the clergy, the nobility,

and householders, by the exactions of the soldiery ; and in short to the general system of plunder exercised by the French while in possession of the city.

I come now to the morals of the Romans, and must, in the first place, acknowledge that it would be presumption in a traveller who passed three months only in Rome, to pretend to speak upon this subject from his own observation. However from inquiries, and the statement of impartial and judicious strangers long resident in Rome, we collected, that among the higher classes there is less room for censure here than perhaps in any other Italian city ; that *cicisbeism*, which in its most qualified practice is an insult to decency, is neither so common nor so flagrant ; that the morals of the cardinals, prelates, and clergy, and even of the middling class of citizens, are pure and unimpeachable ; and that the people in general are mild, open-hearted in their intercourse, and in their manners extremely decorous and even stately. This latter quality of the Romans cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer : while the traveller sees, or seems to see, in this unaffected gravity and dignified deportment some traces of the majesty of the ancients, and fancies that he can still discover in their fallen descendants—

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam*.

Æn. lib. i. 286.

But how far the tide of Roman blood has run pure and unmixed during the lapse of so many centuries, and the course of so many revolutions, it is difficult to determine. The capital of an empire including many nations in its pale, must necessarily be crowded with strangers, and perhaps half peopled by the natives of the provinces. Such is the state of the great British metropolis at present, and such was that of Rome anciently; the latter indeed was more likely to attract strangers, or rather provincials, than the former, as many or most of the inhabitants of the great cities enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, and were even admitted, as the Gauls were by Julius

* The Romans, the masters of the world, and the gowned nation.

The subject world shall Rome's dominion own,
And prostrate shall adore the nation of the gown.

Dryden.

The Roman character, both ancient and modern, may be expressed with great precision by that beautiful antithesis of Lanzi, *Vi e un grande che si piega a ogni bello; vi e un bello che si solleva a ogni grande.*

“ *There is a greatness which bends to every thing that is beautiful; there is a beauty which elevates itself to every thing that is great.*”

Cæsar, into the senate itself*. Cicero who beheld the evil, if it deserve that name, in its origin, complains that even in his time the influx of foreigners had infected the purity of the Latin language†; and if at a period when the honors and

* Religiosa patet peregrinæ curia laudi

Nec putat externos quos decet esse suos.

Rutil. Iter. lib. i. ver. 13.

The senate's self enrolls among its sons

Illustrious foreigners, nor strangers deems

Whom 'tis its proudest boast to make its own.

Aspice hanc frequentiam, cui vix urbis immensæ tecta sufficiunt; maxima pars illius turbæ ex municipiis, ex coloniis suis, ex toto denique orbe terrarum confluerunt—nulum non hominum genus concurrat in Urbem—*Seneca ad Helviam. cap. vi.*

Populis, victisque frementem

• Gentibus

Nulloque frequentem

Cive suo Romam sed mundi fæce repletam.

Lucan, lib. vii. 404.

“Behold this crowd, for which the houses of this immense city scarce suffice; the greatest part of that multitude comes from the municipal towns, from the colonies, in a word from the whole world—the whole race of mankind takes refuge in the city—

resounding with the hum

Of conquer'd nations

And Rome with dregs of foreign lands is fill'd.

Rowe.

† Cicero *De Claris Orat. cap. 74.*

offices of the state were confined to the native Romans, the number of strangers was so considerable, what must it have been under the Emperors, when all distinction was done away, and the privileges of the capital were communicated to the whole empire?

As Rome continued even after the fall of her empire the metropolis and capital of Christendom, and has considered herself at all times as the common parent of Christians, and peculiarly so of men of genius and learning, the influx has never ceased to pour new inhabitants, and with them fresh supplies of vigor and genius, into the bosom of the *Eternal City*. This influx instead of being a reproach is an honor; it was the destiny of Rome from her foundation to be the assylum of mankind, the receptacle of nations, "*portus omnium gentium* *." But it must be remembered, that Rome, though taken and plundered by barbarians, has never been possessed, colonized, or repeopled by them, and that the change (if any) which has taken place in the breed is the inevitable consequence of wide extended influence, whether of power or of opinion, and must have occurred even if Rome had retained the sceptre of the universe. All that can

* The refuge of all nations.

be inferred from such a change is, that the Romans of the nineteenth are not the Romans of the first century, as these latter were not those of the era of Romulus. But they inhabit the city founded by Romulus, they are the descendants of the masters of the world, as much as these were the offspring of the Sabine race, or of the shepherds that accompanied the twin brothers, or of the fugitives who flocked to the asylum. They speak a language more resembling that of Cicero and Virgil, than the dialect of Cicero and Virgil resembled that of Tatius or Numa: in short, they are as much the descendants of the Romans as the modern French are the descendants of the Franks under Clovis, or Charlemagne, and as the English are of the Saxons who invaded and conquered Britain. As such, the modern Romans may be allowed to excite interest, and perhaps almost deserve respect; especially as their virtues and their genius are their own; their vices, which are neither more numerous nor more scandalous than those of other nations, are owing to their circumstances, and may be ascribed to mistaken policy, to an imperfect government, to foreign influence, and in part perhaps to a narrow system of education.

August the third, at two o'clock in the morning, we set out. As we rolled under the arch of the *Porta del Popolo*, and heard the gates close

behind us; as we passed the *Ponte Milvio* and looked down on the *Tiber* flowing dimly beneath; our regret redoubled, and all the magnificence of Rome, now left behind us for ever, presented itself once more to our recollection *.

* The feelings of an ancient provincial in the moment of departure from the capital which he had visited with veneration and enthusiasm, are expressed in language both passionate and poetical by Rutilius.

Crebra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis;

Inviti superant limina sacra pedes

Exaudi Regina tui pulcherrima mundi

Inter sidereos Roma recepta polos!

Exaudi genitrixque hominum, genitrixque deorum,

Non procul a cælo per tua templa sumus.

Te canimus, semperque, sinent dum fata, canemus,

Sospes nemo potest immemor esse tui

Auctorem generis Venerem, Martemque fatemur,

Æneadum matrem, Romulidumque patrem.

Mitigat armatas victrix clementia vires,

Convenit in mores nomen utrumque tuos

Tu quoque legiferis mundum complexa triumphis

Fœdere communi vivere cuncta facis.

Te Dea, te celebrat Romanus ubique recessus,

Pacificoque gerit libera colla iugo

Quod regnas minus est quam quod regnare mereris;

Excedis factis grandia fata tuis.

Rutil. Iter. lib. i. ver. 43. et seq.

We print upon the gates we soon must leave,

The frequent kiss, and with reluctant feet

O'erstep the sacred threshold

Hear, mighty Rome! the fairest, noblest town

Thy subject world can boast! immortal city,

Admitted to a place among the gods!

Parent

Parent of mortals and immortals, hear !
When in thy temples, we are half in heav'n,
Thy praise we sing, and while life's current warm
Plays in our hearts, will sing thy praise for ever.
The wise and good, while time itself shall last,
Must cherish thy remembrance
Venus and Mars our ancestors we boast
Æneas' mother, and Quirinus' sire.
Alike for valor's, mercy's praise renown'd,
Victorious pity stays thine armed hand
Thou too within triumphant law's embrace
Didst fold the world, obliging all mankind
To live in amicable league. Great queen !
Each corner of the globe, now Roman made,
Is proud to celebrate thy name ; is proud
To wear thy peaceful yoke, though subject, free . . .
To reign is not thy glory ; 'tis that thou
Dost well deserve to reign, by glorious deeds
Surpassing ev'n thine own great destinies.

CHAP. VIII.

*Etruria—the Cremera—Veii—Falerium—Mount
Soracte—Fescennium—Mecania—Asisium—
Lake of Trasimenus—Entrance into the Tuscan
Territory—Cortona—Ancient Etrurians—Ar-
retium—Val d'Arno.*

THE weather was serene; the air cool and delici-
ous; the stars sparkled with unusual brilliancy;
and the night appeared in all the freshness and all
the beauty of the climate.

Aure lievi portando, e largo nembo
Di sua rugiada pretiosa e pura;
E scotendo del vel l'humido lembo
Ne spargeva i fioretti e la verdura;
E' i venticelli dibattendo l'ali
Lusingavano il sonno de mortali*.

Gierusalemme liberata.

-
- * Light in her train attendant zephyrs throng;
Rich store of moisture pure she brought along;
She shook her humid veil, and round her threw,
Sprinkling each herb and flow'r, the silver dew,
While ev'ry breeze its pinions wav'd, to fan
Eyes long unclos'd, and sleep restor'd to man.

Hunt's Translation.

We had now entered *Etruria*, and were traversing a country, celebrated in the early records of Rome for many a furious combat, and many an heroic achievement. On this ground the Romans defended their newly acquired liberty with all the intrepidity which the first taste of such a blessing must inspire. Here they triumphed over Tarquin and his Etrurian allies; and here their leader and consul, Brutus, sealed their freedom with his blood. This region was the theatre of the Veientian war, and witnessed all the glorious deeds that graced that long protracted contest.

All this territory, the object of so much contest and bloodshed, is now a desert. Even the capital itself, which stood so long the rival and terror of Rome, and would have been preferred to it, if the authority of Camillus, and an omen, that is, a lucky coincidence of a military order with the subject debate of the senate, had not prevailed over the representations of the tribunes; even *Veii* itself has perished, nor left a vestige to mark its situation. Hence even antiquaries differ as to the real spot. Some place it at *Civita Castellana*, and others, with more probability, at *Scrofano*, on a rocky hill called *Monte Musivo*, about six miles on the right from the road between *La Storta* and *Baccano*, and of course about twelve from Rome*.

* Others again place *Veii* in a little island about a mile

The distance and natural strength of this site correspond with the description of *Veii*, and some masses of rubbish are pointed out, as the remains of a city once superior even to Rome in magnificence, and capable, like Troy, of resisting for ten years the efforts of an army of fifty thousand men. But how vain it is to explore the situation of a place, which has been a solitude for more than two thousand years.

Nunc intra muros pastoris buccina lenti

Cantat—et in vestris ossibus arva metant*.

Propertius iv. 11.

The flocks had fed in the streets, and the ploughshare had furrowed the sepulchres of the fallen *Veientes*; a melancholy observation, applicable not to *Veii* alone, but to all the early rivals of Rome, *Fidenæ*, *Cænina*, *Corioli*, *Ardea*, *Alba*. Not the site only but almost the memory of *Veii* was obliterated in the time of *Florus*,—*Nunc Veios fuisse quis meminit? quæ reliquæ? quodve vestigium†*.

and an half to the right of *La Storta*.—This *Isola Farnesii* is now said to have established its claim in the recent discovery of inscriptions upon the spot.

* Within thy walls his tuneless horn
Now slowly winds the shepherd swain,
And where your bones neglected lie,
Unheeding mows the golden grain.

† *Lib. i. 12*.—Who now remembers that *Veii* ever existed? what remains, what vestige is to be found?

At length the morning dawned, and Aurora (such as *Guido* contemplated, and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colors) shed over the *Sabine* mountains a rich glow gradually softening as more distant into purple; lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her paths; and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds, even in our northern climate, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined; but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendor, and produce that airy perspective, that lucid atmosphere, called in painting an *Italian* sky. In contemplation of this beautiful and ever-varying phenomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, *La Storta*, and then enjoyed the glories of the rising sun; till concealing himself in a *golden fringed* cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.

At the foot of the little eminence of *Baccano**, the second stage, which still retains its ancient

* *Baccano*, a solitary post-house, bearing the name of an ancient town, stands in a little valley, surrounded on all sides with hills, forming a verdant amphitheatre that wants nothing but trees to be extremely beautiful. About four miles on the right is the lake *Sabatinus*, now *Bracciano*.

name, we crossed the *Cremera* (fatal stream! that beheld the victories and the fall of the generous *Fabii*) and walking on while the horses were changing, we ascended the hill, and took a last view of Rome then glittering with the rays of the sun, that played upon its palaces, towers, and domes, and displayed its whole extent in all its magnificence*.

Quisque

Hæsit, et extremæ tunc forsitan Urbis amatae

Plenus abit visu †. Luc. i. 509.

From *Monte Rosi* the country began to improve, and appearances of cultivation increased as we advanced. A few miles north-west of *Monte Rosi*, on a hill, stands *Sutri* (*Sutrium*) an ancient town and Roman colony.

At *Civita Castellana* we had time to examine the site and ancient walls which, though curious, we had been obliged on our first visit to pass unnoticed, on account of our late arrival and early

* This view of Rome at a very early hour is one of the finest that can be taken, as it shows off to the best advantage those long lines of buildings, and vast majestic masses, which constitute one of the principal features of this Capital.

† Each stopp'd, and sighing turn'd for one last view,
And bid the city of his birth adieu.

Rowe.

departure. This town is supposed by many to be the ancient *Fescennium*: it stands on an insulated rock, surrounded on all sides with a precipice nearly perpendicular, forming a deep dell, at the bottom of which through a stony channel, rolls a clear and constant stream. The walls both of the town and the citadel rise on the edge of the precipice, are formed in general of large blocks of stone, and probably are the remains of the ancient rampart. The strength and position of *Civita Castellana* have induced, as I have before observed, many antiquaries to conjecture that it occupies the site of the ancient *Vei*, and the inhabitants have very readily adopted an opinion so honorable to their city. But the more general persuasion that *Vei* was much nearer Rome, is founded upon arguments so very solid and satisfactory, that to doubt on the subject seems difficult.

About two miles and a half to the west of *Civita Castellana* on a hill, stands a little town now called *Sta. Maria dei Fallari*, supposed by some to be the ancient *Falerii*, the capital of the *Falisci*; a name that always revives the recollection of an anecdote highly honorable to the feelings of Camillus, and to the generous character of the Romans*.

* Tit. Liv. v. 27.

We were now in the midst of regions once inhabited by warlike tribes well known in the early periods of Roman history, and not unfrequently recorded by the poets.

Hi Fescenninas acies æquosque Faliscos,
Hi Soractis habent arces, Flaviniæque arva,
Et Cimini cum monte lacum, lucosque Capenos*.

Virg. *Æneid.* vii. 695.

We were in the very capital itself, *Fescennium*, about six or seven miles from *Soracte*, as many from the mountains and lake of *Ciminus*, and close to *Falerium*†. Some days might have been passed here with pleasure, and perhaps with improvement; we might have ascended *Soracte*, and endeavoured to discover the remains of the temple of Apollo—"Sancti custos Soractis‡:" we might have explored the *Ciminian* forest, which the Romans once beheld with awe and even terror, as impene-

- * The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminia springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.

Dryden.

† Perhaps in it, as Cluverius supposes, that *Civita Castellana* occupies the site of that city, and that *Fescennium* lay nearer the *Tiber*.

‡ *Æneid* xi. 785.—The guardian of holy Soracte.

trable to human steps*; we might have ranged along the borders of its lake, which is said to have swallowed up a city; and in fine, we might have visited the shattered walls of old *Falerium*, and wandered over its now deserted hill. But these excursions we must leave to future travellers who may have more leisure, and as the season advances we must hasten on. Just out of the gate of *Civita Castellana* is an aqueduct, still kept up in good repair.

After having crossed a high hill covered with wood we entered *Borghetto*, an insignificant village: the only object that attracts the eye is an old castle, standing in picturesque ruin on the summit of the neighboring eminence. We crossed the *Tiber* over a fine bridge, the *Ponte Felice*, erected by Sixtus Quintus, and shortly after began to ascend the ridge of cultivated hills that border the vale intersected by that river. As we advanced, the hills increased in height, till passing over the deep but dry channel of a wintry torrent, we turned and proceeded under the shade of the mountain and its forests, then peculiarly grateful. The scenery around *Narni* the reader is acquainted with; its beauties were not altered by the scorching heats of the season. Descending the hill, we once more visited the *Ponte D'Augusto*, and traversing the

* Liv. lib. ix. cap. 36.

delicious vale of the *Nar*, entered *Terni* about six in the evening.

Next morning early we made another and final visit to the cascade; we took the lower path, and proceeded along the *Nar*, under the shade of groves rising on its banks, and woods hanging from the shelving sides of the mountains. The mass of water was considerably diminished, and of course the grandeur of the fall somewhat impaired; however as the *Velino* is fed by two lakes it retains a sufficient quantity of water to form at all times a most noble and interesting object, particularly when combined with the surrounding scenery. I must here observe, that if the traveller should not have leisure to visit the *Caduta delle Marmore* (the marble cascade) twice, he would do well to prefer the view from above to that from below, as in the latter the first grand fall is not a little concealed by the cloud of spray; and by the *Iris* playing over it; so much indeed that little more than one-third of its elevation is perceptible.

Leaving this singular and magnificent scene with regret, we continued our route, and entering the defiles of the mountains, we began at the second post to ascend *Monte Somma*. We changed horses at *Spoletto*; we then rolled over the plain below, the delicious *Valle Spoletana*, feasted our eyes with the windings of the *Clitumnus* as we drove along, looked down upon its sources, visited

once more his temple, again admired the picturesque position of *Trevi*, anciently *Trebia*, and the *Monte Petino* on our right, and entered *Foligno*. From this town the country became new to our eyes, and to its continued beauty superadded the charms of novelty.

On the left of the road from *Foligno*, at the distance of about six miles, the towers of *Mevania* (now with a slight alteration *Bevagnia*) *latis projecta in campis** arise visible above the woods. The river on which it stands still nearly retains its ancient name *Timia*†, and with the *Clitumnus* contributes to water and to fertilize the vale over which *Mevania* seems to preside. Propertius was born in this town and indulges the vanity of a poet in describing the lustre which it derives from that circumstance.

Scandentes si quis cernit de vallibus arces
Ingenio muros æstimet ille meo †.

Lib. iv. Eleg. i.

On the right on the side of a hill stands the

* Silius Italicus, lib. vi. 644.—Stretching over the spacious plains.

† Cluverius mistakes when he calls this river the *Topino*, a stream which, flowing from *Foligno*, joins the *Timia* at a town called *Cannara*, about six miles north of *Mevania*.

‡ Behold in yonder vale th' aspiring town,
And estimate its worth by my renown.

little town of *Ispello* (*Hispellum*) a Roman colony, whose sons, if a poet may be believed, once ranked among "*celeberrima nomina bello**." A little further, at the foot of the same hill are the ruins of an amphitheatre, shapeless, and uninteresting.

Asisium, now *Assisi*, on the side of a hill on the right, makes a fine appearance, and preserves it on a nearer approach. It gave birth to St. Francis, the founder of the Franciscan order, is the metropolis of this order, and owes to it its size, its splendor, and its fame. The *Sagro Convento*†, where the body of the saint is said to repose, presents an immense front, and is considered as a very extensive and superb edifice. At the foot of the hill on the road there is a village or rather little town, called *Madonna degli Angioli*‡, from a rustic chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and the angels, in which St. Francis was accustomed to offer up his devotions, and is supposed to have received the first call to perfection. This oratory became afterwards an object of great veneration, and still continues to be resorted to by pilgrims, especially on the second of August, when multitudes flock to it from all the neighboring provinces. In order to

* Silius Italicus, lib. iv. 186.

Names renown'd in war.

† Sacred Convent.

‡ Our Lady of the Angels.

satisfy the devotion of so great a concourse of people, a very spacious and noble church has been erected, in such a manner as to cover the original oratory, which stands in its centre and under its dome.

We passed on the second day after this festival, and were informed by one of the fathers, that more than ten thousand persons had attended service on that day, and that owing to the heat of the weather and the blind enthusiasm of the crowd pressing forward to touch the altar, no less than ten persons were suffocated, pressed or trampled to death. A practice which not only draws so many laboring persons from their homes and occupations, but occasions such tragical accidents, becomes a mischievous superstition, and ought to be suppressed by public authority. This church, or rather the chapel enclosed within its precincts, is also called the *Portiuncula*, because it was the first *portion* or property annexed to the order. I regretted much that our arrangements did not permit us to visit *Asisium*, not only on account of the convents which are said to contain several valuable paintings, but particularly on account of the portico of *Santa Maria di Minerva*, composed of six Corinthian pillars of the finest proportion, which supported the front of the ancient temple of Minerva.

Here the reader may perhaps expect some ac-

count of St. Francis of *Asisium*, the founder of an order more extraordinary perhaps and more numerous, though less useful and less respectable than that of the Benedictines. A man who has imposed upon so many thousands of voluntary disciples, laws far more severe than those of Lycurgus, and given to his laws a longer duration, as well as a far more extensive influence than that legislator or indeed most others have been able to impart to their institutions, must certainly have been a very extraordinary person, and must have derived either from his virtues or from his accomplishments means of persuasion unusually efficacious. His birth and education were naturally calculated to confine him to mediocrity; but an ardent piety and a disinterestedness that knew no bounds, soon raised him into notice, and made him an object of contempt to some, of admiration to many. A solemn determination taken at the age of twenty-one to practise strictly and literally the sublimest lessons of Christian self-denial, and the courage to support that resolution without the least deviation during a life of forty-six years, may be considered as proofs of most extraordinary energy and consistency of character. When to these qualities we add two others of a very different and almost opposite nature, the simplicity of a child, and a humility that almost seemed to border upon pusillanimity, we shall make the picture still more

wonderful without diminishing its resemblance. To renounce every species of property, every honorable distinction, every mark of respect from others, nay, even to stifle every emotion of self-complacency, every sentiment of self-applause, and consequently to extinguish every spark of self-love in his own bosom, and then to replace this active principle by a love of God and Man still more active and more efficacious, was the perfection to which this singular personage aspired, and which he appears in some measure to have attained. Hence his whole life was a series of generous sacrifices, patient sufferings, and above all, of acts of devotion ardent and almost impassioned. To the warmth of this sublime affection the Italian language owes two of its earliest poetical flights, which as they shew the mind and talents of the composer as well as the language and versification of the age, I may insert elsewhere, especially as they are uncommon, or at least not likely to fall in the way of the greater part of my readers.

But the most singular part of the character of St. Francis was that he could communicate the fire that glowed in his own bosom to his hearers, or rather to the spectators of his virtues, and by his example more than by his words, prevail upon thousands of his contemporaries, and among them many of rank, talents, and education, to adopt the same most austere and laborious mode of living.

The Spartan legislator is supposed to have given an astonishing proof of his influence and address in prevailing upon his countrymen to adopt laws that imposed a few restraints, but proscribed no pleasure and stifled no passions; and Cicero is said to have carried the powers of eloquence to the utmost pitch when he engaged the Roman people to forego the advantages of the Agrarian law. What then must we think of the persuasive powers of St. Francis, who triumphed over the most powerful passions that rage in the human breast, and induced so many myriads of disciples to renounce property, name, pleasure, nay, their very will itself, to follow him in the rugged path of self-denial and mortification? Either his talents or his virtues, or both must have been transcendent; and, without being his disciples, we may very safely consider him as a great and wonderful personage. St. Francis was born about the year eleven hundred and eighty, and died about twelve hundred and twenty-five, having witnessed the rapid propagation of his order, which contained previous to his death more than fifty thousand persons.

I know full well that to ascribe virtue and talents to a saint or a friar, may be considered by some of my readers as an attempt to impose upon their credulity, and that an Italian *Religious*, and a Mahometan dervise are, as to personal merit and

qualifications, placed by many nearly upon a level. Yet we may venture to assure such readers that both virtue and talents in a very transcendent degree have been found lodged under a cowl and a hood; how they came there, they *may with Yorick wonder*, but as they are certainly found there, we may be allowed to treat them with the love and reverence which they deserve. Gray imagined that St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusian order, must have been a man of genius; we may extend the compliment to his master St. Benedict, to St. Bernard, St. Francis, and many of their disciples, men who in ages of ignorance endeavored to light up the beacons of science, and in ages of vice struggled by word and example to repress the debauchery, the cruelty, and the boundless licentiousness of the times.

Hæc igitur qui cuncta subegerit, ex animoque
Expulerit dictis, non armis; nonne decebit,
Hunc hominem numero divum dignari esse?*

Luc. v. 50.

The same plain still continues with all its fertility and beauty beyond *Asisium*. A little to the north of *Bastia* it is intersected by a stream called the *Chiascio*, anciently *Clasius*, and further on, by the

* And shall not he, whose all-controlling mind
The human race subdued by words, not arms—
Say, shall not he be thron'd among the gods?

still a very noble river. We passed
at sun-set, and began to ascend the
Tiber, where we arrived about ten
o'clock, to inform the reader that on
the next day we re-entered *Etruria*.

At last *Perusia*, is one of the most
most distinguished cities of *Etruria*;
the date of its foundation long preceded that of
Rome, and like the origin of *Clusium*, *Cortona*, &c.
is almost lost in distance of time. In conjunction
with all the other *Etrurian* states it long resisted
the Romans, and when subjected, or rather recon-
ciled to them, it became a faithful and a courageous
ally; it defied the power of Annibal, and flourished
in peace and opulence till the reign of Augustus;
when unfortunately it engaged in the rebellion of
Lucius Antonius, uncle of the Triumvir, and under
his command, shut its gates against Augustus who
took it, and as it is reported, wished to spare it;
but one of its principal citizens setting fire to his
own house, which he intended as a funeral pile for
himself and his family, the flames communicated
to the neighboring buildings, and spreading rapidly
around, reduced the city to ashes. *Perugia* how-
ever rose immediately from its ruins; and on its
restoration, by a strange inconsistency, chose for
its patron Vulcan, a divinity to whom it seems to
have had very few obligations, as the god had
spared his own temple only in the general con-
flagration. In the Gothic war it displayed much

spirit, and stood a siege of seven years against these barbarians. It afterwards with the whole Roman state submitted to the Pope, and with some intervals of turbulent independence has remained ever since attached to the Roman See.

Perugia is now a large, clean, well-built, and well-inhabited city. Seated on the summit of a mountain, it commands from its ramparts, and particularly from its citadel, an extensive view over a vast range of country, fertile, varied with hill and dale, and enlivened with villages and towns. In this rich landscape, the plain which we had traversed made a very conspicuous figure, watered by the *Clitumnus*, and bounded by the Apennines. There are many churches, convents, and palaces in this city, most of which were adorned with the paintings of *Pietro Perugino*, the master of *Raffaello*; of these the French carried off a considerable number, and defaced others, particularly such as were painted on walls and could not be removed. The cathedral is in itself a very indifferent edifice, and its deformity is increased by the bad taste that seems to have prevailed in its repair and decorations. Several other churches merit attention, particularly that of *S. Pietro*, belonging to a Benedictine abbey; it is supported by eighteen pillars of fine marble, and adorned with an altar of the same materials very rich and well disposed. *Perugia* has an university supplied with able professors, and several academies, all of which can boast of

illustrious names, and it is upon the whole an interesting city, capable of entertaining the curious and inquisitive traveller for several days.

The road from hence is over a hilly country, planted principally with olive trees, and of course not very shady. Descending the high hill of *Magiona* we first discovered, gleaming through a wood of oaks, the lake *Trasymenus*, and at the village of *Torricelli* at the foot of the hill we found ourselves on its banks. This lake is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length and about seven in breadth. Three little islands rise in it, the largest and the least about a mile from the northern shore, the other near the southern extremity. The name of this island is *Polese*. The two others are denominated from their size *Minore* (less) and *Maggiore* (greater); the latter is adorned with a church. The banks of the lake ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its margin; and as they are clad with wood and speckled with villages form an outline both bold and lively*. But if in extent

* Such also was its ancient appearance.

Namque ego sum (the god of the lake speaks) celsis quem
cinctum montibus ambit

Tmolus missa manus, stagnis Thrasymenus opacis.

Sil. Ital. lib. iv. 737.

Lo! I am Thrasymene, the wooded lake,
Upon whose banks, to lofty hills that swell,
Still dwell the tribes that erst from Tmolus came.

and beauty the lake *Trasymenus* yield to many, in celebrity it is inferior to none; the fall of fifteen thousand Romans and the death of a consul ennoble its name, and cast an awful solemnity over its scenery.

From *Torricelli* the road winds along the margin of the lake to a village called *Passignano*, which occupies a very narrow defile, closed on one side by the lake, on the other by a rocky precipice. Beyond this defile the road crosses a plain, bounded by the lake on the left, and on the right by a semi-circular ridge of hills and mountains. This ridge, which falls back in the centre, advances again on the sides, and closes on the lake at *Passignano* in a precipice; and at *Borghetto* in a lofty acclivity. The plain thus enclosed is about six miles in length, that is, from the former to the latter of these places, and about four in breadth from the lake to the mountains. Annibal could not have discovered or even have desired a situation more favorable to stratagem and ambush. In the centre of this plain he encamped at the head of his African and Spanish troops; the *Baleares* and light armed forces he placed in the recesses of the mountains all around, while his cavalry were commissioned to occupy the defile on the rear of the Romans, as soon as they had passed through it. The consul entered by *Borghetto* with his characteristic rashness and impetuosity, and hastened to attack the

army which he beheld in front; when a sudden shout bursting around informed him that he was beset on all sides; a thick mist rising from the lake darkened the air; noise, confusion, dismay, defeat, and slaughter followed. The return of sunshine showed the ground strewn with the bodies of the Romans, and the lake crimsoned with their blood*.

A streamlet, which nearly intersects the plain in the middle, still retains the name of *Sanguinetto* or *Fossa del Sangue*†; it is supposed to water the spot where the consul fell, and is said by the peasants to have rolled a torrent of blood to the *Trasymenus*, and impurpled its waters to a considerable distance. This rill is the most popular and perhaps the most permanent memorial of this disastrous battle; it is known and pointed out by every peasant and driver, and contemplated by all with some degree of horror. To throw a certain gloom and melancholy over the scenes of human destruction is natural to the mind, and usual in all countries. It is reported, that after sunset a sound like the clashing of shields and the onset of distant armies is heard on the plain of *Marathon*: at

* Livius xxii. 4, 5, 6—for a poetical description see Sil. lib. v.

† The ditch of blood.

*Neerwinden** a countryman assured me that strange noises were often heard on the plains at night; and near *Tewkesbury*, a close where the greatest number of the *Lancastrians* were massacred, is still called the *bloody field*, and is supposed by the people to be haunted by spectres.

Ingemuissē putes campos, terramque nocentem
 Inspirasse animas, infectumque aera totam
 Manibus, et superam Stygia formidine noctem †.

Lucan. vii. 769.

The *Sanguinetto*, when we passed it, was the dry bed of a torrent, lined with vines above the road; and below it, toward the lake, shaded with poplars.

About two miles farther we turned from the lake, and began to ascend the bold wooded hill of *Gualandro*. From its summit we enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view; behind, of the lake, its islands, and its wooded borders; and before, of the plain of *Arezzo*, the *Valle de Chiana*, and the hills of *Viterbo*, with the truncated cone of *Monte Putciano*. This wide and varied view was lighted by

* Near *Louvain*, where the French under *Dumourier* were defeated with great slaughter by the Austrians commanded by the Prince of *Saxe Cobourg*, in the month of March, 1793.

† Ascending fiends infect the air around,
 And hell breathes baleful through the groaning ground.
 Hence dire affright distracts the soul.

Rowe.

the richest and softest tints of an Italian summer's evening. Descending the declivity we passed through the village of *Ossaia*, said, like the *Fossa del Sanguine*, to take its name from the slaughter of the battle, and from the bones dug up by the peasantry in the neighboring fields. An inscription over the door of a house announces the origin of the name in the following lines, not very classical but intelligible enough.

Nomen habet locus hic Ossaia, ab ossibus illis.
Quæ dolus Annibalis fudit et hasta simul *.

On entering the Tuscan territory we were stopped for a minute by an officer of the customs, the most polite and most disinterested of the profession; and then we proceeded rapidly to *Camoscia*. It was now dusk, and we could barely distinguish at a little distance on our right the city of *Cortonà*, "*superbi Tarchontis domus*†" rising in a majestic situation on the side of a mountain. This city, supposed to be the most ancient in Italy, and once the capital of *Etruria*, still retains its original name unaltered, and preserves some remnant of

* From heaps of bones, which Hannibal of yore,
At once by treach'ry and the dint of sword,
Spread o'er our fields, Ossaia takes its name.

† The abode of haughty Tarchon.

its walls, the only vestige of its early magnificence. It possesses many valuable paintings, a museum, and a public library, and glories in an academy of great and deserved reputation : its grand object is to discover and to elucidate Etrurian antiquities, and its success has in this respect kept pace with the talents and the zeal of its members.

To visit this museum and to discourse with some of the learned members of the Tuscan academy was a desirable object : we were now in the centre of *Etruria*, under the walls of its capital, and within a few miles of *Chusium*, (now *Chiuso*) the seat of one of its most powerful monarchs. We had thus an opportunity of making some researches into the history of the wonderful people who gave their name to this territory and the neighboring sea ; who equalled the Egyptians in the solidity, and surpassed them in the beauty, of their edifices ; who excelled in the arts, and rioted in the luxuries of life, while the Greeks were still barbarians, and Rome had yet no name ; and whose antiquity is such that their origin is lost in the obscurity of ages, and was even in the time of Herodotus, as it now still remains, a subject of dispute and conjecture. Some suppose them to have been *Aborigines*, an appellation given to the inhabitants found in a country by its first recorded invaders* ;

* Dionysius Halic.

others from a distant conformity in certain customs, fancy that they were of Egyptian origin. Many represent them as a colony of Lydians*, or perhaps of Mæonians, compelled by the pressure of famine to leave their native soil and to seek for maintenance in a more fertile region; a still greater number imagine that they were Pelasgi†, a well known tribe of Greeks, who, when driven by the Hellenes from *Thessalia*, first took shelter in *Lydia*, and afterwards in Italy. In fine, a few later writers have thought that they had discovered in the manners, language, and monuments of the Etrurians and Cananeans such an affinity, as authorized them to conclude that the former were a colony of the latter, and of course either Phœnicians or Philistines. This opinion, supported by *Maffei* and *Mazzochi*, and followed by many other Italian authors, is combated by some French critics of considerable learning and merit.

We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a discussion in which learning has already exhausted its stores, and criticism has foiled its own ingenuity; it will abundantly satisfy rational curiosity to know, that the Etrurians participated the qualities of all the different nations to which they have been supposed to owe their origin.

* Herodotus.

† See Cluv. Ital. Ant. lib. ii.

Brave as the *Pelasgi*, they extended their conquests over almost all Italy, and filled its finest provinces, from the borders of *Campania* to the *Rhatian* Alps with their cities and population. Ingenious like the Greeks, they cultivated sculpture, painting, architecture and all the arts with passion, and have left behind them numberless monuments to attest their success. Enterprising as the Phœnicians, they delighted and excelled in navigation, colonized the Mediterranean islands, and attempted to explore the secrets of the ocean. So far their resemblance to their supposed ancestors is honorable, and to this they owed their achievements, their renown, and their prosperity. But unfortunately the similarity extends still further, and gives us the most deformed and disgusting features of the Cananean character, rendered if possible still more hideous by time and by refinement*. The operation of these vices gradually produced effeminacy and weakness both of mind and body, and at length deprived the Etrurians of the glory of their achievements and of the advantages of their many enterprises. Their more manly and more intrepid neighbors attacked them with success, and stripped them in process of time of their most valuable provinces†.

* Athenæus.

† Strabo.

They were obliged to yield all the fertile plains that border the *Po*, and extend from the Alps to the Apennines, to the valor of the Gauls, who settled in that delightful country, and gave it the name of *Gallia*, to which was afterwards added the distinctive appellation of *Cisalpina*. The Samnites expelled them from the still more delicious and more desirable region of *Campania*; the Umbri retook several of their ancient possessions; so that at the appearance of the Romans on the theatre of Italy, the Etrurians were confined to the territory that still bears their name, and extends from the *Tiber* northward to the Apennines, and westward to the sea. But although humbled in power and reduced in territory, this singular people still retained their superiority in the arts, and in the embellishments of civilized life; and while obliged to bend to the towering genius of Rome, they can boast of having communicated to her the skill that erected her temples*, the ceremonies that graced her religion, the robes that invested her magistrates, the pomp that accompanied her triumphs, and even the music that animated her legions†. They retained this supe-

* Liv. l. i. 55.

† Bissenos hæc prima dedit præcedere fasces,
Et junxit totidem tacito terrore secures :

riority long after; perhaps they may be said never to have lost it entirely; and notwithstanding the succession of so many ages and revolutions, their descendants are supposed still to possess a peculiar aptitude for the arts, and a singular discernment in the sciences.

Of this extraordinary people, we have indeed few architectural monuments; but in vases, tombs, and altars, we possess abundant proofs of their ingenuity, and without doubt might discover many more by making excavations in, or near the site of some of their ancient cities. But however well inclined to indulge in such amusing researches, time and circumstances dragged us irresistibly along, and obliged us to forego the satisfaction of visiting the venerable walls of *Cortona*. We therefore proceeded on our journey, and as it was dark when we set out from *Camoscia*, we entered *Arezzo* rather late.

Hæc altas eboris decoravit honore curules,
Et princeps Tyrio vestem pretexit ostro.
Hæc eadem pugnas accendere protulit ære.

Sil. lib. viii. 484.

The lictor's rods, twice six, she first ordain'd,
And with the awe-inspiring axes arm'd :
She first the curule chair to honor rais'd,
Of iv'ry form'd, and deck'd th' official robe
With Tyrian purple. Her example taught
The battle-stirring trumpet's brazen throat
To peal the notes of war.

ARRETIIUM.

Arretium is one of the ancient Etrurian cities, though, with the exception of the supposed substructions of an amphitheatre, it can boast of no vestige of its former celebrity. It was nearly unpeopled by Sylla, and almost destroyed by the Lombards; it was agitated by faction, and convulsed by perpetual wars and revolutions during the middle ages. It has, however, survived these tempests, and still remains a considerable city. It is in general well built, and has some, though few remarkable edifices, among which are the public palace on the great square, and the cathedral. The latter is a Gothic edifice, ancient and not contemptible; it contains some beautifully colored windows. The former displays a vast and very noble front.

Petrarca was born in this city, although, as that circumstance was accidental, and as his family was Florentine, and his stay short, he could not consider it as his country. The house in which that event took place, does not correspond, I will not say with the fame, but with the parentage of the poet. It seems to have been originally little better than a cottage, and is now, by time and neglect, almost reduced to an hovel*. But

* It is now repaired, 1821.

though *Arezzo* can scarcely rank *Petrarca* among her sons, she can boast of many an illustrious name, and display a long list of worthies distinguished in arts and in arms. Among these I shall only mention one, because though his merit was great, yet his profession was humble, and his name obscure. *Guido l'Aretino*, a monk of the eleventh century, invented the scale of notes now in use, and thus gave to music, as writing does to language, a form and a body, which may preserve and convey its accents down to the latest posterity.

While at *Arezzo*, the traveller may indulge himself in a pleasant and truly classical excursion to explore the site of the younger Pliny's Tuscan villa, so minutely and so beautifully described in one of his epistles*. It stood near *Tifernum*, now *Citta di Castello*, and is supposed by Cluverius to have grown into a large town, called *Borgo di San Sepolcro*†. This may have been its situation; yet I should be inclined, from Pliny's expression, "*Oppidum est prædiis nostris vicinum nomine Tifernum*‡," to place it nearer this latter town. But to form any opinion as to the real spot is impossible, without visiting the country itself, and comparing its localities with the description of Pliny.

* Lib. v. Epist. 6.

† The town of the Holy Sepulchre.

‡ Lib. iv. Epist. 1.—There is a town near our estates, named Tifernum.

Descending the hill of *Arezzo* next morning to the Etrurian plains*, so famed at all times for their fertility, and shortly after passing the *Chiana* or *Clanis* which intersects them, we entered the *Val d'Arno*, the Italian Arcadia, and hailed the Tuscan muse and the genius of Milton. This vale, almost as celebrated in modern, as the vale of *Tempe* was in ancient days, is formed by two ranges of hills stretching along, opposite to each other, at the distance of four or eight miles. In the plain between glides the *Arno*, diffusing fertility and verdure over his banks; industry extends the benefits of the stream even to the hills, covers their sides with harvests, and crowns their summits with orchards. Handsome villages grace the road, and neat clean looking cottages rise without number in the fields, oftentimes embosomed in gardens, and overshadowed with pendent vines. The hills on both sides are adorned with several little towns, sometimes boldly rising on their sides, and at other times half concealed in their woods and recesses. Beyond the hills on the right rise the Apennines,

* Regio erat in primis Italiæ fertilis, Etrusci campi, qui Fæsulæ inter Arretiumque jacent, frumenti et pecoris, et omnium copiâ rerum opulenti.—*Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. 3.*

“The Etrurian plains, which lie betwixt Fæsulæ and Arretium, were one of the most fertile regions of Italy, rich in corn and cattle, and in abundance of every thing.”

lofty, rugged, and naked, excepting one summit, which is tufted with the forest that overhangs *Vallombrosa*.

This scenery, which commences at the passage of the *Chiana*, or rather a few miles to the north of that river, continues with some variations to Florence, and forms the *Val d'Arno Superiore**. It is in its greatest beauty where narrowest, that is, from *Levane* to *Incisa*. At this latter place the vale expands into a plain, and the road diverges from the river. The weather was intensely hot, the roads were very dusty, and consequently the delight which a scene so beautiful in itself, and so celebrated by fame, is well calculated to inspire, was considerably abated. We entered Florence about sunset.

* The Upper Vale of Arno.

CHAP. IX.

*History of Florence—its Edifices—Cathedral—
Tombs—Mausoleum of the Medicean Family—
Palaces—Gallery.*

THOUGH Florence owes its origin to a Roman colony composed, it is said, of Cæsar's chosen veterans, and though it glories in having retained and occasionally displayed much of the energies and the magnanimity of its founders, yet it made a very inconsiderable figure in ancient times; and as it was neither distinguished by great events, nor ennobled by great personages, it seems to have slumbered away several ages in the tranquil enjoyment of a fertile soil and a fine climate. Its powers were first called forth and its courage tried by the Gothic invasion, and while it underwent in common with the other cities of Italy, all the vicissitudes of that most destructive war which followed the demise of Theodoric, it seems to have invariably manifested a spirit of resistance and intrepidity worthy its military origin. These qualities suspended indeed, but could not avert the fate of the city, which sunk under the disasters

of the Longobardic incursions, and remained for many years a deserted mass of ruins. It was restored by Charlemagne, and again resumed some celebrity; but it never shone forth in all its lustre, till governed by its own magistrates, and under laws enacted by its own authority, it acquired the name and the energies of a republic. It was not, it is true, the first to profit by the weakness either of the German Cæsars, or of its own rulers; but when it had once shaken off the yoke, it rose rapidly into fame and prosperity. Governed sometimes by its bishop, sometimes by its nobles, and not unfrequently by its people, it experienced all the varieties and all the agitations of republican administration. Sometimes convulsed by the rival pretensions of the former, or by the licentious claims of the latter, it was converted into a field of battle, a theatre of guilt and assassination; at other times under the sway of a wise and virtuous magistracy, it exhibited a delightful scene of peace, industry, and prosperity, and displayed at once all the blessings, and all the glories of liberty. It was frequently engaged in wars with the neighboring states of *Sienna*, *Pisa*, and *Lucca*, then populous and enterprising; and in these civil contests it obtained such a portion of military fame, as placed it upon a level with most of the Italian commonwealths.

But whether agitated or tranquil at home,

whether at peace or war abroad, its institutions were always free and manly, and its citizens were bold and active. This indeed is one of the peculiar and exclusive advantages of a republican government; every man while he is acting for his country acts for himself and for his own interests; the market of honor, dignity, and employment, is open to all; it is consequently crowded with competitors, and each candidate is obliged, in his own defence, to exert all the faculties of his soul, and call forth every latent energy. Hence that activity of mind, that fermentation of intellect and imagination, which produces genius, and creates the poet and the orator, the statesman and the historian, the sage and the hero. The same ardent principle, it is true, that sets all the powers of the soul in motion, may at the same time rouse many a dark and destructive passion, and may impel a bold bad man to many a wicked deed; and I am aware that men of timid minds, or of slavish propensities, are too apt to take occasion from this acknowledgment to inveigh against popular governments, and to exalt the advantages of monarchy. But do the intrigues of a court, and the lust and ambition of princes and ministers, excite no animosities, and produce no scenes of blood? or, are the annals of monarchy stained with fewer crimes than the history of republicanism? The reverse is the case; and if all the

crimes of all the Grecian republics were united, they would not equal the mass of guilt that might be collected from the reign of one Persian monarch; as all the murders and all the assassinations perpetrated in all the Italian commonwealths put into the scale together, would kick the beam when counterbalanced by the bloody deeds of Philip II. of Spain, or of Henry VIII. of England.

Wherever human passions are deeply engaged, crimes will occur; but the difference between monarchy and republicanism is, that the former while it naturally excites and cherishes a spirit of intrigue, dissimulation, and treachery, proscribes the open, the generous feelings of conscious worth, independence, and honest pride, and thus gives vice a decided advantage over virtue; the latter on the contrary, friendly in its very essence to publicity and frankness, encourages the undisguised display of bold intrepid sentiment, the sense of self-importance, and the pride of genius, such as generally accompany great talents, and usher the more useful and splendid virtues into the world. In a monarchy therefore where all is subservient to the will of the sovereign, Virtue must often veil her beauty not to eclipse the splendor of the throne, nor divert the homage of the people; in a republic, where the natural feelings of mankind have full scope, Vice must hide her deformity lest she should excite hatred, and defeat her own pur-

poses. Look at the Grecian republics, even when most convulsed by faction or maddened by war ; contemplate, for instance, *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* in that bloody struggle of power and talents, which terminated in the temporary subjection of the former. Crimes of a very black die shock the feelings, and sufferings and misfortunes melt the heart ; but how many virtues rise in opposition ? what vigor, what perseverance, what activity, and what patience exalt the combatants, and inflame the mind of the reader ! A pestilence ravaged *Athens* within, and a cruel and unsuccessful war wasted her without ; yet what a constellation of great and wise men blazed around her, and brightened the gloom of her destiny. Socrates and Thucydides, Pericles and Alcibiades, Sophocles and Euripides, all grace the annals of this disastrous *Peloponnesian* contest, and shed around *Athens* a lustre more vivid and more permanent than the glory of all the victories of *Lacedæmon*. Who would not prefer the agitations and even reverses of such a republic to the tranquillity and the triumphs of the most splendid monarchy ?

It has been frequently and justly observed, that the Italian republics of the middle ages bore a striking resemblance to the commonwealths of Greece ; and to this observation it may be added that *Florence* had a strong similarity to *Athens* ; a similarity not only in government and temper,

but in genius and talents. Thus as in *Athens* so in *Florence*, that genius seemed struck out by the collision of parties and by the shock of war ; and as Euripides and Sophocles rose in the heat of the *Peloponnesian*, so *Dante* and *Boccaccio* sprung up amid the sanguinary broils of the *Ghibelline* contest. And again, as Demosthenes and Eschines, animated the decline of *Athens*, and cheered her once more with the language of liberty before she received the *Macedonian* yoke ; so *Florence* ere she sunk into slavery, gave as a last bequest to liberty and literature, the works of *Guicciardini* and *Macchiavelli*.

In the interval, the perpetual struggle between rival parties, and the vicissitudes that followed each other so rapidly kept the powers of the mind in continual action, and adapted them to excellence in every pursuit. Hence poets and statesmen, architects and painters, all of high merit and corresponding fame, rose in succession, and gave *Florence*, while free, the reputation which she scarcely forfeited when enslaved, of being the seat of the sciences, and the mother and nurse of the *Tuscan* muse. The struggles which raged in the meantime in her bosom, and the wars which she carried on abroad, seem also like the wars and quarrels of ancient Greece, to have been no obstacle to her prosperity ; and as *Athens* and *Lacedæmon* were never so rich and so populous as when

engaged in mutual debates ; so *Florence*, *Pisa*, and *Sienna* never contained more inhabitants or displayed greater resources than when warring upon each other, and marching hostile legions to each other's gates. This remark, applicable to the other Italian republics of the same period, and indeed to those of both ancient Greece and Italy, proves that the agitations of a commonwealth are neither so dangerous to public happiness nor so destructive of private felicity, as the advocates of monarchy wish to persuade the world. The truth is, that tide of prosperity which has left so many traces behind, not only in the cities which I have just mentioned, but in almost every town in the northern parts of Italy, such as *Mantua*, *Cremona*, *Vicentia*, and *Verona*, was the effect of republican industry ; and most of the stately edifices which still adorn these cities, whether public or private, sacred or profane, were raised by republican taste and munificence.

I speak not here of Rome ; that city destined, it seems, to eternal greatness, owes her splendor to another cause more active perhaps than even the spirit of liberty, and doubtless more sublime ; but the capitals to which I allude still exhibit the monuments of the opulence and the public spirit of their ancestors as their noblest decorations, which, while they stand like so many trophies of

liberty, show to the world how much popular surpasses monarchical government.

Among fallen republics, the fate of *Florence* seems peculiar; the loss of her liberty neither added to her splendor, nor augmented her fame or territory; it did not even increase the prosperity of the family that usurped the government, or cast any additional lustre round the Medicean name. While *Florence* was free and the *Medici* only its first citizens, she paid a most honorable tribute to their superior merit by a voluntary deference to their counsels; a tribute which ambition, if it knew its own interests, would prefer to forced homage and extorted allegiance.

The first *merchant* princes of this family, wisely content with the ascendancy which the affection and the gratitude of their country gave them, blended the policy of the statesman, the disinterestedness of the patriot, and the munificence of the sovereign, with the economy of traders, and the affability, the ease, and the simplicity of citizens. Such was the effect of these virtues, set off at the same time by learning and discernment, that history presents few great men to our observation more worthy of esteem and admiration than *Cosmo* and *Lorenzo di Medici*. The title of *Pater Patriæ*, first justly bestowed by Roman gratitude upon Cicero, and since that period so

often prostituted by the prodigality of courtly flattery, and by the vanity of weak and even vicious despots, was here once more conferred by the judicious affection of a whole city on a generous and deserving magistrate.

But though the liberty of *Florence* and the glory of the Medicean family survived *Lorenzo*, yet they began from the fatal period of his death to decline; till one of his descendants decorated with the empty title of Duke*, resigned the nobler appellation of the first citizen and the father of his country, and usurped by force that government which the gratitude and the veneration of his countrymen had deposited with generous confidence in the hands of his ancestors. Long might he have retained, unenvied and even applauded the same honorable sway. But

Concessâ pudet ire viâ civemque videri †.

Lucan, ii. 446.

A title conferred by the Emperor, and supported by a regiment of guards, was in *Alexander di Medici's* estimation preferable to one founded on

* 1535.

† Abhorring law, he chooses to offend,
And blushes to be thought his country's friend.

Rowe.

his own virtues and the love of his country. From this inauspicious period the *Medici*, no longer the patrons of the arts and the sciences, were lost in the common herd of petty despots, and like them, whiled away their days in intrigue, debauchery, and obscurity. Under their leaden sway the commerce of *Florence* died away, the genius of the Tuscans languished, and want and misery spread over the fertile plains of *Etruria*.

The fate of *Florence* is a lesson held out to all free governments, to guard them not only against the ambition and the power, but even against the virtues and the popularity of their rulers. The latter without doubt are the more dangerous. Avowed ambition or pride ill-dissembled excite hatred, and justify opposition; while benevolence and affability engage the affections, and disarm resistance. Hence it would perhaps have been fortunate for Rome if her first tyrant, instead of Augustus had been Nero; and it is perhaps for the same reason advantageous to the cause of liberty that the chief magistrate in a free state should not be of a character too popular and engaging.

Florence is now under the government of the Prince of *Parma* most unjustly expelled by the French from his own territory, and reluctantly decorated with the mock title of King of *Etruria*. How long he may be permitted to enjoy even this

shadowy and precarious honor it is difficult to determine; but if the French were inclined to respect a title of their own creation and to leave him in quiet possession, yet a weak constitution and a heart broken by disaster, will ere long bring his reign to a premature termination. He is naturally a prince of a mild and benevolent character, and well fitted to govern a small territory in times of tranquillity.

Florence is seated in a vale intersected by the *Arno*, graced by numberless hills, and bordered at no great distance by mountains of various forms rising gradually towards the Apennines. The whole vale is one continued grove and garden, where the beauty of the country is enlivened by the animation of the town, and the fertility of the soil is redoubled by the industry of its cultivators. White villas gleam through the orchards on every side, and large populous hamlets border the roads, and almost line the banks of the river. Such is the scene of comfort and prosperity that surrounds the Tuscan capital, raised originally by the genius of liberty, and restored by the Grand Duke *Leopold**. Happy will it be for the inhabitants, if its charms can resist the *blasts from hell*, which have passed the Alps and the Apennines, and now brood in tempests over the *Val d'Arno*.

* Afterwards Emperor.

The city itself spreads along the side of the river which forms one of its greatest ornaments, and contributes not a little to its fame. Its streets are well paved or rather flagged, wider than usual in southern climates; and its houses in general are solid and rather stately. It has several squares, and many churches and palaces; so that its appearance is airy, clean, and sometimes rising towards grandeur. I do not however think, that the number of great edifices corresponds with the reputation of the city, or with the figure which it has so long made in the annals of modern history. It is indeed to be considered, that we came directly from Rome, and that the glories of that capital, when fresh upon the mind, must naturally eclipse the inferior splendor of every other city.

CHURCHES.

The *Cathedral*, with its adjoining baptistery; *St. Lorenzo*, and the *Mausoleum* of the Medicean family; *Santa Maria Novella*, and *Santa Croce*, are the most conspicuous edifices in *Florence*, and have each some peculiarity that claims attention.

The cathedral, called as usual in Italy *Il Duomo*, is an edifice of great strength and magnificence, and ranks among the first of the kind in Europe. It is in fact, if we consider magnitude and mate-

rials, boldness and skill, the second and in these respects inferior only to the unrivalled Vatican. Its walls are incrustated with black and white marble; it is paved with variegated marble disposed, at least in part, by *Michael Angelo*; it is adorned both within and without by marble statues, most of which are works of the most eminent sculptors; and its paintings are in general masterpieces of the art. But its principal distinction and greatest glory is its dome, prior to that of St. Peter's in time, and little inferior to it in magnitude*. As it has the advantage of the latter in date, so it is represented by the Florentines as its model. *Michael Angelo*, they say, used to behold it with rapture, and pronounced it matchless in its kind; and they hence conclude that his genius kindled by the contemplation, conceived the grander idea of the Roman dome. But this dome, though erected by *Michael Angelo*, was planned by *Bramante*, and to him we are to ascribe the merit of the glorious conception. At all events, it is highly honorable to *Florence* to have furnished, if not the plan, at

* According to a late publication upon this cathedral, the diameters of this dome

	Ft.	In.	English
are, from angle to angle	148	0	
From side to side	136	9	
St. Peter's	133	0	
Pantheon	142	6	

least the example, even to Rome herself, and to have commenced in the thirteenth century an edifice of such boldness and magnitude.

This church was begun in the year 1296. The dome was raised in the following century by *Brunellesco*, who finished the edifice. The form of the dome to an eye accustomed to St. Peter's is not pleasing; it is octagonal, a form of less simplicity, and of course of less grandeur than the circular; it is moreover closed at the top, and consequently appears dark and dismal to a spectator, who recollects the soft lights that play round the vault and illuminate the mosaics of the Vatican. The arcades that border the nave look naked for want of pilasters, and the cornice (if it may be so called, for it rather resembles a gallery) that intersects the space between the arches and the springing of the vault above, for want of pillars or pilasters to support it seems out of place, and rather an excrescence than an ornament. The windows are smaller than usual in similar edifices, and the deep and rich colors of the glass, which would elsewhere be considered as a beauty, here, by diminishing the quantity of light, render the defect more visible. The choir is immediately under the dome, and like it octagonal. It is enclosed by an Ionic colonnade of variegated marble, and adorned with basso relievos.

On the whole, the cathedral of *Florence* was

the first effort of the reviving arts, and announced to a rude age the glories of the approaching era ; it stood for some time unequalled, and even now claims the second honors. Nor is this noble fabric deficient in that more interesting glory which great monuments derive from great events. In it was assembled the celebrated council, where a Greek Emperor, surrounded by the patriarchs of the Greek church, sat enthroned next to the Roman Pontiff and his prelates, and the two most numerous, most ancient, and most venerable communions of the Christian body were united for the last time in the bonds of faith and charity. This union is considered as a grand and singular event, but desirable as it then was, and must at all times be, it will appear to the reader acquainted with the subjects in debate, much less singular than their division. In this church also the Emperor Frederic III. environed by his vassal kings and dukes, sat in imperial state, and distributed the honors of knighthood among his attendants. We may wish to forget that its pavement was defiled by the blood of *Giuliano di Medici* ; but while the crime presents itself to our memory we may also recollect its punishment, and the providential escape of *Lorenzo*.

To these historical embellishments we may add the additional awfulness which this cathedral derives from the illustrious persons who repose under

its pavement. Among these are the well-known names of *Brunellesco*, *Giotto*, and *Marsilius Ficinus*. A picture only records the memory of *Dante*, whose remains, notwithstanding the lustre which his genius reflects upon his country, slumber in exile at *Ravenna*, in a tomb erected and inscribed by *Bernardo*, father of the Cardinal *Bembo*. Another epitaph, supposed to have been penned by the poet himself, ends with a gentle complaint :

Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris ab oris
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris *.

The Florentines have indeed at various times endeavored to recover the relics of their illustrious citizen, and particularly during the reign of Leo X. when Michael Angelo himself is said to have exerted his influence to obtain them ; but in vain : the people of *Ravenna*, who had the honor of affording the exiled poet an asylum when living, conceive that they had the best title to the honor of preserving his ashes when dead—" *Exulem a Florentia excepit Ravenna*," says the epitaph, "*vivo fruens, mortuum colens, tumulum pretiosum musis, S. P. Q. Rav. jure ac ære suo tamquam*

* Here Dante, whom the lovely Florence bore,
Lies buried, exil'd from his native shore.

thesaurum suum munivit, instauravit, ornavit *. In fine, the Florentine republic voted a magnificent cenotaph to be erected in this cathedral; but even this votē has hitherto proved ineffectual, and the picture alluded to above continues still to occupy the place allotted to the monument.

Close to the front of the church but totally detached from it rises the *Campanile* or belfry, a light airy and graceful tower, coated with variegated marble, and adorned with many highly finished statues. Opposite the principal entrance stands the Baptistery, an octangular edifice, in many respects of great beauty. A number of granite pillars support its dome, and fine mosaics shed a rich coloring over it; the walls are lined, and the pavement is inlaid with marble. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and all its ornaments have a reference to the sacrament of Baptism. It is in reality the Baptistery, not of one parish only, but of the whole city of *Florence*, and corresponds in magnitude with its destination. Its three great bronze portals are celebrated for the exquisite

* An exile from Florence, he was received at Ravenna, which enjoyed his presence during his lifetime, and honors him after his death his tomb, dear to the muses, the senate and people of Ravenna secured, repaired, and adorned, as a treasure of their own, by their own authority, and at their own cost.

beauty of the basso relievos with which they are adorned ; the figures represent several great scriptural events, such as the creation and fall of man, the deluge, the sacrifice of Abraham, and the principal events of the life of St. John, with the cardinal and theological virtues. *Michael Angelo*, in an ecstacy of admiration, termed them *the Gates of Paradise*. This well-known tribute of praise, when paid by such an artist, has justly been considered as an encomium that places them above the reach of criticism.

The reader, unacquainted with the date of these masterpieces, will be astonished when he learns that one of the three is inscribed anno 1330, an era when the arts were supposed to slumber under the ruins of antiquity, and when even Italy itself is generally represented as enveloped in all the gloom of ignorance and barbarism. In truth, our ideas of the middle ages are in many respects the mere prejudices of Childhood. Europe, or at least Italy, was never involved in such utter darkness as some of our modern oracles endeavor to make their unthinking readers imagine. Some of the Italian republics were then in the full enjoyment of liberty ; and liberty never yet visited a country without bringing knowledge and taste, the arts and the sciences in her train. Surely, the century and the country that produced *Cimabue* and *Giotto*, *Arnolfo* and *Ugolini* ; *Dante* and *Petrarca*, could

not have been deficient in genius or criticism, in painting or sculpture, in design or in architecture.

But let us turn from a subject too fertile and alluring for a traveller, and pass to the church of *St. Lorenzo*, the next in rank as an object of curiosity, not so much for its own internal beauties as for the edifices united or connected with it. These are the Sacristy, the Medicean chapel, and the Laurentian library.

The Sacristy, which is a chapel and the mausoleum of several princes of the Medicean line, was planned by *Michael Angelo*, and is adorned with several statues of his workmanship. Some are finished in his best style; others remain unfinished, but display, it is thought, even in the imperfect parts, the grand daring touches and inimitable manner of the sculptor.

Close to the Sacristy and behind the chancel of the church, though the communication is not yet open, stands the intended mausoleum of the Medicean family. This edifice was begun two hundred years ago*, and if completed upon the plan on which it was commenced, it would surpass every sepulchral building in the world. Its form is octagonal, its diameter ninety-four, and its elevation to the vault two hundred feet. It is literally

* An. 1604.

lined with lapis lazuli, agate, jasper, onyx, &c. furnished with sarcophagi of porphyry, and supported by granite pilasters with capitals of bronze. The niches between these pilasters are of touchstone; beneath is a subterraneous chapel, where the bodies, whose names are inscribed on the sarcophagi above, are to repose. The crucifixion of our Saviour, a group in white marble by *John of Bologna*, with a Blessed Virgin by *Michael Angelo*, and St. John by one of his disciples, grace this dormitory of the dead, and preside over it with appropriate majesty. But

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ*,

Virg. Æn. x. 501.

before the magnificent monument intended for their reception was finished, the Medicean line has failed; the work is now suspended, and if we may judge from the impoverished state of the country and the agitation of the times, it is not likely to be resumed for many years, if ever. In the mean time, the materials of the inlaid pavement remain still in store; the dome which was to have been incrustated with mosaics (it was first intended with *lapis lazuli*) presents nothing to the eye but its in-

* O mortals! blind in fate.

Dryden.

animate form; even the altar has not yet been raised, nor the grand entrance opened from the church of *St. Laurence*. In short, if the present system of French influence and exaction should continue, the Medicean chapel, stripped of its rich decorations, will be abandoned to oblivion until undermined by time it shall one day bury under its ruins the remains which it was commissioned to preserve, as a sacred deposit enshrined in pomp and magnificence *.

The Laurentian library is in the convent annexed to the church. This library consisted originally of the many valuable manuscripts collected by the first princes of the Medicean family; these were dispersed in a very little time after the death of *Lorenzo*, during the disgrace and banishment of his son. Many were recovered, others purchased, and the collection considerably increased

* This celebrated chapel appeared to us dark and heavy, and in architectural beauty, chaste decoration, and fair proportions, far inferior to the *Corsini* chapel in *St. John Lateran*. In riches it is equalled if not surpassed by the *Borghese* chapel in *Sta. Maria Maggiore*. But though it yields in magnificence to these two unrivalled temples, it far surpasses all similar edifices, whether oratory or mausoleum, beyond the Alps. The dome of the Invalids at Paris covers a chapel, which is shewn as the pride of French architecture; but when compared to the Medicean chapel, how graceless are its proportions! how mean its materials!

by the munificence of the two Medicean Pontiffs, Leo X. and Clement VII. As these manuscripts were in almost every language, and as their number was considerable, the reputation of the collection rose very high, and almost equalled, it is said, that of the Vatican. This library was indeed the noblest monument which the *Medici* have left of the glory of their line, and reflected more honor upon them than the proudest edifices could bestow ; but even this literary monument will soon exist only in remembrance ; it has not escaped the rapacity of the French leaders, and after the gleaning which it has already furnished, it will probably pass entire, either as an homage, or a purchase, or a *voluntary* present, to the consular palace.

CHURCHES.

It is not my intention to enlarge upon the churches of *Florence* ; in external beauty, excepting the cathedral, they are inferior to many, but in internal decorations equal to most Italian churches ; however to travellers who had just arrived from Rome, and sated their eyes with the splendor of its majestic temples, the most magnificent edifices of *Florence* could present little interesting, nothing astonishing. One charm indeed the churches of *Florence* possess in a manner peculiar to themselves, and that is, an intimate connexion with the

memory of the great men who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth century, and from *Florence* diffused the light of literature over the western world. There are few churches in this city which are not ennobled by the tombs of some or other of these personages ; scarce one that does not present to the eye, inscribed on marble or bronze, some illustrious and well known name. Thus in the church of *San Marco* we find the tomb of *Picus* of *Mirandola*, distinguished alike by rank, fortune, genius, piety and learning. This combination of qualities so rare even when single, deserved to be recorded in lines more simple and affecting than the two bombastic verses now inscribed upon his tomb.

On the opposite side of the church lies *Politianus*, the friend of *Lorenzo*, the favorite of the Latin muse ; a trivial epitaph records his name ; but no elegiac verse deploras his untimely fate, nor does one indignant line avenge his sullied fame. The honor of vindicating the poet was reserved to an English pen ; and *Politian* owes to the generosity of a *Roscoe* that which he had a right to claim from the justice of his countrymen.

Candidus ille viget morum tenor, et pia vitæ
Simplicitas nullis est labefacta malis *.

* Simple and pure his morals still remain'd,
'Mid all life's storms unshaken, and unstain'd..

In the church of *Sta. Croce* we find the tomb of *Michael Angelo Buonarotti*, the painter, the sculptor, the architect. It is graced with many figures; perhaps the name alone would have been its best decoration. In the same church lie the remains of *Leonardi Bruni Aretino*, and of *Galileo*, a more illustrious name. In another sanctuary reposes the Florentine Livy, *Guicciardini*; and in a third the Tuscan Tacitus, *Macchiavelli*. Of *Boccaccio*, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant *Aretino*. But who can view without compassion the urn of the young the virtuous poet *Verini*?

Occidit obscæ Veneris contagia vitans
 Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio
 Sic jacet, heu patriæ dolor et decus—unde juvenus
 Exemplum, et vates materiam capiant *.

The tombs of the learned Greeks who fled be-

* For genius, morals fam'd, love's lawless joys
 He shunn'd;—he fear'd disgrace, and welcom'd fate . .
 His country's pride and sorrow, thus he lies :
 Him bards may sing, and youth may imitate.

fore the last and worst of barbarians, the Turks, and fixing at *Florence* established the seat of the Grecian muses in *Etruria*, awaken many a pleasing and many a melancholy recollection. The honors heaped on these illustrious exiles, the enthusiasm of their numerous disciples, and the propagation of their language delight the imagination even at this distance of time, and do credit to the taste and the feelings of the Italians of that *vivid* era.

Who can recollect without regret and indignation, that the schools which they opened, are shut; that the divine language which they taught, is neglected; and that a race of savage invaders are now endeavoring to suppress the dialects of Greece and of Italy, in order to substitute the flippancy of France in their stead, and to replace the bullion of ancient wisdom by the tinsel of Gallic *philosophism*. Thus has this restless and overbearing nation twice attacked the cause of literature in *Florence*; in their first visit, they plundered and dispersed the Medicean library and cabinet; in their second, they not only repeated the same sacrilege, but attempted to stop for ever the two great sources of science and of literature, by suppressing the languages of Plato and of Cicero.

PALACES.

The remark which we have made above, relative to the churches of *Florence*, is still more applicable to the palaces ; few of which are calculated to inspire interest, either from their grandeur or magnitude, when compared to similar edifices in Rome. To which we may add, that the Tuscan style, mixed as it generally is in these buildings with much of the rustic, is dull and heavy, and gives them a sullen appearance better adapted to monasteries or even prisons than to palaces. The *Palazzo Strozzi*, and even the archiducal residence the *Palazzo Pitti*, though grand, regular, and extensive edifices, fall under this censure. The *Palazzo Corsini* on the quay is perhaps an exception. The *Palazzo Riccardi* is said to be erected on a plan of Michael Angelo ; it has however a better recommendation to notice. It was built by the first *Cosmo de Medici*, and was the residence of that family in the happiest and most glorious period of its history, when its wealth was the produce of its industry, its honors the voluntary tribute of public esteem, and its power the affection of its country. The house of *Cosmo* and afterwards of *Lorenzo* was then truly the palace of public wisdom, the *Curia* (senate-house) of the Commonwealth, and at the same time the abode of the Greek, the Latin, and

the Etruscan muses. It was in process of time honored by the presence of emperors and of pontiffs, and of kings and of princes; it was decorated by the first artists in succession, and may with propriety be considered as the temple of virtue, public spirit, and science.

When we enter it the recollection of all the virtues and the honors of the first Medici inspire veneration; as we advance we seem to see the heroes and the sages of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries rising successively before us, and claiming the homage due to their exertions in the cause of science and literature. "*Hospes*," says the inscription which presents itself to the stranger on his entrance, "*Mediceas olim ædes in quibus non solum tot principes viri, sed et sapientia ipsa habitavit ædes, omnis eruditionis quæ hic revixit nutrices Gratus venerare**. It must appear surprising, that a sovereign of this family should have sold a palace so intimately connected with the history of its fortunes, and not only the *incunabula gentis*†, but a monument of the most honorable period of its existence. But Ferdinand II. lived at a time when the Medicean princes,

* "Stranger! reverence with grateful homage the mansion which formerly belonged to the Medicis, in which not only so many illustrious men, but where wisdom herself dwelt; a mansion, the nurse of all the learning which here revived."

† The cradle of their race.

then a degenerate race, had lost in the effeminacy and pride of sovereignty, even the memory of the virtues that made their ancestors great, and were probably indifferent or perhaps averse to trophies and monuments that only reproached them with their vices and their indolence.

The *Riccardi* family, the present proprietors of the Medicean palace, are not unworthy of such a residence. It still remains the repository of the arts and of the wisdom of antiquity; and its gallery and library open to public inspection, continue to announce the spirit, the judgment, and the liberality of its inhabitants.

One of the most remarkable edifices of *Florence*, and perhaps the most beautiful in its kind in Europe, is the *Ponte della Trinita**; it is built of marble and formed of three elliptic arches, and ornamented with marble statues; it was erected by *Ammanati*, and is universally admired for grace and airy lightness.

THE GALLERY.

It now remains for me to speak of the celebrated gallery which has occupied the attention of so many sovereigns, and forms the distinguishing and most honorable feature of *Florence*. The general appearance of this city is equalled by many

* The Bridge of the Trinity.

and surpassed by some Italian cities ; but its gallery stands confessedly in the second place, and yields only to the unrivalled collection of the Vatican. I am aware that in speaking of both these famous cabinets I am enlarging rather upon their past than their present glory, and need not inform the reader that the masterpieces of the latter have been transported to France, and that those of the former have been conveyed by a well-timed precaution to *Palermo*. The Medicean gallery therefore when we visited it, was stripped of its principal ornaments, and presented so many vacant frames and unoccupied pedestals, that we found ourselves more disposed to regret its absent than to admire its present beauties. Among the former were the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Faun*, the *Wrestlers*, with sixty other ancient statues, the most perfect in their kind, now at *Palermo*. Many others of nearly a similar description, have been transported to Paris *. The paintings, at least the masterpieces, have shared the same fate, and for the same reasons have been either removed to Sicily or sent to France. The gallery, however, could not be said to be a dreary void ; many statues and many paintings still remained, excellent in their kinds, and capable singly of giving reputation to any transalpine collection.

* The statues have since been returned, taken to Paris and returned again to the Tribune.

We will now proceed to a more minute account, and begin by the edifice itself. It was erected by the orders of *Cosmo I.* in the year 1564. *Georgio Vasari* was the architect; it is built in the form of the Greek letter Π , and is more than five hundred feet in length; the court enclosed between the wings is sixty-four feet in breadth. The court is regular in all its parts; on each side is a gallery supported by Tuscan pillars; one end opens on the great square; the other borders the *Arno*, and is terminated by a large arch which unites the two buildings and forms the communication. The magnitude and regularity of this edifice are alone capable of giving it a majestic appearance, but in other respects it is liable to much criticism; for, not to object to the heaviness of the order itself, the gallery is too low, the pillars too far from each other, the entablature too cumbersome, and the whole colonnade quite buried under the vast superstructure which it supports.

On entering and ascending the staircase (for the gallery is in the upper story) we are pleased to find the vestibule adorned with the busts of the Medicean princes its founders, who seem to preside over the entrance as the tutelary divinities of the place, and to claim from the traveller, as he passes before them, the acknowledgment due to their munificence. These princes occupy the first part of the vestibulum; the second part contains various antique altars and two remarkable trophies.

The gallery occupies the whole length of the building on both sides, and the end or space that forms the communication. Each wing of this gallery is four hundred and sixty feet in length, and the part that forms the communication is more than one hundred; it is about twenty-four in breadth, and nearly as many in height. The ceiling is painted in fresco, and represents in one wing various mythological subjects; in the middle, and in the other wing conspicuous persons and events remarkable in the annals of *Florence*. These paintings are only interesting inasmuch as they are connected with the history of the art. Immediately under the ceiling is a line of portraits of great men both ancient and modern; of the latter many are copied from originals. The walls are adorned with pictures, and lined with busts and statues, all antique, some in marble and some in bronze. All the busts are of Roman Emperors, or of persons connected with imperial families. The statues generally represent gods or heroes; of these, few are perfect, most having been damaged, and repaired with more or less felicity by modern artists. Intermingled with the statues and busts are altars and sarcophagi, shields, and trophies.

Above the statues the pictures are ranged in such a manner as to form the history of the art from the eleventh century down to the seventeenth. The mixture of objects, sacred and profane, his-

torical and fictitious, produces an unpleasant sensation; but according to the principles of the arrangement, which is to shew the progress of the art, seems unavoidable. The number both of paintings and statues surprises; the excellency of many astonishes; and the effect of the whole at first is rather confusion than satisfaction. The arrangement, it must be admitted, is simple and methodical, but the objects press too close upon each other, and leave no time for discrimination.

The gallery is bordered on one side by a suit of apartments or halls, spacious and well-proportioned, twenty, I think, in number, each of which is consecrated to some particular set of masterpieces in sculpture or in painting, or to some particular school or favorite collection.

One of these halls is devoted to Niobe and her children, a collection in itself, consisting of sixteen figures, all intended to form, like the Laocoon, one group. Whether this celebrated group be the original itself which Pliny the Elder ascribes to either Scopas or Praxiteles*, or only a copy, is a subject of debate among critics; its merits are acknowledged, though very differently appreciated,

* xxxvi. cap. 5. Ausonius decides in favor of the latter, probably because his name is better adapted to versification. The same reason may have influenced a writer in the *Anthologia. Aus. Epitaph.*—*Anth. lib. 4.*

as *Winckelman* and the Italian artists in general represent the different figures, particularly that of Niobe itself, as models of the highest perfection, and in every excellence equal to the two supposed grand masterpieces of the art; while the French, though they admit the general beauty, find fault with the details, and place them on the whole much lower in the scale of excellency. We are naturally inclined to prefer the opinion of the former, whose authority in the arts a transalpine *connoisseur* cannot safely reject; especially as we are inclined to suspect that the real cause of the criticism of the latter is the pure and almost sublime simplicity of these figures, expressing the extreme of fear in the daughters, and of grief in the mother, without grimace, distortion, or agitation.

Orba resedit

Exanimos inter natos, natasque, virumque,
Diriguitque malis; nullos movet aura capillos,
In vultu color est sine sanguine, lumina mæstis
Stant immota genis—nihil est in imagine vivi*.

Ovid. *Met.* vi. 301.

* The childless widow, mid the prostrate groupe,
Sons, daughters, husband dead, in silence sate,
All petrified with woe: her stiff'ning locks
Wav'd to the breeze no more; though in her cheeks
The crimson hue remain'd, no living tide
Of tepid blood was there; her stony eyes
Stood fix'd from all her frame life fled away.

These figures have been damaged and repaired.

The most beautiful of these halls, which contained the Venus of *Medicis*, may be considered as a temple to that goddess, equal perhaps in interior beauty to that of Paphos or Cythera: at present this temple is abandoned by its celestial inhabitant, and nearly stript of all its furniture. It contained the masterpieces of ancient sculpture and modern painting; when they are to be replaced it is difficult to determine. This little temple, for so we may call it, is an octagon of about four-and-twenty feet in diameter, its dome is adorned with mother of pearl, and its pavement formed of beautiful marble. Other apartments are consecrated to the great schools of painting, and could formerly boast of many of the masterpieces of each; now their vacant places only are conspicuous; "*sed præfulgebant eo ipso quod non visebantur* *;" their absence announced their value and their celebrity.

* Tacitus, Annal. lib. iii. cap. 76.—"But their value was sufficiently declared by the very circumstance that they are no longer to be seen."

CHAP. X.

Environs of Florence—The Arno—The Villas of the Grand Duke—Fasulæ—Vallombrosa.

FROM the city we will pass to the neighboring country, which presents as great a portion of rural beauty, hill and dale, orchard and vineyard, cottage and villa, as the environs or any capital in Europe, Naples perhaps excepted. Its first feature is the *Arno*, a river like the *Tiber*, inferior to many streams in magnitude, but superior to most in renown. Unknown in the first age of Italian verse, its name rose to eminence in the second, became the theme of many a strain, and was celebrated in both the divine dialects of Italy. Even foreign bards caught inspiration on its banks, and the genius of Milton himself loved to sport under the poplars that shade its borders.

O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos*.

Epit. Dan.

* How blest was I, when to the murm'ring wave
Of Arno list'ning, on the herbage green

I lay,

These banks furnish many a *wildly devious walk* to the solitary wanderer, and to the city itself one of the most beautiful and most frequented haunts of fashion. But the *Arno* with all its fame is liable to the disadvantages of many southern streams; in summer it loses most of its waters, and presents to the eye at that season, even in the immediate neighborhood of *Florence*, little more than a few pools united by a narrow rillet. The traveller then courts in vain the breezes that *blow freshness* from its waves, and listens in vain to the *murmurs* that delighted the ear of the poet. All around is heat and silence. The sultriness of this summer (1802) is indeed said to be unusual, and it is to be hoped that the *Arno* is not thus annually stript of its coolness and its charms.

The villas of the Grand Dukes, if we consider their size, their architecture, or their present decorations, inspire no great interest; even their gardens display little or no pleasing scenery, no masses of shade, no expansions of water, no groves or thickets, to delight the eye or amuse the fancy. All is art, stiff, minute, and insignificant; besides, they seem much neglected, and are in general out of repair. Yet it is impossible to visit some of them without emotion, such as *Pratolino*, *Caiano*,

I lay, or wand'ring through the poplar shade,
Cull'd the pale violet, the myrtle bough.

and *Carreggi*, the retreats of the *Medici* and once the haunts of the Italian muses. The last of these villas witnessed the closing stage of Lorenzo's career, and if the solemn scene that terminates the life of a benefactor of mankind can confer dignity or communicate interest, the chamber where Lorenzo died must excite both veneration and emotion.

FÆSULÆ.

But of all the objects that present themselves in the immediate vicinity of *Florence*, *Fiesole* is from its antiquity, its situation, and its celebrity, one of the most conspicuous and attractive. This town, under the appellation of *Fæsulæ*, was one of the twelve Etrurian cities, and seems to have been distinguished above the others by its skill in the interpretation of omens and prognostics. It submitted with the rest of *Etruria* to the Roman power, and was colonized by Sylla. The species of colonists sent by this tyrant seem to have been of no very favorable description, and are represented afterwards as composing the main body of Catiline's ruffian army. It made no figure in the civil wars or revolutions of the following era, survived the general desolation of Italy during the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, and pro-

longed its existence till the commencement of the eleventh; when, in a contest with *Florence*, it was destroyed and its inhabitants, or at least a considerable number, transported to that city. However, the cathedral remained, and *Fiesole*, now a lonely but beautiful village, still retains its episcopal honors, its ancient name, and its delightful situation. Placed on the summit of a lofty and broken eminence it looks down on the vale of the *Arno*, and commands *Florence* with all its domes, towers, and palaces, the villas that encircle it, and the roads that lead to it. The recesses, swells, and breaks of the hill on which it stands are covered with groves of pines, ilex, and cypress. Above these groves rises the dome of the cathedral; and in the midst of them reposes a rich and venerable abbey founded by the Medicean family. Behind the hill at a distance swell the Apennines. That a place graced with so many beauties should delight the poet and the philosopher is not wonderful, and accordingly we find it alluded to with complacency by Milton, panegyricized by Politian, inhabited by Picus, and frequented by Lorenzo.

The abbey of *Fiesole* was the retreat of Picus, governed at that time by an abbot worthy of such a guest, *Matteo Bosso*, one of the most eminent scholars of that age. The frugal table of this venerable sage united not unfrequently the three last mentioned persons, with *Ficinus* and *Hermo-*

laus Barbarus. Such a Society has been compared to Plato's repasts, and to the philosophic interviews of Cicero and his friends. In genius and eloquence, they imitated but could not presume to rival these illustrious associations; but in virtue and in that superior wisdom which they derived from Christianity, they far surpassed their famed predecessors.

Politian has celebrated *Fæsulæ* and the scenes which he so often contemplated with all the rapture of a poet, at the conclusion of his *Rusticus*, a subject which the genius of the place seems to have inspired.

Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro;
 Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis :
 Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus incita venis
 Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos
 Talia Fæsuleo lentus meditabar in antro,
 Rure suburbano Medicûm, qua mons sacer urbem
 Mæoniam, longique volumina despicit Arni,
 Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem
 Indulgens Laurens, Laurens non ultima Phœbi
 Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis *.

-
- * Here whispers the tall pines I hold so dear,
 Here through the cypress boughs the zephyrs sigh,
 Here from the earth the bubbling fountain springs,
 And rolls pellucid o'er its chequer'd bed

Thus pensive mus'd I, in the lonely grots
 Of Fæsulæ, great Medici's retreat
 From pomp and care, where on Florentia's tow'rs,

And

VALLOMBROSA.

The most delightful excursion in the neighborhood of *Florence* is, without doubt, the Abbey of *Vallombrosa*, a name well known to every English reader, because ennobled by Milton. The road to this famed retreat runs for thirteen miles through the *Val d'Arno*, along the banks of the river.

A little beyond *Pelago* we began to ascend the Apennines, and winding along their sides, enjoyed as we advanced many delicious views of hills crowned with villas, and of mountains sometimes covered and sometimes merely spotted with the olive, the vine, and the ilex. The beauty of the scenery increased upon us at every step, and as we passed through groves of lofty chestnuts, intermingled with oak, we occasionally caught the view of a torrent tumbling from the crags, of a church seated on the bosom of a fertile hill, or of a broken ridge of rocks and precipices.

At a little distance from the abbey we observed

And on fair Arno winding through the vale,
The sacred hill looks down : Lorenzo there
His guests receives, and tranquil quiet seeks ;
Lorenzo, happy prince ! the favor'd son
Of Phœbus, and the Muses' firm support.

a large stone cross placed at the entrance of a wood of firs thick and lofty, whose deep shade was lighted up by the horizontal rays of the setting sun that shot along the arcades formed by their meeting branches. As we entered, the abbey bell tolled to call the monks to the evening service, and continued tolling till we emerged from the gloom of this path to a little plain, bounded behind by a semicircular curve of steep mountains covered to the summit with one continued forest. Here we beheld the antique towers, and pinnacles of the abbey rising full before us; and on a nearer approach we heard the swell of the organ, and the voices of the choir, and instantly alighting under the archway of the gate, we hastened to the church. The monks were then singing the *Qui habitat* (ninety-first psalm), which is part of the evening service. The melody was sweet and solemn; a long pause between each verse gave it time to produce its full effect; and the gloom of the church, the lights on the altar, the chant of the choir, and the tones of the organ could not fail to awaken in the mind, already prepared by the scenery, and circumstances of place and time, a strong emotion of piety, awe, and melancholy. When service was ended the monks retired in silence, like so many ghosts gliding along the nave, and disappearing in the aisles; we withdrew with regret. We were then conducted by



the father appointed to receive strangers to the usual apartments allotted to visitants, and were treated with unaffected hospitality. These apartments are fitted up in a style of cleanliness and simplicity admirably adapted to the spirit of the place and of the order. The walls are merely white-washed, without either paper, wainscot, or tapestry. Their only decorations are a few prints of subjects taken from Scripture, or connected with the history of the order, or the life of the founder. The furniture consists of a very good bed, a table, a desk for prayer, with a crucifix, and a few chairs; all very plain but very neat, and evidently designed not for luxury but convenience. The supper was frugal, but not parsimonious; the conversation of the Father *Foresteraio**, a man of a good countenance and easy manners, was sensible and entertaining. Between nine and ten he took his leave for the night.

The Abbey of *Vallombrosa* was founded towards the middle of the eleventh century by *John Gualbertus*, a nobleman of *Florence*, who having embraced the monastic life in the Benedictin monastery of *St. Minias* at *Florence*, and having refused the dignity of abbot, withdrew from a love of solitude to the wilds of *Vallombrosa*. Here he

* A title given to the monk who is commissioned to receive and entertain guests.

found two hermits, and assisted by them and a companion who had followed him from *Florence*, he established a manastery which, from the superior sanctity and industry of its inhabitants soon acquired reputation and riches. In time it rose to the dignity of a *parent* abbey, and became the head of the numerous congregation of Benedictins of *Vallombrosa*. The founder shewed his judgment in the selection of his retreat, as it is difficult to discover a wilder or more romantic solitude. The little plain in which the abbey stands is imbosomed in the Apennines, open to the rays of the western sun, but enclosed on the south, east, and north by a semicircular ridge of mountains. The steep acclivity is clothed to the summit with forests of ancient firs, oaks, and beeches, waving one above the other, and sometimes apparently hanging from the very brows of the precipices and bending over the steep. In the upper regions an occasional glade breaks the uniformity of forest scenery, while the naked summits expand into wide grassy downs, and command a beautiful view over the *Arno* and its storied vale, *Florence*, and all its neighboring hills on one side, and extending on the other to the wilds of *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*. The elevation is so considerable, even at the abbey, as to affect the temperature of the air, insomuch indeed that after having panted so long at Naples, Rome, and Florence, we found ourselves delight-

fully refreshed at *Vallombrosa* by the cool breezes of an English summer.

The day after our arrival the good father, who was appointed to attend strangers, was so obliging as to defer dinner till a late hour, in order to enable us to make our intended excursion to the summit of the mountain; and after breakfast we set out, crossing first the little plain in which the abbey stands; and then passing a stream that descends from the cliff, we began the ascent by a narrow pathway which winds up the acclivity, but is yet sufficiently steep and laborious. However, as the heat was by no means oppressive, and as we walked under a deep shade the whole way, the ascent was not very fatiguing.

The trees that form the forest through which we passed are generally old, shattered, and venerable, and the silence that reigned around us interrupted, perhaps I might have said heightened, by the murmurs of the wind unusually deep in such a vast mass of foliage, was extremely impressive, and gave the savage scene around us a grand, a melancholy solemnity. The channels of several torrents now dry, but encumbered with fragments of rock and with trunks of trees hurled down by the fury of the mountain stream, furrowed the sides of the steep, and added to its rude magnificence. Down one of these channels a rill still continued to roll, and tumbling from rock to rock

formed several cascades, whose *tinklings* were faintly heard amidst the hollow roar of the forests.

When we reached the summit we walked up and down to enjoy the cool breezes that always fan the higher regions of the Apennines; and to contemplate at the same time the picture expanded beneath us; on one side, the declivity shagged with wood, and enclosing in an oval sweep the lawn and abbey of *Vallombrosa*; and on the other, a long ridge of bleak rugged mountains. We then reclined under a thicket on the brow of the eminence, and compared the scenery immediately under us with Milton's description, of which it is supposed by many to be the original. Many features without doubt agree, and may be considered as transcripts, beautiful as poetry can be supposed to give of nature.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir and branching palm;
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. *Par. Lost, iv. 131.*

Most of these lines are so far applicable as to

form a regular description, and the *prospect large* is too obvious a consequence from the preceding features to be considered as an allusion. So far, therefore, the poet may have described what he had seen; but his genius that soared above the Apennines, and passed *extra flammantia mœnia mundi**, kindled at the contemplation of *Vallombrosa*, and created a Paradise. It may, perhaps, be observed with more probability than the imagination of a love-sick maid, aided by the muse of Pope in one of her happiest humors, has given undesignedly the best poetical description of *Vallombrosa* that perhaps exists; a description which can have no reference to any scene which either the poet or Eloisa had ever beheld; as neither the one nor the other had ever visited the countries where alone such scenery occurs. The following beautiful verses, so applicable to the prospect before us, as well as the emphatical expressions of which they are an amplification, were inspired by that melancholy which so often melts the heart of the lover, and lulls the imagination of the poet.

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,

* Beyond the flaming bounds of time and space.

Gray.

The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens every scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror o'er the woods.

While thus employed on the summit, we heard the bell tolling below for afternoon service. The tolling of a church bell is one of the few sounds that disturb the silence, without lessening the solemnity of solitary scenes. In our descent, we stopped occasionally to listen to its deep *roar*, re-echoed from the opposite woods, and re-bellowing from steep to steep. It occurred to me as I worked my way down the dry bed of a torrent, and now and then stopped to breathe and to admire the *rupes**, *et vacuum nemus*†; that these forests and dells that now resound with the toll of the church

* When editions differ we may be allowed to prefer the reading that suits our object best, and quote *rupes* (rocks) in the old way for *ripas* (banks).

† The pathless rocks and lonely groves.

Francis.

going bell, once perhaps repeated the screams and shouts of the Bacchanalian throng. They delighted in the savage scenes that bordered the *Hebrus* and the *Rhodope*, in the depth of forests, in the hollows of lonely mountains or deserts, places all well adapted to their dark orgies and odious rites; fortunately the wisdom and gravity of the Romans did not permit them to adopt these foul inventions of Greek licentiousness. They had indeed been introduced into *Etruria* at an early period, and an attempt was made, at first with some success, to establish them in Rome itself; but they were soon discovered and repressed by the vigilance of the Consuls*. This event took place about the year of Rome five hundred and sixty-six, that is, before power and luxury had impaired the virtue of the Romans.

Another, but a shorter excursion from the abbey leads by a winding pathway, where

the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower,

to an hermitage, or rather a little convent, erected on the flat surface of a rock projecting from the sides of the mountain. This retreat is a very commodious house, with a little garden behind, and a fountain clear as crystal bubbling out from

* Liv. lib. xxxix.

a cleft in the rock; it has a chapel annexed to it, and is divided into a variety of little galleries, oratories, and cells, very neatly furnished and adorned with pictures and prints, and the whole in a style totally different from every other dwelling, fancifully pretty, and peculiarly conformable to its destination. This romantic hermitage is called, partly, I suppose, from its situation and prospect, and partly from its internal conveniences, *Paradisino*: and I must confess, that I never visited an abode better calculated to furnish the hermit with all the *aids* of meditation, and all the luxuries of holy retirement. From his window he may behold the *Val d'Arno*, and the splendors of *Florence*, at a distance too great to dazzle; around him he sees all the grandeur and all the gloom of rocks, forests, and mountains; by his fountain side he may hear the tinkling of rills and the roaring of torrents. Sometimes too, while absorpt in meditation, the swell of the distant organ and the voices of the choir far below may steal upon his ear, and *prompt the song of praise*. This retreat, so suited to the genius of a Gray or a Milton, is now occupied by a lay-brother, who resides in it merely to keep it clean, a task which he performs with great care and success*.

* We found among other portraits that of Father Hug-

At supper we had much conversation with the good father about the beautiful scenery we had beheld, and the delightful situation of the abbey.

ford, an English Benedictin, who in the beginning or middle of the last century, passed several years in this retreat, and by his piety, learning, and skill in mosaics, acquired a great reputation, not only among his brethren, but at *Florence* *.

On the ascent from the abbey to *Paradisino*, close to the path, and on the brink of the precipice, is a stone, the history of which, as related by our guide, and indeed as consigned to posterity in an inscription, is as follows:—St. John Gualbert, the founder of the abbey, while engaged in his devotions in the depth of the forest, was attacked by the devil, and to avoid his fury, was obliged to fly; but being closely pursued by his *harp-footed* adversary, who, it seems, meant to throw him down the precipice, and was then close to him, he took shelter under a rock, which instantly softened as he pressed it, and admitting his back like a waxen mould, kept him in close embrace till the fiend in his precipitate haste shot down the steep below. The representation of the saint in rude sculpture still remains on the stone.

The inscription and the tale might, perhaps, suit the approach to a Capuchin convent, but are totally unworthy of a Benedictin abbey. The glory of the founder is established upon a much more solid foundation than legendary stories; it rests upon the heroic exercise of the first of Christian virtues, of charity, in the forgiveness of an enemy on a most trying and difficult occasion †.

* Father Hugford was a man of talents, and excelled in the various branches of natural philosophy. He is said to have carried the art of imitating marble by that composition called *Scagliuola*, to its present perfection. He died Abbot, I believe, of *Vallombrosa*.

† See his *Life*, in *Butler*, June 12, Vol. 6.

He observed that we saw it to advantage, that in summer, that is, from May to October, it was what we conceived it to be, a most delicious and magnificent retirement; but that during winter, which commences here in October, and lasts till May, they were buried in snow, or enveloped in clouds, and besieged by bears and wolves prowling round the walls, and growling in the forests—*Orsi, lupi, e tutti li peste** was his emphatic expression. I know not how such objects may appear to persons doomed to reside here for life; but a visitant is disposed to regard them as so many supernumerary charms, considerably augmenting the characteristic feature, that is, the wild and gloomy magnificence of the place, and deepening that religious awe and veneration which naturally brood over monastic establishments.

The reader will learn with pleasure that the monks of *Vallombrosa* are not idle solitaires; but, that they unite like most of the ancient and many of the modern Benedictin establishments, the labors of public instruction with monastic discipline. Thus *Vallombrosa* is both an abbey and a college, and in its latter capacity furnishes an excellent seminary for the education of the Florentine youth of rank, many of whom were there at the time of our visit. Their dress is a black gown, with a black collar lined and edged with white;

* Bears, wolves, and all sorts of plagues.

we were present at one of their amusements, which was the *Calcio*, or balloon, a game in great repute both in Italy and France. Their looks and manners seemed to display the advantages both physical and moral of the situation.

Before we take leave of these enchanting wilds, we may observe, that, as they are supposed to have furnished Milton with the original of his Paradise, so his description of Paradise is considered as the model of modern parks. Others it is true, choose to go farther for the idea, and pretend that it is borrowed from *China*. It might seem extraordinary, that a taste so simple and so natural should have lain dormant for so many ages, if experience did not teach us that simplicity, which is the perfection of art, is always the last quality which it attains. The ancients had no notion of the species of garden I am speaking of, as appears from Pliny's account of his villas, round which we find *xystus concisus in plurimas species, distinctusque buxo . . . pulvinus cui bestiarum effigies invicem aduersas buxus inscripsit ambulatio pressis varieque tonsis viridibus inclusa**. The moderns, if we may believe Addison, were not ignorant of it even before his time, as the gardens both in France and Italy were

* Lib. v. Epist. 6.—A walk cut into several shapes, and divided into compartments with box . . . a terrace, on which stand images of beasts opposite one another, in box an alley inclosed with green shrubs squeezed close together, and shorn into various fantastic figures.

at that period laid out, if his description be accurate, in that *artificial rudeness* which is now the characteristic feature of English park scenery*. In fact, this author himself may justly be considered as the father of good taste in this respect, as the paper to which I have alluded, contains the fundamental principles of ornamental gardening as it is now practised at home, and even on the continent under the appellation of the *English style*. However, if we must give the credit of the invention to a poet, *Tasso* is best entitled to it, not only because he furnished Milton with some of the leading features of his description; but because he laid down the very first principle of the art, and comprised it in a very neat line with which he closes one of the most beautiful landscapes in *Armida's garden*.

L'Arte che tutto fa, nulla se scopre †.

Canto xvi. 9.

* Spect. 414.

† Though art was all in all, no signs of art were there.

Hunt's Translation.

Of this abbey, at all times celebrated in the literary history of Italy, *Ariosto* speaks in terms of high commendation.

Vallombrosa

Così fu nominata una badia

Ricca, e bella, nè men religiosa,

E cortese, a chiunque vi venia.

Or. Fur.

They reach'd an abbey, Vallombrosa nam'd,
Which, rais'd to meek religion, rich, and fair,
Still kindly welcom'd ev'ry passenger.

CHAP. XI.

Excursion to Camaldoli, Laceria, and Pietra Mala.

ON the following day a temporary separation took place. Three of the party proceeded towards *Camaldoli*, another celebrated solitude, and two were under the necessity of returning to *Florence*. For the following description therefore, both of *Camaldoli*, *Laceria*, and *Pietra Mala*, the reader is indebted to one of the author's fellow-travellers.

The road to *Camaldoli* winds round the mountain that shelters *Vallombrosa* on the north side, and then descends into a little valley. In the middle of this valley, on the very edge of a deep dell, stands a sequestered villa built by one of the *Medici*, when that family occasionally delighted in literary retirement. Though long forsaken and neglected it continued the property of the sovereign till lately, when it was sold to the Abbey of *Vallombrosa* by the Grand Duke *Leopold*. From thence we passed into a very beautiful part of the *Val d'Arno Inferiore*, rich in that species of cultivated and lively scenery which graces the banks of

the *Arno*. Some of its most striking features are, the ruined castle of *Romene* seated on a knoll that rises encircled with trees in the middle of the plain; behind it, the villages of *Poppi* and *Bibiena*; and immediately below us, the little town of *Prato Vecchio*, watered by the *Arno* and imbosomed in gardens and vineyards. From *Prato* we began to ascend a steep hill, and continued to wind amidst barren rocks for at least six miles. At length we arrived at *Camaldoli* about three o'clock.

CAMALDOLI:

The abbey stands on the bank of a torrent that murmurs through a valley surrounded by mountains towering to a prodigious elevation, and covered to the very summit with forests. On the south side, the valley expands, and the gloom of forest scenery is softened by an agreeable intermixture of lawn and down, not altogether unlike the varieties of an English park. On the north, rises a very steep hill, shaded to the summit with lofty firs: up this eminence we labored for a mile and a half and then entered the *Sagro Eremo*, or *sacred desert*. This hermitage consists of twenty-seven mansions, each the abode of one monk, all on the same plan taken from the original residence of *St. Romuald* the founder of the Order, which is

still preserved by the monks, as the thatched cottage of Romulus was by the Romans, with the greatest veneration. Each of these mansions consists of a bed-room, a sitting-room, a working-room, a little oratory, and a garden, all on a very small scale, and furnished with the utmost plainness and simplicity. They are surrounded by a wall forming a general enclosure. The inhabitants are taken from the abbey, and return thither after having passed two years in the solitude of the hermitage. At present there are four-and-twenty only. The abbot always resides among them, and governs the monastery below by a delegate called the *Prior*. The life of these hermits is unusually austere and mortified. Their diet consists entirely of vegetables and eggs, as meat is utterly prohibited. On Fridays they confine their repasts to bread and water. In summer, out of regard, it seems, to the genial influence of the season that must naturally invite to social enjoyments, the hermits are allowed to converse together at certain stated hours three days in the week. In winter, when the gloom of the weather and the horrors of the surrounding wilds are supposed to be most favorable to meditation, this indulgence is confined to two days. These austerities are peculiar to the inhabitants of the *Sagro Eremo*, and do not extend to the monastery. The church of the *Eremo* is extremely neat, and the sacristy adorned with some

excellent paintings. The library contains not only religious and ascetical works, which are seldom wanting in such establishments, but a very good collection of general literature. The situation is extremely grand and romantic; in the midst of craggy mountains, and almost impenetrable forests of firs, it is eternally enveloped in that holy gloom so congenial to the spirit of monastic institution, and so well calculated to infuse into the most dissipated minds sentiments of religious melancholy.

Not far from the *Eremo*, the *Apennines* attain their highest elevation, and exhibit at once a view of the *Adriatic* and *Tyrrhene* seas. We did not, however, ascend, as the heat of the weather at this season renders the horizon too hazy for extensive prospects; but when evening approached we returned to the abbey, where we found a very good supper prepared for us by the attention of the *Padre Foresteriaio*, to whom we had particular letters of recommendation. The prior himself also honored us with his company; so that we were on the whole provided with good fare and excellent conversation.

We were informed by the Prior, that the abbey was founded in the beginning of the eleventh century, by a Calabrian anchoret, called *St. Romuald*, who having sought in vain for perfect solitude in many parts of Italy, at length settled

himself in the rugged desert of *Camaldoli*. Here, with a few companions, he revived or rather augmented the primitive austerity of the Benedictin Order, intermixed with its rule some portion of the eremitical life, and laid the foundation of the congregation called, from its principal monastery, *Camaldulensis* or *Camaldolese*. As *St. Romuald* lived to the advanced age of a hundred and twenty, and enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity and wisdom, he may be supposed to have left his monastery in a very flourishing condition. It has now continued for the space of nearly eight centuries, with little relaxation in its rules and few vicissitudes in its fortunes.

There is something extremely striking in the duration of these monastic establishments—kingdoms and empires rise and fall around them—governments change—dynasties flourish and fade—manners and dresses alter, and even languages corrupt and evaporate. Enter the gates of *Camaldoli* or *Monte Cassino*—the torrent of time stands still—you are transported back to the sixth or the tenth century—you see the manners and habits, and hear the language of those distant periods—you converse with another race of beings, unalterable in themselves though placed among mortals, as if appointed to observe and to record the vicissitudes from which they are exempt. Hitherto these monuments of ancient times and

of past generations have been placed above the reach of that mortality, to which all the other works and institutions of man are subject; but is not the term of their existence at hand? or are they destined to survive the tempest that now scowls over Europe, and where it falls, levels all that is great and venerable in the dust?

The number of monks at the Abbey of *Camaldoli* is about forty, of whom ten only are in priest's orders; though not obliged to the silence or *extra-fasts* of their brethren in the hermitage, they lead a more austere life than other Benedictines. They rise a little after midnight, or rather about one in the morning, a practice not uncommon in religious orders, nor difficult to persons who sleep in the afternoon and retire to rest early; I might perhaps add, pleasant in a country where the morning is so glorious and delightful. In winter indeed, which in these elevated regions of the *Apennines* is long and intensely cold, this practice must be very irksome, and may justly be considered as one of their severest duties. But in all seasons, at such an hour and in such solitudes, the deep tones of the bells, the chant of the choir, and the fulness of the organ, must be most solemn and impressive.

The dress of the *Camaldolese* is white, but in form the same as that worn by the Benedictines in general, that is, a cassock, a scapulary, a hood,

and in the church, a cowl or long robe with large sleeves.

The abbey enjoys a considerable income, derived principally from its forests, which supply the port of *Leghorn* with firs for masts. More than fifty men are kept in constant employment immediately about the house; and bread is daily distributed to the poor around.

In the golden days of Lorenzo the Abbey of *Camaldoli*, like that of *Fæsula*, was the occasional resort of that prince and his classic associates; its abbot was equal to *Bosio* in learning, and perhaps excelled him in eloquence; and the rocks of *Camaldoli* sometimes, it is said, repeated the sublime tenets of Plato, and re-echoed his praises. How many ages may elapse before the silence that now reigns around us, is likely to be disturbed by similar discussions!

EXCURSION TO LAVERNIA.

The next morning we set out for *Lavernia*, called in Latin *Mons Alovernus*, probably its ancient name. It is about fourteen miles from *Camaldoli*; the road winds through a rocky and desolate country. We arrived at the convent about sun-set. It belongs to the Franciscan friars, and is the second of the order, as that at *Asisium* claims the first place. It was founded by St.

Francis himself, who was delighted with the savage scenery and the deep solitude of the place, so favorable to the indulgence of enthusiastic devotion. The choice of the situation does honor to the Saint's taste.

The convent was built and the mountain settled on it as a property, by Count *Orlando* lord of the territory about the year 1216. It is seated on a very lofty and romantic rock, about three miles in circumference, towering far above the neighboring eminences, and entirely covered with wood. The rock itself is broken into numberless pinnacles, insulated prominences, and fantastic forms; and in these again are various grottos and galleries, hollowed out by nature though occasionally enlarged by art. The thick groves that crown the summit and nod over the steeps, cast a rich and mellow shade over the whole scene, which thus appears to great advantage from its contrast with the bleak barren hills that lie immediately under. The view is varied, on one side extending over a rugged uncultivated tract, and on the other towards *Vallombrosa*, losing itself amidst wooded vallies and scattered villages, dells, and mountains rising in confusion one above another, and forming that outline both bold and beautiful which characterizes *Apennine* perspective. Most of the grottos which I have mentioned are distinguished by some real or legendary history of St. Francis.

In a little recess, on the edge of a tremendous precipice, the saint sheltered himself from the devil, who endeavored to hurl him down the steep; the saint adhered to the rock; the dæmon darted over. Had the latter profited by experience, he would not have renewed a mode of attack in which he had been foiled twice before in the very same neighborhood. This attempt is, however, the last of the kind on record. "In this cave (said our guide) St. Francis slept; that very stone enclosed in an iron railing was his bed; and on that peninsulated rock called *La Spilla*, hanging over yonder deep cavern, he was accustomed to pass a part of the night in prayer and meditation."

But of all the places consecrated by the presence and the miracles of the founder, none is held in so great veneration as the cave, now the chapel, of the *Stemma* (*Stigmata**) in which the holy man is said to have received imprinted on his body, the marks of our Saviour's wounds. The spot where this miraculous event took place is marked by a marble slab representing the circumstance, protected by an iron grating covered with a cloth. To this chapel a procession is made once after vespers, and once after midnight service, that is, twice every four-and-twenty hours; a pious

* Marks—impressions.

farce of the most absurd and ridiculous kind, because without any good end or object imaginable; what indeed could they do more to honor the very spot on which our Saviour himself suffered? But the mendicant orders are everywhere remarkable for absurd practices, childish form of devotion, and pious trumpery of every kind, to amuse the populace and attract them to their churches. From the chapel of the *Stemma* to the church runs a long gallery, painted in fresco by different friars of the convent, and representing the whole history of the Saint in chronological order. The church itself presents nothing remarkable, and is, like most others belonging to the same order, overloaded with insignificant tasteless ornaments. In one of its chapels, called from its destination *Delle Reliquie* (of the relics), they shew a large collection of bones of different saints, together with numberless other articles of equal importance, such as a cup, glass, and table-cloth, given to St. Francis by Count *Orlando*, a piece of a crosier belonging to St. Thomas of Canterbury, &c. &c.

The number of friars is about eighty, of whom twenty-two are priests. They received us with cordiality, and took great pains to supply us with every convenience and comfort, and in this respect they surpassed the hospitality of their Benedictin neighbors. After a minute observation, both of the convent and the mountain, which employed a

day, we returned to *Camaldoli*, and early next morning set out with an intention of reaching *Florence*, distant about six-and-thirty miles, that evening. To *Prato Vecchio* we followed the road we came by, and then leaving *Vallombrosa* on the left, we descended into the *Val d'Arno Inferiore* at *Ponte Sieve*, and then made direct for *Florence*, where we rejoined our friends.

This little excursion afforded us much satisfaction, and indeed fully answered our expectations. We had passed a week in monasteries, and acquired, if not an intimate, at least something more than a superficial acquaintance with the practices of monastic life. We observed in them some things to censure, and some to praise; among the former we may number the useless austerities and overstrained self-denial of the *Camaldolese* hermits, and which we considered as still more offensive, the mummary and grimace of the Franciscans of *Lavernia*. We cannot but consider it as a peculiar advantage that our laws authorize no establishments which can encourage the delusions of exaggerated devotion, or propagate absurd practices and legendary tales to the discredit and debasement of true sound religion. Again, the institution of mendicant orders we cannot but reprobate, as we do not see why those who can work should beg; nor can we discover either utility or decency in sending out at certain stated periods a few holy

vagrants upon a marauding expedition, to prowl around the country, and to forage for the convent*. We consider a poverty so practised, that is, at the expense of the poor, as in fact oppression of the poor, and as such we wish to see it proscribed as a vice, and not recommended as a virtue. If individual poverty has either merit or utility, and it may, if practised with prudence, have much of both, it may be exercised in the independent and dignified manner of the Benedictines and other monks, of whom it may justly be said, *privatus illis census brevis erat Commune magnum*†.

Of these latter orders therefore and of their magnificent abbeys we are willing to speak with respect, and almost with admiration. Raised far from towns and cities, they display the glories of architecture and painting in the midst of rocks and mountains; they spread life and industry over the face of deserts; they spend a noble income on the spot where it is raised; they supply the poor when healthy with labor, when sick with advice, drugs, and constant attendance; they educate all the children of their dependants *gratis*; and they

* On the mendicancy of the friars I mean to enlarge hereafter, when speaking of the state of religion in Italy.

† Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great.

Francis.

keep up a grand display of religious pomp in their churches, and of literary magnificence in their libraries. Thus, these abbeys are great colleges, in which the fellowships are for life, and every member is obliged to constant residence. Protestants, without doubt, may wish to see many reforms introduced into monasteries ; but it would ill become them to pass a general sentence of anathema upon all such institutions, because they may have been shocked at the useless severities of one order, or disgusted with the childish processions of another. The violence of polemical contest between the two churches is now over, and its subsequent heats and animosities are subsided, it is to be hoped, for ever ; concession may be made without inconvenience on both sides ; the candid catholic will have no difficulty in acknowledging that there is much to be reformed, and the candid protestant will as readily admit, that there is much to be admired, in monastic institutions ; the former will confess that Christ's Hospital is now employed to better purpose than when crowded with mendicant Franciscans ; and the latter will not hesitate to own that a congregation of Benedictines would improve and animate the lonely solitudes of *Tintern* and *Vale Crucis*.

PIETRA MALA.

Another pleasant and curious excursion from *Florence* is to *Pietra Mala*, a mountain that rises in the middle of the *Apennines* on the road to *Bologna*, about forty miles from *Florence*. This mountain is rendered remarkable by a flame that spreads over a small part of its surface, and burns almost continually without producing any of those destructive effects which accompany volcanic explosions. The departure of two friends for *Bologna* afforded an additional inducement to make this little excursion. The road is interesting all the way.

At *Pratolino*, about six miles from *Florence*, is one of the most celebrated of the Grand Duke's villas; it was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, but is less remarkable for its architecture than for its groves, its fountains, and, above all, for a colossal statue of the *Apennine*, whose interior is hollowed into caverns, and watered by perpetual fountains. Further on, on the summit of *Mount Senario*, rise the towers of an ancient convent, founded or rather enlarged by St. Philip Beniti^{us}, a noble Florentine, who obtained the title of saint by devoting his time and his talents to the propagation of peace, forgiveness, and

charity, in his country then torn to pieces, and desolated by the bloody contests of the *Guelphs* and the *Ghibellines*.

The road from *Pratolino* runs at the foot of a romantic ridge of hills that branch out from the *Apennines*, and rise in elevation as they approach the central chain of these mountains. We passed successively through *Fontebuono*, *Tagliaferro*, and *Cafaggiolo*. From this latter place the road continues to wind up the hill through scenery wild and grotesque. At *Le Maschere* the view is delightful. A villa rises on a ridge, whence the traveller may enjoy the landscape to the greatest advantage. On one side he looks down upon an extensive valley nearly circular, enclosed by steep mountains, finely varied throughout with wood and cultivated slopes; in the middle appear the white walls of *Scarperia*; and on the declivity of a mountain to the north, gleams the village of *Gagliano*. A large forest extends from the foot of the mountains to the very centre of the valley, and by contrasting with the olive-trees and vineyards on the sides of the hills that enclose this vale, gives it both richness and variety. Several bold swells interspersed here and there, graced with oaks and other forest trees sometimes growing in little groups, and sometimes rising single, relieve the flatness of the plain, and give it a sufficient degree of undulation. Behind the house,

lies a more contracted valley, which winds round the ridge on which the house stands, and joins the larger on the *Florence* road. This vale forms part of the celebrated *Val di Mugallo*, anciently with little variation *Mugiella Vallis*, whither one of the Gothic generals with his army advanced from *Florence*, which he was then besieging, to meet the Roman legions hastening by forced marches to relieve the town; here the armies encountered, and the barbarian was with all his followers cut to pieces*. This victory took place in the year 407, and was, I believe, the last glorious achievement that suspended in the west the fate of falling Rome. The villa, which I have mentioned, belongs to a Florentine nobleman, who seems to neglect it notwithstanding its attractive beauty, and, like most of his countrymen, prefers the indolence and the effeminacy of the city to the charms and the manly occupations of a country life.

Non his juvenus orta parentibus
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico;

* Two events of the kind took place here or in the vicinity—Totila's army was defeated by Narses in the *Mugiella Vallis*: Radagaisus, with his whole army, was taken and slaughtered by Stilicho in the immediate neighborhood of *Florence*. The latter event is here alluded to.

**Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum*.**

Hor. lib. iii. Od. vi. 33.

No; lost now to all sense of independence and spirit they submit without resistance to every invader, bow their servile necks to the Austrians and to the French alternately; and at length retain that yoke which is the most galling, and the most disgraceful, because imposed by the hand not of an open but of a treacherous enemy.

Towards evening we proceeded to *Covigliano*, where we took up our quarters for the night. The flame appears on the side of a mountain, about four miles from *Covigliano*, and the road or path thither is rugged enough. The spot where the phenomenon shews itself is on the declivity, and rather low down; the flame covered a space of about one hundred and forty feet, run along in crevices, and burnt much stronger in some places than in others. Its color was bright yellow, or blue, like spirits of wine, and it rose little more

* Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dyed with Punic gore the main;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursued,
Antiochus the Great subdued,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield.

Francis.

than half a foot from the surface; but in rainy weather, and particularly in winter, it is said to increase considerably, and mount to the height of six or seven feet. We extinguished it in some places by waving our hats strongly over it, and reproduced it by firing a pistol into a small train of gunpowder, and sometimes by merely throwing a lighted paper on the spot where it had disappeared. It emits a strong odor similar to that of æther. The soil which nourishes this flame is rather more stony than that immediately adjoining, but grass and mountain herbs grow around. Our guides informed us that a similar flame appeared in other parts of the mountain, and offered to conduct us to another spot further on; this we thought unnecessary, especially as it was very late, and we were distant from our inn.

Naturalists are divided in their opinions as to the cause of this phenomenon; some suppose it to be electric, other phosphoric, while a third set look upon it as volcanic. There are strong reasons in favor of this latter opinion, such as the vestiges of ancient eruptions in the neighborhood; the frequent shocks of earthquakes that agitate the surrounding mountains, and sometimes occasion considerable mischief; the sulphureous sources that bubble up in the vicinity and are so inflammable as to take fire at the approach of a torch, &c. &c. All these circumstances, without doubt,

seem strong symptoms of subterraneous fires, or at least of volcanic ingredients fermenting in the bosom of the earth. Yet, if the flames of *Pietra Mala* proceeded from any such cause, the ground over which they hover must be heated, and its heat increase if opened, because nearer the subterranean furnace. Thus, on the cone of *Vesuvius* the ashes are warm on the surface, and immediately under intolerably hot; so also at the *Solfatara*, which is a crust of sulphurated marle formed over an abyss of fire, the superficies is hot, and half a spade under almost burning. On the contrary, at *Pietra Mala* the flame communicates but little heat when burning, and when extinguished leaves the ground cold and without the usual vestiges of fire. This difficulty has induced others to ascribe it to a sort of oily substance or *petroleum* with which they suppose the earth about this spot to be impregnated. But, if this were the cause, the flames instead of being increased must be diminished, or rather extinguished, by the rains and tempests of winter; and at the same time the crevices which emit the flame must exhibit some traces of this oily vapor. Yet neither is the case; the flame glows with the greatest vivacity in winter, and the soil does not exhibit the least traces of any oily or bituminous substance. The first of these reasons is equally decisive against the operation of the electric fluid and of phosphoric

exhalations. At all events, whatever the physical cause of this phenomenon may be, its appearances are very pleasing; it illuminates all the mountainous tract around it, and banishes the horrors of night from one of the most dreary solitudes of the *Apennines*.

We reached our inn at a very late hour, and next day returned by the same road to *Florence*. But the curious traveller would do well to take the old road from *Pietra Mala* to *Fiorenzuole*, cross the *Giogo*, so called because it is the highest point of the *Apennines* between *Bologna* and *Florence*, descend to *Scarperia* which lies at the foot of the mountain, traverse the *Val de Mugello*, and rejoin the new road a little below *Tagliaferro*.

Before I quit the subject I must observe, that similar phenomena were observed in or near the same region anciently, as Pliny the Elder* notices the appearances of flames in the territory of *Mutani*, which territory includes the neighboring *Apennines*. This naturalist, who indeed seems no enemy to the marvellous, adds the singular circumstance of the flames appearing only on certain days, *statis volcano diebus*. He elsewhere represents the same territory as the theatre of a more astonishing exhibition—of a combat between two

* Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 26.

mountains*, which not only belched out fire and smoke at each other, but jostled together with great spirit and effect in the presence of a great concourse of people drawn up on the *Via Emilia* to behold the contest. This event he places in the year of Rome 662, and seems to consider it as a prognostic of the social war which broke out the following year.

* Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 83.

CHAP. XII.

Museum—Academy della Crusca—Etruscan Language—Ancient Dialects of Italy—Departure from Florence — Prato — Pistoia — Lucca, its History—Its Baths.

THE Museum of Natural History at Florence, which owes its foundation to the Archduke Leopold, is considered as one of the most complete of the kind, in the number and judicious arrangement of the different articles that compose it. The mineralogical collection is said to be perfect; but in the beauty and size of the specimens it is, I think, far inferior to the magnificent mineralogical cabinet at *Vienna*. The learned *Fabroni* presides over this museum, and communicated to us his information with so much readiness and attention, at repeated visits, as to merit our highest acknowledgments. It must be admitted to the honor of Italy, that their great museums and colleges are not only open to the public, but that the directors of such establishments feel as much pleasure in explaining, as the curious traveller can possibly take in examining, their contents. Annexed to

this museum is the cabinet of anatomical preparations in wax, made under the inspection of *Cao. Fontana*, the first in number, beauty, and exact conformity to the human frame, in Europe.

The Academy *della Crusca* still retains some celebrity, and literary influence at *Florence*; we were invited to one of its sittings, which was rather numerously attended. One of the members read a sonnetto, which did not seem to merit the approbation of the assembly, and it was received without the least indication of applause. Another read a dissertation on some Etruscan antiquities, which met with a better fate. Both the sonnetto and discourse were uttered with force and animation; but the natural harmony of the language was considerably impaired by the harsh guttural enunciation of the *Tuscans*. It cannot but be a matter of surprise, that a pronunciation so contrary to the genius both of the language and of the people should have become general in one of the central provinces of Italy, and under the immediate influence of Rome, where the utterance is the very breath of harmony. May not these guttural sounds, so peculiar to *Tuscany*, be a faint remnant of the ancient *Etrurian*? a language which, if we may guess by its scanty and dubious remains, does not seem to have been very smooth. Accents and tones peculiar to nations and territories may survive any particular dialect, and pass

from one language to another with little variation; and perhaps the unpleasant utterance alluded to may be of this description.

As I have mentioned the *Etruscan* language, the reader may perhaps expect some information relative to it, and indeed to the ancient languages of Italy, which were more or less connected with it. The subject is curious, but it is extensive, and at the same time difficult; it has exercised the ingenuity of some of the most learned writers of the last century, and still leaves room for conjecture. The Italians have made the most conspicuous figure in this debate, and among them *Lanzi* appears to have treated the question in the most clear and satisfactory manner. Most of the following observations are taken from this author, and may be considered as the result of his researches. They are few in number, and concise; but the limits of the present work will not permit a fuller discussion at present; hereafter, if time and circumstances will allow, I may resume the subject.

The ancient languages of Italy may be reduced to six, viz. the *Etrurian*, the *Euganean*, the *Volscian*, the *Oscan*, the *Samnite*, and the *Umbrian*. That no one of these is the primitive or aboriginal language of Italy is acknowledged, as the tribes that introduced them were invaders; but of the preceding dialects no vestige remains, and no well-

grounded conjecture can be formed. All these different dialects have more or less resemblance to either Greek or Latin, and seem all to have originated from the same mother tongue. This mother tongue appears to have been the Æolic, or Greek in use in the earliest ages on record. The nations above-mentioned, whatever their more distant and primal source might have been, flowed immediately and directly from Greece, and carried with them the common language as spoken in the province whence they issued. This common language, independent of its own native dialects, gradually underwent various modifications, resulting from the ignorance, and the unsettled and ever-varying circumstances of each colony; till, like Latin at a period not very remote from us, it branched out into several tongues similar in root, but very different in sound and termination. Although like Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, they might all be traced to the same origin, yet the knowledge of one by no means implied an acquaintance with the others. The *Etruscan* was the most widely spread, but never sufficiently so, to become the general language of Italy. This privilege was reserved for the language of *Latium*, called from thence Latin, the dialect of Rome, and finally of the civilized world. Now, as the inhabitants of Rome were collected from all the different tribes of Italy, so its lan-

guage, though perhaps originally *Eolic**, gradually became a compound of all their dialects, uniting their excellencies, and rejecting their barbarisms. Thus it acquired, as the Roman power extended, both richness and refinement; till in the age of Cicero it almost equalled its parent Greek in copiousness, and surpassed it in fullness of sound and in majesty of enunciation.

But notwithstanding the beauty and the universality of Latin, the *Etruscan* did not totally sink into disuse and oblivion. It was the language in which the Sybil was supposed to have conveyed her oracles, in which the Augurs interpreted omens, and the Aruspices explained prognostics; and as this latter class was the peculiar growth of *Etruria*, their art and its mysteries could not, it seems, be expressed in any other dialect. Hence, though it might have ceased in common use long before, it was not entirely obsolete in Rome under the first Emperors, and might have lingered among the peasantry, in obscure and distant parts of the country much longer.

The other dialects, having no connexion with the religion of the Romans, may be supposed to have disappeared much sooner; yet *Oscan* was not unknown even in the age of Cicero† and Augus-

* Dionysius. Halic. lib. i. Quintil. lib. i. c. 5.

† Ad. Fam. lib. vii. Ep. i.

tus *. We find allusions made to it by the former, and plays are said to have been acted in it during the reign of the latter. It may probably have continued amid the recesses of the *Apennines*, or remained in use on the unfrequented coasts of *Apulia*. Whether these dialects may not have contributed to the corruption of Latin, and in some respects re-appeared in modern Italian, we must leave to the learned to determine. *Lanzi* leans to the latter opinion, and his authority must have great weight. But in order to give the reader some idea of the sounds of the *Etruscan*, I will subjoin a few inscriptions as they are read by *Lanzi*.

LERPIRIOR, SANTIRPIOR, DVIR—FOR-
FOVEER, DERTIER DIERIR, VOTIR FARER.
VEF. NARATV. VEF. PONI SIRTIR.

In Latin this inscription would run as follows :

Lerpirius, Santerpius, duoviri quod voverunt iterare dies
votivos, egerunt, et nuncupato et deincep iterum.

PREVERIR. TESENOCIR. BVF. TRIF. FE-
TVMARTE. GRABOVE. OCRIPER. FISIOTO-
TAPER. IIOVINA. ARVIO. FETV. VATVO. FE-

* Strabo, lib. v.

RINE. FETV. PONI. FETV. TASES. PER-
SNIMV. PROSESETIR. FARSIO. FIELA. AR-
SVEITV. SVRVR. NARATV. PVSE. PREVERIR
TREBLANIR.

*These lines are taken from the sixth Eugubian table, and are thus paraphrased by the learned author whom I have so often quoted. The subject is a sacrifice.

Ante verres denos immolandos, bubus tribus facito Marti Grabovio sacrificium pro tota Jovina (gente) larido facito,—pulte farrea facito—Pane facito.—Prosecta e *persnimo*. Prosecato pernam, viscera, adipem, uti supra expositum, sicuti ante verres trinos immolandos.

The following may serve as a specimen of the Oscan dialect; it was found at *Avella*, and is supposed to contain the statement of a debate between the inhabitants of *Abella* and *Nola*.

EKKVMA TRIIBALAC LIIMIT
—HEREKLEIS 8VSNV. MESP. IST. EHTRAR.
SEIHVSS. PV. HERECLEIS. SAISNAM. AMS.
ETPERT. FIAM. PVSSTIS. PAI. IPISI. PVSTIN.
SLACI. SENATEIS SVFEIS. TANCINVR TRI-
SARAKAFVM. LI KITVB. INIM JVK TRIBA-
RAKKIVS PAM NVFLANVS. TRISARAKAT.
TVSET. NAM VITTIVS NVFLANV. MESTVE
EKKVM. SFAIAR. ABELLANVS, &c.

Several words are wanting; of course the con-

nexion is not always perceptible. It runs thus in Latin :

Ex Cuma . . . Trebulanorum . . . limites Herculis fanum medium est . . . Vici post Herculis fanum circum, per viam . . post quæ ipsi (limites) . . . post illa . . Suessinateis Nolani—Vicii—Abellani, &c.

We may form a faint idea of the sound of the *Volscian* dialect from these lines, inscribed on a tablet of bronze found at *Veletri*, anciently one of the most distinguished cities of the *Volscian* territory.

DEVE: DECLVNE: STATOM: SEPIS:
ATAHVS: PIS: VELESTROM: FAKA: ESA-
RISTROM: SE: BIM: ASIF: VESCLIS: VINV:
ARPA TITV: SEPIS: TOTICV: COVEHRIV:
SEPV: FEROM: PIHOM: ESTV: EC SE:
COSVTIES: MA: CA: TAIANIES: MEDIX:
SISTIATIENS.

Decima die Lunæ statum (sacrificium) in actis Velitrum fiat Esaristro sex bobus, frugibus vino placenta. Præterea pietur (lustretur) . . . Sex. F. Cossutius Marcus Cai F. Taffanius Meddix: astiensis.

This inscription also, as interpreted by *Lanzi*, prescribes the rites of some stated sacrifice, and though in appearance somewhat less barbarous than the two preceding, does not seem to have been susceptible of a very harmonious utterance.

The reader may be curious to know what the features of Latin might have been about this period, since the sister dialects appear to have been so rough and unpolished. The discovery of an ancient inscription made in opening the foundations of the sacristy of St. Peter's, in the year 1778, enables us to give him some satisfaction on that curious subject. It contains the hymn sung by the *Sacerdotes Aroales* * (an order instituted by Romulus), and runs as follows †:—

ENOSLASES JVVATE.

ENOSLASES JVVATE.

NEVE LVER VEMARMAR SINCVRER
EIN PLEORES.

NEVE LERVE, &c.

SATVR FVFERE MARS LIMEN SALISTA
BERBER.

SATVR, &c.

SEMVNES ALTERNEI ADVOCAPIT CON-
TOS.

SEMVNES, &c.

* Priests who marched in procession through the fields, and prayed for the increase of the fruits of the earth.

† The preface to this hymn alludes to the dances that accompanied it: *Sacerdotes januis clusis, acceptis libellis, tripodaverunt in verba hæc. Enos Lases, &c.*

“The priests, having shut the doors, and received the petitions, danced to the following words.”

ENOS MARMOR JVVATO.

ENOS, &c.

TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE, TRIVMPE.

TRIVMPE, &c.

TRIVMPE.

The meaning of this hymn, according to *Lanzi*, expressed in ordinary Latin, would be this—

NOS LARES JVVATE.

NOS LARES, &c.

NEVE LVEREM MAMARS SINES INCVR-
RERE IN FLORES.

NEVE, &c.

ADOR FIERI MARS (ATMON) PESTEM MA-
RIS SISTE MARS.

ADOR, &c.

SEMONES ALTERNI ADVOCATE CVNC-
TOS.

SEMONES, &c.

NOS MAMVRI JVVATO.

NOS, &c.

TRIVMPHE, &c.

TRIVMPHE, &c.

TRIVMPHE, &c.

I omit the reasons on which the ingenious interpreter establishes his translation; but if the

hymns and forms of prayer prescribed by Romulus or Numa, were unintelligible in the reign of Augustus *, a commentator may be excused if he should mistake their meaning at present. In one point however all must agree, that although this rustic Latin was supposed to be the language of the Nymphs and of the Fauns, it never could have been that of the Graces or of the Muses. All these dialects, the Etrurian not excepted, seem to have been appropriated to religious forms, laws, and sepulchral inscriptions. They were never employed in historical relations, and never tuned to the lyre of the poet. They remained therefore uncultivated and semi-barbarous, confined in process of time to the lower class, and gradually obliterated, without leaving any monument to induce posterity to regret their loss.

What progress Latin made in the interim towards refinement, we may learn from the following examples ; the first of which is a law ascribed to Servius Tullius, but supposed to have undergone some change in the orthography.

* And indeed long before, if we may credit Polybius ; who, speaking of a treaty between the Carthaginians and Romans, made in the consulship (not of Junius Brutus as the Greek historian relates, but) of P. Valerius and M. Horatius, declares that the language used at that early period was so different from the Latin spoken in his time, that the most learned Romans found it extremely difficult to explain the text of the treaty. Lib. iii. Kεφ. γ.

SEI. PARENTEM. PVER. VERBERIT. AST.
OLOE. PLORASIT. PVER. DIVEIS. PAREN-
TVM. SACER. ESTO. SEI. NVRVS. SACRA.
DIVEIS. PARENTVM. ESTO.

Si parentem, verberet—at illi ploraverint—divis, &c.

The transition from singular to plural, and the neglect of agreement between the verb and the nominative, shew the unsettled state of the language at that period.

QVI. CORONAM. PARIT. IPSE. PECV-
NIAEVE. EJVS. VIRTUTIS ERGO. ARDVITOR.
ET. IPSI. MORTVO. PARENTIBVSQVEJVS.
DVM. INTVS. POSITVS. ESCIT. FORISQVE-
FERTVR. SEFRAVDESTO. NEVE. AVRVM.
ADITO. AST SICVI. AVRO. DENTES. VINCTI.
ESCINT. IM CVM ILO. SEPELIRE. VREVE.
SEFRAVDESTO.

This is one of the decemviral laws, and of course a specimen of the language about a century later than the preceding; its orthography may have been in some respects modernized, yet it bears sufficient marks of antiquity. Thus *ardvitor* for *addatur*; *parentibusquejus* for *parentibusque ejus*; *escit* for *erit*; *forisquefertur* for *forisque effertur*; *sefraudesto* for *sine fraude esto* (i. e. *liceat*); *escint* for *erunt*; *im cum ilo* for *cum cum illó*; *ureve* for *urereve*, &c.

The following inscription records the naval victory obtained by Duillius over the Carthaginians.

LECIONEIS. MAXIMOSQUE. MACESTRATOS. CASTERIS. EXFOCIVNT. MACELAM. PVGNANDOD. CEPET. ENQVE. EODEM. MACESTRATOD PROSPEREREM. NAVEBOS. MARID. CONSOLE PRIMOS. CESET CLASESQUE. NAVALES. PRIMOS. ORNAVET. CVMQVE. EIS. NAVEBOS. CLASES. POENICAS. OMNES PARATISVMAS. COPIAS. CARTACINIENSIS. PRAESENTED. MAXVMOD DICTATORED. OLORVM. IN ALTOD MARID PVGNANDOD VICET . . . NAVEIS. CEPET. CVM SOCIEIS SEPTEMR . . . TRIREMOSQVENAVEISXXAVROM. CAPTOM. NVMEI, &c. &c. &c. DC: ARGENTOM. CAPTOM. PRAEDA NVMEI . . . CAPTOM AES PONDOD.

This inscription is of the year of Rome 494, but it is conjectured that the orthography underwent some slight alterations in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, when the original column, which had been damaged by time, was removed, and a new one erected in its place, with the ancient inscription engraved upon it. The letters and words in small print were inserted conjecturally by Lipsius, to supply the voids which time and accident have occasioned in the original. In correct Latin it would run thus :

Legiones, maximusque magistratus castris effugiunt. Macelum pugnando cepit—inque eodem magistratu *prosperem* navibus mari Consul primus gessit classesque navales primus ornavit cumque iis navibus classes punicas omnes paratissimas copias Carthaginienses præsente maximo dictatore illorum in alto mari pugnando vicit naves cepit cum sociis septiremes triremesque naves xx captum nummi argentum captum, &c. &c. &c.

The following specimens are taken from the sepulchre of the Scipios, a family which exhibits in the materials and ornaments of its tombs, as well as in the style of its epitaphs, that noble simplicity which seems so long to have distinguished the manners of its members.

CORNELIVS. LVCIVS. SCIPIO. BARBATVS.
GNAIVOD. PATRE: PROGNATVS: FORTIS.
VIR. SAPIENSQ. QVOJVS FORMA VIRTUTEI
PARISVMA FVIT—CONSOL. CENSOR. AIDILIS.
QVEI FVIT. APVD. VOS FAVRASIA.
CISAVNA. SAMNIO CEPIT—SVBICIT OMNE.
LVCANAA. OBSIDESQVE ABDOVCIT

Cor: Luc: Scip: Barb: Cneio Cujus forma virtutis parissima (i. e. par) fuit Cons: Cens. Ædilisque. qui omnem Lucaniam abduxit.

In the names of towns the nominative is put for the accusative, and in the two verbs the present tense is employed for the perfect; a confusion

which proves that the language had not attained a full degree of grammatical accuracy even in the year 480. Nor does it seem to have made much progress during the years immediately subsequent, as appears from the following epitaph of a later date, as it belongs to the son of *Scipio Barbatus*.

HONCOINO. PLOIRVME. COSENTIONT.
R. DVONORO. OPTVMO FVISSE. VIRO.
LVCIOM.SCIPIONE.FILIOS.BARBATI.CON-
SOL.CENSOR.AIDILIS.HIC.FVET.A.HEC.
CEPIT.CORSICA:ALERIAQVE.VRBE.DEDET.
TEMPESTATEBUS.AIDE.MERETO.

Hunc unum plurimi consentiunt Romæ bonorum optimum fuisse virum. Lucium Scipionem. Filius Barbati. Cons : Cens : CEdil : hic fuit apud vos. Hic cepit Corsicam Aleriamque urbem. Dedit Tempestatibus ædem merito*.

L. CORNELIVS. GN. F. GN. SCIPIO. MAGNA SAPIENTIA,
MVLTAQVE. VIRTVTES. AETATE. QVOM. PARVA.
POSIDET. HOC. SAXSVM. QVOIEL VITA. DEFECIT. NON.
HONOS. HONORE. IS. HIC. SITVS. QVEL NVNCQVAM.
VICTVS. EST. VIRTUTE. ANNOS GNATVS XX IS.
R. . . HS. MANDATV . . NE. QVA. IRATIS. HONORE.
QVEL. MINVS. SIT. MANDATVS.

This epitaph is less simple, and more polished than the preceding, yet in language inaccurate and confused.

* The authenticity of this epitaph has been disputed by some antiquaries, but it is now, I believe, universally admitted.

. . . Magnam sapientiam . . . ætate cum . . . possidet
 . . . cui qui nunquam terris mandatus—
 ne quærat is quominus honos sit mandatus.

The word *honor* is taken here in two different senses, and signifies either the honor which results from virtue, or that which accompanies magistracy; the former Scipio possessed, his age did not allow him to attain the latter. *Mandatus* is also used ambiguously, *terris mandatus*; *honor mandatus*.

QVEI. APICE. INSIGNEDIALIS. FLAMINIS. CESISTEI.
 MORS. PERFECT. TVA. VT. ESSENT. OMNIA.
 BREVIÀ. HONOS. FAMA. VIRTUSQVE.
 GLORIA. ATQVE. INGENIVM. QVIBVS. SEI.
 IN LONGA LICVISISET. TIBI VTIER. VITA.
 FACILE. FACTIS. SVPERASES GLORIAM
 MAJORVM. QVA. RE. LVBENS. TE. IN. GREMIV.
 SCIPIO. RECIPIT. TERRA. PVBLI. PROGNAVVM.
 PVBLIO. CORNELI.

Qui apicem insignem gessisti—si licuisset
 tibi uti superasses gremium Cornelio.

Notwithstanding some confusion in the terminations, the improvement in the language is here very visible; the expression is neat; the sentiments noble. Publius Scipio had no children, but added to the glory of the name by the adoption of the Lesser Africanus.

GN. CORNELIVS. GN. F. SCIPIO. HISPANVS.
 PR. AID. CVR. Q. TR. MIL. II. X. VIR, LI, IVDIK
 X, VIR. SAC. FAC.
 VIRTVTES. GENERIS. MLEIS MORIBVS. ACCVMVLAVI.
 PROGENIEM. GENVI. FACTA. PATRIS. PETIEL.
 MAJORVM. OBTENVI. LAVDEM. VT. SIBEL. ME. ESSE
 CREATVM.
 LAETENTVR. STIRPEM. NOBILITAVIT. HONOR.

Litibus Judicandis . . . sacris faciendis . . . meis mori-
 bus facta patris aspexi—Obtinui sibi

With similar marks of an imperfect language, this inscription equals, perhaps surpasses the preceding one in loftiness of sentiment. Both the one and the other are superior in thought and expression to the epitaph of Africanus, composed by Ennius.

Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi neque hostis
 Quivit pro factis reddere oprae pretium*.

The reader will observe in most of these specimens, which trace the language down to the year of Rome 600, a neglect of the accusative termination in M; the exclusion of diphthongs; the promiscuous use of O for U; of E for I; of the nominative for the accusative, and sometimes of the present for the past: all symptoms of a dialect

* Here lies th' illustrious chief, to whom alike
 His country, and his country's enemies
 Fail'd to do justice for his great deserts.

tending to modern Italian. Now, if the language was thus unsettled even in Rome itself, we may form some conception of its very imperfect state in the provinces. Not to speak of the tables of Eugubium (which *Lanzi* supposes to be of the sixth or beginning of the seventh age of Rome) in which we find P V S I S V B R A S C R E H T O E S T (*sicuti supra scriptum est*) we have an inscription copied from an altar found in the *sacred grove* of Pisaurum, which may give some idea of the dialect then current in the country.

FERONIA STATETIO DEDE	Feroniæ Statetius dedit
LIBRO	Libero
APOLENEI	Apollini
SALVTE	Saluti
DEL MARICA	Deæ Maricæ
MATRE. MATVIA. DONO DE-	Matri Matutæ dono dederunt Ma-
DRO MATRONA MAMVRIA.	troniæ, &c. . . . Paula
POLA. LIVIA. DEDA	Dida, &c.
JVNONE RE MATRONA	Junoni reginæ matronæ
PISAVRESI DONO DEDRO	Pisaurenseæ dono dederunt

The reader may imagine that he is perusing an inscription in modern Italian.

I will close these examples with two specimens of ancient Latin, the one a prayer, the other an epitaph, both of exquisite beauty.

Mars pater, te precor quæsoque, uti tu morbos visos inuisosque, viduertatem, vastitudinem, calamitatem, intemperiasque prohibeas, uti tu fruges, fru-

menta, vireta, virgultaque grandire, beneque coenire, sinas, pastores pecuaque salua seroassis.*

This form of prayer is taken from Cato, and though clad in modern orthography, yet it breathes the innocence and dignity of the early ages.

The epitaph was discovered some years ago at *Urbisalia* (anciently *Urbs Salvia*, a town near *Tolentina*, in *Picenum*), and merits the encomium which *Lanzi* bestows upon it, *per l'aurea simplicità ed eleganza*†.

C. TVRPIDI. P. F. HOR.

C. TVRPIDIVS. C. F. SEVERVS. F. V. A XVI.

PARENTIBVS PRAESIDIVM, AMICEIS. GAVDIVM
POLLICITA. PVERI. VIRTVS. INDIGNE. OCCIDIT
QVOIVS. FATVM. ACERBVM; POPVLVS. INDIGNE.
TVLIT

MAGNOQVE. FLETU. FVNVS. PROSECVTVS. EST †.

* "Father Mars, I pray and implore thee that thou wouldst turn away from us diseases, seen and unseen, destitution, desolation, distress, and violence; that thou wouldst suffer the fruits of the earth, corn, grass, and young trees, to increase and thrive, and wouldst preserve shepherds and their flocks in safety."

† "For golden simplicity and elegance."

‡ "Caius Turpidus, a youth whose opening virtues promised to be the support of his parents, and the delight of his friends, met with an unworthy end. The people were indignant at his cruel fate, and celebrated his funeral with deep lamentations."

Friday, September the third, about seven in the morning, we set out from *Florence**, and crossing the fertile plain that encircles the city, directed our course towards the *Apennines*, that rose before us in various broken forms, with their

* I have said nothing either of the court or the state of society at *Florence*. Our government had not acknowledged the title of King of *Etruria*, and had sent no minister to the new sovereign; we had therefore no regular means of presentation, and thought proper to decline the offers of the French minister (General Clarke) to supply the deficiency.

The higher classes of *Florence* meet every evening at the *Cassino*, a mode of intercourse which nearly precludes the necessity of domestic visits. Some houses however were still open to strangers when duly introduced, among others that of *Madame d'Albany*. The celebrated *Alfieri* was the soul of this circle; that is, while the conversation was carried on in Italian. If French was spoken he observed an indignant silence. In this respect I applaud his spirit and his patriotism. We praise the Greeks for having maintained the dignity of their divine dialect, in opposition to the majesty of the imperial idiom; and we praise them justly, for to their well-founded pride we owe in part the possession of the most perfect vehicle of thought perhaps ever invented: and shall we censure the Italians, if speaking the most harmonious language known among civilized nations, they reject a foreign jargon with contempt, especially when that jargon is made an instrument of slavery and a tool of atheism? Happy would it have been for Spain, Germany, Austria, and Prussia, if their nobles had imitated the high-minded *Alfieri*. In truth, to the inhabitants of these devoted countries, French is become the cup of *Circe*; he who imbibes it, forgets his God, his country, his very nature, and becomes *Epicuri de grege porcus*.

lower regions green and inhabited, and their upper parts rocky, brown, and desolate. We passed through *Campi*, a very pretty village. It is supposed to occupy the site of a town called *Ad Solaria*, while the river that intersects it, and another stream that falls into the former a little above it, retain their ancient names, and are called the *Biscenzio* and *Marina*.

We changed horses at *Prato*, a post and a half from *Florence*, an episcopal town not large, but well built and lively. It has several manufactures. Its principal square is called the *Piazza de Mercatale*, and its greatest ornament is the cathedral, an edifice of marble but of a style heavy and bordering upon Saxon. A sort of pulpit, placed at one of its angles on the outside, all of fine marble, with its canopy, is of a graceful form, and presents some well-wrought but singular groups on its pannels.

We next came to *Pistoia*, a stage and a half farther on, an ancient city, still retaining its ancient name, at least with a slight variation (the omission of the *r* in *Pistoria*); it is, as all the old towns of Italy are, an episcopal see, is remarkably well built, and from the unusual wideness of its streets, and the solidity of its edifices, appears both airy and magnificent. Among these buildings the principal are, the cathedral, the church called *Del Umiltà*, and the seminary. The dome of the first,

the front, or rather the vestibule of the second, and the general disposition of the third, are much admired. I must observe, that the establishments called seminaries in Italy and in France, are not merely academies or schools, but colleges, where the young clergy are instructed in the peculiar duties of their profession, under the inspection of the bishop, during three years previous to the time of their receiving holy orders. Hence each diocese has its seminary, which is always in the episcopal city, and generally contiguous to the bishop's palace. There are two public libraries. *Pistoia*, though ancient, can boast of no antiquities, nor indeed of any classical distinction, unless the defeat and destruction of Catiline and his band of rebels, which took place in its territory, can be deemed a trophy. The river *Arnbro* flows close to the town. The country around is not only fertile and well cultivated, but unusually picturesque; on the one side lie rich plains, on the other rises a ridge of hills, that partake all the characteristic beauties of the parent *Apennines*, and present towns, villages, and villas, rising in the midst of woods along their sides, with churches, convents, and castles, crowning their summits.

At a little distance from *Pistoia*, we quitted the plain of *Florence*, and entering a defile, continued for some miles to wind between steep hills, all waving with foliage and enlivened by habitations:

Shortly after we crossed the steep at *Seravalle*, and were much struck with the romantic villages and castles that crown its pinnacles: then descending into another plain, we changed horses at *Bergiano*, and passed through *Pescia*, a small but very neat town with a handsome bridge over a river of the same appellation. It is to be remembered that the road which we are now on, is the ancient communication between *Florence* and *Lucca*, and that *Pescia* corresponds to a place called *Ad Martis*, from a temple whose ruins were probably employed in the construction of the modern town. At no great distance from *Pescia*, the road traverses another ridge of hills shaded by groves of oak and chestnut. Descending thence, we crossed a most fertile plain for about five miles, and at eight o'clock in the evening entered *Lucca*.

LUCCA.

This city is one of the most ancient in Italy; the era of its foundation and the name of the founder, are equally unknown; it belonged originally to the Etrurians, and was taken from them by the Ligurians. It was colonized by the Romans about one hundred and seventy years before the birth of our Lord, and from that period began to rise in importance and in celebrity. The most

remarkable event however that distinguished it in ancient times was the interview which took place here between Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus; an interview which attracted half the senate and nobility of Rome, and for a time gave to a provincial town the pomp and splendor of the capital. The reason which induced Cæsar to fix upon *Lucca* for this interview, was because being in *Liguria* it was in his province, and lying at the same time on the southern side of the *Apennines*, it might be visited by his friends and partisans from Rome without inconvenience.

From the fall of the empire, or rather from the destruction of the kingdom of the Goths, *Lucca* seems to have been governed by princes of its own. From one of these princes or dukes, *Adalberto il Ricco*, who reigned in the beginning of the tenth century, the royal family of England is supposed, by *Muratori*, to have derived its origin, through the princes of *Este*. The magnanimous Countess *Matilda*, who made so conspicuous a figure in Italy during the eleventh century, and rendered the Roman See such important services, was born princess of *Lucca*. From the death of this princess which took place in the beginning of the twelfth century, *Lucca* has enjoyed, with the exception of a few intervals of domestic usurpation, the honors of independence and the advantages of a republican government. These

advantages are sufficiently conspicuous; in the first place, in the cleanliness of the streets, and in the excellent police established in the city; in the industry of the inhabitants, and in the high cultivation of the country; in the general security and confidence that reign not in the town only, but even in the villages and the recesses of the mountains; and in fine, in the extraordinary population of the territory, and in the ease and the opulence of its inhabitants. The government is strictly aristocratical, but the nobility who engross it are distinguished neither by titles nor privileges: their only prerogative is their birth—the most natural and least enviable of all personal distinctions. In this respect, indeed, the *Lucchesi* like the *Venetians* seem to have inherited the maxims of their common ancestors the Romans, and acknowledging like them the privilege of blood, give it rank and pre-eminence without encumbering it with pageantry and parade; *apud Romanos vis imperii vaket, inania transmittuntur**.

One advantage the *Lucchesi* enjoy peculiar to themselves, an advantage which, though highly desirable, was seldom attained by the ancient

* Tac. Ann. xv. 31.—“ Amongst the Romans the energy of empire is preserved in its full vigor; empty incumbrances are cast away.

commonwealths, whether Greek or *Roman*;—the cordial and uninterrupted union of the people and their governors. Public good seems at *Lucca* to be the prime, the only object of government, without the least indirect glance at either private interest or even corporate distinction. With motives so pure, and conduct so disinterested, the nobles are justly considered as the fathers of the republic, and are looked up to with sentiments of gratitude and of reverence. One of the grand features of true republican liberty, the constant and perpetual predominance of the law, is here peculiarly visible. It protects all without distinction, and deprives all alike of the means of attack or annoyance; hence the noble as well as the plebeian is disarmed; and like the Romans of old, obliged to look not to his sword but to the law for defence and redress; the least deviation from justice meets with prompt and rigorous punishment.

At *Lucca*, as in England, rank is no protection; it only renders the offence and the punishment more notorious. Hence, though the people have much of the courage, perhaps of the fierceness, of liberty, yet crimes and deeds of violence are rare, and the quarrels and murders that so often occur in other cities of Italy are here unknown; a circumstance that proves, if proofs were wanting, that the Italians owe their vices to the negligence, the folly, and sometimes perhaps to the wicked-

ness of their governments. Another vice with which the Italians are reproached (unjustly in my opinion) idleness, and its concomitant beggary, are banished from *Lucca* and its territory. None even among the nobles appear exorbitantly rich, but none seem poor; the taxes are light, provisions cheap, and competency is within the reach of every individual.

The territory of *Lucca* is about forty-three English miles in length and sixteen in breadth; of this territory about two-thirds are comprised in the mountains and defiles, the remainder forms the delicious plain immediately round the city. Now this little territory contains a population of about one hundred and forty thousand souls, a population far surpassing that of double the same extent in the neighboring provinces, though under the same climate, and blest with superior fertility. The difference so honorable to *Lucca* is the result, and at the same time the eulogium, of republican government. But why should I enlarge upon the liberty and the prosperity of *Lucca*? The republic of *Lucca*, like Rome and Athens, is now a name. The French cursed it with their *protection*; at their approach, Liberty vanished and prosperity withered away. These generous allies only changed the form of government, quartered a few regiments on the town,

obliged the inhabitants to clothe and pay them, and cried out *Viva la Republica* *.

The city of *Lucca* is three miles in circumference, surrounded by a rampart beautifully planted all around, and converted into a spacious and delightful public walk, for there is room for carriages, similar but superior to the ramparts of *Douay*, *Cambray*, and other fortresses in French and Austrian Flanders previous to the late war. These walls thus covered with lofty trees conceal the city, and give it at a distance the appearance of a forest, with the tower of the cathedral like an abbey rising in the centre. The town is well built, but no edifice in particular can be considered as remarkable. The cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, and, as a mixture of the heavy Saxon style, as we are pleased to call it, and the light arabesque, has no small claim even to beauty. The exterior is cased with marble, and ornamented with rows of little arches. In the inside the buttresses that form the arcades of the nave are thick and clumsy; but they support a second range of arcades, consisting of pointed arches, light and airy in themselves and ornamented with fretwork of admirable grace and delicacy.

The immediate vicinity of *Lucca* is a smooth

* Long live the Republic.

plain, as well planted, cultivated, and embellished, as incessant industry can make it. The remaining part, that is, the principal portion of the republican territory, is mountainous, and the traveller has an opportunity of observing its scenery on his way to the celebrated baths of *Lucca*. These baths are about fourteen miles from the city in a north-westerly direction, in the windings of the *Apennines*. The road to them, having traversed the plain of *Lucca* watered by the *Serchio*, still continues to trace its banks, and at *Ponte Amariano* enters the defile through which that stream descends from the mountains. This bridge and two others higher up are of a very singular form, consisting of two very high arches, very narrow, extremely steep with a descent in the middle between the arches; they are calculated only for foot passengers and mules. The era of their construction has not yet been ascertained. Some suppose that they were erected in the sixth century by Narses; others with more probability, assign them to the eleventh, and to the Countess *Matilda*. Their grotesque appearance harmonizes with the romantic scenery that surrounds them; banks lined with poplars, bold hills covered with woods, churches and villas glittering through groves of cypress. From hence the defile continues without interruption to the baths, while the bordering mountains sometimes advance and

sometimes recede, increasing however in elevation without any diminution of their verdure and foliage.

The village of *Dei Bagni* stands in the bottom of a valley, on the banks of the *Serchio*; the baths themselves, with the lodging houses round them, are on the declivity of the hill. The view from thence extends over a dell deep, broken, and shagged with trees; a torrent rolling over a rocky bottom; the hills all clad in forests of chestnut; at a distance and above all the pyramidal summits of the *cloud-capped Apennines*. The baths are indeed in the very heart of these mountains, but surrounded rather with the beautiful than the grand features of their scenery. These baths do not appear to be a place of gay fashionable resort, or likely to furnish much social amusement; but such persons as retire for purposes of health or improvement, may find here tolerable accommodations, and a country to the highest degree picturesque and interesting. The road from *Lucca* is good, but on the sides of the hills sometimes too narrow, and too near the edge of the precipice.

The arts and sciences that generally accompany Liberty, have long flourished at *Lucca*; so much indeed, that these republicans are supposed to be endowed with more sagacity, and better adapted to mental pursuits than the other Etrurians, how-

ever high their natural advantages in this respect are rated. The fact seems to be that the higher class at *Lucca*, as in England, are obliged to qualify themselves for the administration of public affairs, and are therefore impelled to improvement by a stimulus not felt in other Italian governments. This circumstance renders information not only necessary but fashionable, makes it a mark of rank and distinction, and diffuses it very generally over the whole territory. It is accompanied as usual by a spirit of order, decency, cleanliness, and even politeness, which raise the *Lucchesi* far above their countrymen not blest with a similar government.

The river which intersects the plain and almost bathes the walls of *Lucca* is now called the *Serchio*, but is supposed by Cluverius to have been anciently named the *Ausar*: a little stream not far from the gate of *Lucca* on the road to *Pisa*, still retains the appellation of *Osore*. The road between these cities runs mostly at the foot of high wooded hills over a rich well-watered level thickly inhabited and extremely well cultivated.

CHAP. XIII.

*Pisa—its History—Edifices—Baths—University—
Port.*

PISA appears to great advantage at some distance, presenting the swelling dome of its cathedral, attended by its baptistery on one side, and the singular form of the leaning tower on the other, with various lesser domes and towers around or in perspective.

This city stands in a fertile plain, bounded by the neighboring *Apennines* on the north, and on the south open to the *Tyrrhenian* sea. The fancy loves to trace the origin of *Pisa* back to the storied period that followed the Trojan war, and to connect its history with the fate of the Grecian chiefs, and particularly with the wanderings of the venerable Nestor. This commencement which at first sight appears like a classic tale framed merely to amuse the imagination, rests upon the authority of Strabo*, and may be admit-

* Lib. v.

ted at least as a probability. At all events the

Alphææ ab origine Pise
Urbs Etrusca solo *,

Virg. Æn. x. 179.

enjoys the double glory of being one of the most ancient cities of *Etruria*, and of deriving its name and its origin from the *Olympic Pisa* on the banks of the *Alpheus*.

Though always considerable, whether as forming one of the *Etruscan* tribes or afterwards honored with a Roman colony, yet *Pisa* did not arrive at the zenith of its fame till the records of ancient times were closed, and the genius of Rome and liberty seemed for ever buried under the ruins and the barbarism of the middle ages. At that period, apparently so unpropitious, the flame burst forth, and again kindled the slumbering spirit of Italian freedom. *Pisa* was not the last that roused itself to activity ; it asserted its independence at an early period, and in the tenth century blazed forth in all the glory of a mighty and victorious republic. Its numerous fleets rode triumphant on the Mediterranean ; and *Corsica* and *Sardinia*, the Saracens on the coasts of Africa, and the infidel sovereign of *Carthage* bowed beneath its power.

* Pisa, a town on fair Etruria's shore,
That drew from Elis its proud origin.

Captive kings appeared before its senate; the Franks in *Palestine* and in *Egypt* owed their safety to its prowess; and *Naples* and *Palermo* saw its flags unfurled on their towers. Pontiffs and Emperors courted its alliance and acknowledged its effective services; and the glory of *Pisa*, twice ten centuries after its foundation, eclipsed the fame of its Grecian parent, and indeed rivalled the achievements of *Sparta* herself, and of all the cities of *Peloponnesus* united.

During this era of glory, not conquest only but commerce introduced opulence and splendor into the city; its walls were extended and strengthened; its streets were widened and adorned with palaces, and its churches rebuilt in a style of magnificence that even now astonishes the traveller, and attests the former fortunes of *Pisa*. A population of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants filled its vast precincts with life and animation, and spread fertility and riches over its whole territory. Such was its state during the eleventh, twelfth, and great part of the thirteenth centuries, after which the usurpation of domestic tyrants first, and next the victories of the *Genoese* broke the spirit of its citizens. Then the treachery of its princes, with the interference and deceitful politics of *France*, undermined its freedom, and a length the intrigues of the *Medici* completed its ruin, and enslaved it to its rival *Florence*.

Liberty had now fled for ever from *Pisa*, and commerce, arts, sciences, industry, and enterprize, soon followed : languor and despair spread their deadening influence over the city and its territory, and still continue to prey upon its resources. While the neighboring *Lucca*, not so glorious but more fortunate still retains its opulence and its population, *Pisa*, enslaved and impoverished, can count only fifteen thousand inhabitants within the wide circumference of her walls ; a number which in the days of her prosperity would have been insufficient to man one-half of her gallies, or to guard her ramparts during the watches of the night.

At the very same period when the streets of *Pisa* were crowded with citizens, *Sienna* counted one hundred thousand inhabitants, and *Florence* herself could boast of four hundred thousand. These cities were then three independent republics. The two former were subjugated by the latter, and were soon reduced, the one to thirty, the other to twenty thousand inhabitants. Victorious *Florence* is in her turn enslaved by her dukes ; and, lo ! four hundred thousand free citizens dwindled into sixty thousand slaves !

Pisa covers an enclosure of near seven miles in circumference ; the river intersects and divides it into two parts nearly equal ; the quays on both sides are wide, lined with edifices in general stately and handsome, and united by three bridges, one of

which (that in the middle) is of marble. As the stream bends a little in its course, it gives a slight curve to the streets that border it, and adds so much to the effect and beauty of the perspective, that some travellers prefer the *Lungarno* (for so the quays are called) of *Pisa* to that at *Florence*. The streets are wide, particularly well paved, with raised flags for foot passengers, and the houses are lofty and good looking. There are several palaces, not deficient either in style or magnificence.

Among its churches the traveller cannot fail to observe a singular edifice on the banks of the *Arno*, called *Santa Maria della Spina* * (from part of our Saviour's crown of thorns said to be preserved there) it is nearly square, low, and of an appearance whimsical and grotesque rather than beautiful. It is cased with black and white marble. Two great doors with round arches form its entrance: over each portal rises a pediment; the other end is surmounted by three obelisks crowned with statues; the corners, the gable ends, and indeed the side walls are decorated with pinnacles, consisting each of four little marble pillars supporting as many pointed arches with their angular gables, and forming a canopy to a statue standing in the

* Supposed to have been erected An. 1230, and repaired An. 1300.

middle of the pillars ; they all terminate in little obelisks adorned with fretwork. I mention this building merely for its singularity and as a specimen of that species of architecture which the Italians called *Gotico Moresco* (Moorish-Gothic), introduced into Italy in the eleventh century, and as its name seems to import, probably borrowed from the East by the merchants of the commercial republics *.

But the finest group of buildings of this description perhaps in the world, is that which *Pisa* presents to the contemplation of the traveller in her Cathedral, and its attendant edifices, the baptistery, the belfry, and the cemetery. These fabrics are totally detached, occupy a very considerable space, and derive from their insulated site, an additional magnificence. They are all of the same materials, that is, of marble, all nearly of the same era, and excepting the cloister of the cemetery, in the same style of architecture.

The cathedral is the grandest, as it is the most

* I must here observe, that there are in Italy two species of Gothic—the *Gotico Moresco* (Moorish-Gothic), and the *Gotico Tedesco* (German-Gothic); the former may have been imported from the East; the latter seems, as its name implies, to have been borrowed from the Germans. The latter appears to be an improvement upon the former.

ancient. It was begun in the middle and finished before the end, of the eleventh century. It stands on a platform raised five steps above the level of the ground, and formed of great flags of marble. The sides are divided into three stories, all adorned with marble half-pillars; the undermost support a row of arches; the second a cornice under the roof of the aisles; the third bear another row of arches and the roof of the nave. The front consists of five stories, formed all of half-pillars supporting semicircular arches; the cornices of the first, second, and fourth stories, run all round the edifice: the third story occupies the space which corresponds with the roof of the aisles, and the fifth is contained in the pediment. In the central point of section (for the church forms a Latin cross) rises the dome supported by columns and arches, which are adorned with pediments and pinnacles surmounted with statues. The dome itself is low and elliptic. The interior consists of a nave and double aisles, with choir and transept. The aisles are formed by four rows of columns of oriental granite. The altar and the pulpit rest upon porphyry pillars; the gallery around the dome is in a very light and airy style. The roof of the church is not arched, but of wood divided into compartments, and gilt; a mode extremely ancient, and observable in many of the early

churches*. The doors are bronze, finely sculptured, though inferior in boldness of *relievo* and delicacy of touch to those of the Baptistery of *Florence*. There are several pictures of eminent masters; but the insignificance of the subjects, which are too often obscure and legendary, takes away in no small degree from the interest which they might otherwise inspire.

On the evening of our arrival, this immense fabric was illuminated, in compliment to the king of Etruria, who was expected to offer up his devotions there on his arrival from *Florence*. As the tapers were almost innumerable, and their arrangement extremely beautiful, the effect was to us at least novel and astonishing. Illuminations indeed, whether in churches or in theatres, are no where so well managed as in Italy; no expense is spared; tapers are squandered with prodigality; all the architectural varieties of the hall or edifice are marked by lights; and the curves of the arches, the lines of the cornices, and the flourishes of the capitals, are converted into so many waving flames; so that we no where meet with such magnificent shews and surprising combina-

* This edifice has been damaged by fires more than once, but always repaired with great care, and with the utmost attention to its original form and ornaments.

tions of lights as at Rome, Naples, Venice, and the other great cities of Italy.

The Baptistery, which, as in all the ancient Italian churches, is separated from the cathedral, stands about fifty paces from it full in front. It is raised on three steps, is circular, and surmounted with a graceful dome. It has two stories, formed of half-pillars supporting round arches; the undermost is terminated by a bold cornice; the second, where the pillars stand closer, and the arches are smaller, runs up into numberless high pediments and pinnacles, all topped by statues. Above these, rises a third story without either pillars or arches, but losing itself in high pointed pediments with pinnacles, crowned again with statues without number. The dome is intersected by long lines of very prominent stone fretwork, all meeting in a little cornice near the top, and terminating in another little dome which bears a statue of St. John the Baptist, the titular saint of all such edifices. The interior is admired for its proportion. Eight granite columns form the under story, which supports a second composed of sixteen marble pillars; on this rests the dome. The *ambo* or desk for reading is of most beautiful marble, upheld by ten little granite pillars, and adorned with *basso relievos*, remarkable rather for the era and the sculptor than for their intrinsic merit. The font is also marble, a great octagon vase,

raised on three steps and divided into five compartments, the largest of which is in the middle. The dome is famous for its echo; the sides produce the well-known effect of whispering galleries. This edifice, which is the common baptistery of the city as there is no other font in *Pisa*, was erected about the middle of the twelfth century by the citizens at large, who, by a voluntary subscription of a *fiorino* of each, defrayed the expenses.

We now proceed to the *Campanile* or belfry, which is the celebrated leaning tower of *Pisa*. It stands at the end of the cathedral opposite to the baptistery, at about the same distance. It consists of eight stories, formed of arches supported by pillars, and divided by cornices. The undermost is closed up, the six others are open galleries, and the uppermost is of less diameter, because it is a continuation of the inward wall, and surrounded not by a gallery but by an iron balustrade only. The elevation of the whole is about one hundred and eighty feet. The staircase winds through the inward wall.

The form and proportion of this tower are graceful, and its materials which are marble, add to its beauty; but its grand distinction, which alone gives it so much celebrity, is a defect which disparages the work, though it may enhance the skill of the architect, and by its novelty arrest the

attention. I allude to its inclination, which exceeds fourteen feet from the perpendicular. The cause of this architectural phenomenon has occasioned some debate, while many ascribe it to accident, and many to design; the former is now the generally received opinion. The ground at *Pisa* and all around it, is rather wet and swampy, and may easily have yielded under edifices of such elevation and weight; and indeed, if I am not mistaken, the cathedral and baptistery themselves have a slight and almost imperceptible inclination southward; a circumstance which if ascertained, as it easily might be, would leave no doubt, if any could be supposed to remain, as to the cause of the deviation from perpendicularity observable in the *Campanile*. However, though the unequal sinking of the foundation may have been the cause of this singularity, it yet appears that it took place before the termination of the edifice; and that the architect had the courage to continue the work, notwithstanding so alarming a symptom, and the skill to counteract its consequences. This is inferred from the observation, that the uppermost story diverges much less from the perpendicular line than the others, and seems to have been constructed as a sort of counterpoise. A French traveller carries this idea still farther, and supposing that the foundation gave way when the edifice had been raised to the fourth story, pretends that the

architect to restore the equilibrium, gave the pillars on the leaning side a greater elevation. This representation, as far as it regards the fifth and sixth stories, is inaccurate. At all events, whatever cause produced the effect, the result equally evinces the solidity of the edifice and the judgment of the architect, as it has now stood more than six hundred years without the least appearance of fissure or decay.

Ruituraque semper

Stat (mirum) moles*.

Luc. lib. iv.

The three edifices which I have described, stand in a line, and appear together in full view; but the cemetery lies on the north side of the cathedral and baptistery, and seems rather a grand boundary than a detached edifice. It is raised like the others on steps, and is adorned like the undermost story of the cathedral, with pillars and arches and a similar cornice. The gate is decorated with high pinnacles. Within is an oblong square, enclosed in a most magnificent gallery or cloister, formed of sixty-two arcades, or rather windows, of the most airy and delicate Gothic

* And, wond'rous to behold,
Stands ever firm, though threat'ning still to fall.

work imaginable. This gallery is both lofty and wide, flagged, and built entirely of white marble, adorned with paintings almost as ancient as the edifice, and highly interesting, because forming part of the history of the art itself. It is also furnished with many Roman *sarcophagi* and inscriptions, and ennobled by the tombs of several illustrious persons, natives of *Pisa*, and foreigners. The space enclosed is or rather was, the common burial place of the whole city; it is filled to the depth of ten feet with earth brought from the Holy Land by the galleys of *Pisa* in the twelfth century*, and is supposed to have the peculiar quality of corroding the bodies deposited in it, and destroying them in twice twenty-four hours; an advantage highly desirable in such crowded repositories of putrefying carcases.

The quantity of marble contained in these four immense edifices, and the number of pillars employed in their decoration are truly astonishing. The latter, some suppose to have been taken from ancient edifices, and as a proof of the magnificence of *Pisa* in the time of the Romans they cite an expression of Strabo, which however ap-

* The name of *Campo Santo* (the Holy Field), which is generally appropriated to this cemetery, refers to this earth.

plies not to edifices, but to quarries*. The great variety of marble of which these columns are formed, and the rarity and value of some, give them an apparent claim to antiquity; though it does not appear that they belonged to any edifices either in this city or in its vicinity. They may have been imported by the Pisan galleys in their triumphant returns from *Majorca, Sardinia, Corsica, Carthage, Sicily, and Naples*; and may perhaps be considered rather as monuments of the victories of this once powerful republic, than as remains of its municipal magnificence under the Romans.

I have said that the *Campo Santo* was the cemetery, because by an edict of the Emperor Leopold while Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, cemeteries and indeed all places of interment within the precincts of cities and towns were prohibited; a regulation so salutary as to deserve universal adoption, though it was less necessary perhaps at *Pisa*, than in any other city†.

* Δοκίμῃ δ' ἡ πόλις εὐτυχεῖσθαι ποτε, καὶ νῦν ὄντι ἀδοξεῖν, διὰ τε ἐνκαρκίων, καὶ τὰ λιθουργία, καὶ τὴν ὄλην τὴν ναυπηγήσιμον, κ. τ. λ.—*Lib. v.*

“The city seems formerly to have prospered, and is now not without reputation, in consequence of its fertile soil, and its stone-quarries, and its timber adapted to ship-building.”

† A late most respectable author, who has generously de-

In speaking of the style of this group of edifices, I have, in conformity with other travellers, used the epithet *Gothic*, though, even in its usual acceptation in architectural language, not quite appropriate on this occasion. In fact, it is a composite style formed of Roman orders, corrupted and intermingled with Saracenic decorations. Thus, the open galleries of the *Campanile*, and the first and third stories of the cathedral, with the first and second of the baptistery, and all the exterior of the cemetery, are formed of semicircular arches resting upon pillars; a mode introduced

voted his time and his talents to the support or rather to the restoration of religion among his countrymen, defends the common practice with great eloquence and effect*. He had beheld with horror the sacrilegious violation of the tomb, the contemptuous forms of civic interment, the atheistic sentence inscribed over the grave during the revolution, and he turned with delight to the affectionate, the decent, the consoling rites of christian sepulture. May these rites remain for ever! May the song of praise, the lesson of lamentation and comfort, and the *prayer of faith*, for ever accompany the Christian to his grave; and wherever the Faithful repose, may the standard of hope, the pledge of immortality, the trophy of victory, the CROSS, rise in the midst of their tombs to proclaim aloud that *Death shall lose its sting*, and that the *grave shall give up its captives*.

* Mons. Chateaubriand in his excellent work, entitled, *Genie du Christianisme*. Vol. iv. p. 72.—*Paris Edition*, 1802.

about the time of Diocletian, very generally adopted in the era of Constantine, and almost universally prevalent both in the east and west, for a thousand, perhaps twelve hundred years afterwards, and not entirely laid aside even in our times. In the *Campanile* therefore, as in the stories above-mentioned, there is little, if any thing, that can strictly be called Gothic. The arches of the gallery that surrounds the dome of the cathedral externally, are neither pointed nor round, but of the form of a fig-leaf; above each rises a pediment very narrow and very high. These ornaments are perhaps Gothic; the same may be said of the pediments or gables, for they resemble the latter much more than the former, as well as of the many pinnacles that adorn its parapet. The windows of the cloister are in the style called Gothic in its highest perfection. This cloister was begun in the twelfth and finished in the thirteenth century. The cathedral was finished in the eleventh, and exhibits in the gallery described above, some striking features of the style afterwards called Gothic, a circumstance which seems to strengthen the conjectures of the late Mr. Whittington * of St. John's College, *Cambridge*, and to indicate the

* Can I mention this friendly name without lamenting the fate that consigned so many virtues and so many talents to an early grave?

eastern origin, if not of this species of architecture, at least of some of its ornaments. The republic of *Pisa* at that time carried on a great commerce with *Constantinople*, *Asia Minor*, the *Syrian* ports and *Palestine*, and may easily be supposed to have adopted some of their fashions in building as well as in dress, and manner of living:

The hot baths of *Pisa* were frequented anciently more perhaps than at present; they are about four miles from the city, and spring up at the foot of *Monte St. Giuliano*. They are environed with buildings of various kinds, with lodging-houses and a palace. The remains of an ancient aqueduct may be seen at a little distance; but they are eclipsed by a modern one of a thousand arches, erected originally in order to supply *Pisa*, and now carried on to *Leghorn*.

If I pass over in silence the other churches and public edifices of *Pisa*, it is not that I deem them unworthy of notice*; on the contrary, several are magnificent and very justly admired; but I wish to confine my observations here, as elsewhere, to the peculiarities and characteristic features of the city, which alone suffice to give it

* Among the towers which rise in different parts of *Pisa*, one is still shown as the scene of the horrid catastrophe of Count *Ugolino* and his sons, described in so affecting a manner by *Dante*, *Inferno*, *Canto xxxiii*.

fame and pre-eminence. Such, I conceive, the four grand fabrics above described to be, which surpass any group of buildings I have beheld out of Rome, and confer upon *Pisa* a distinction worthy of its ancient fame and long duration. A duration which, if we may credit a poet, dates its commencement before the Trojan war!

Ante diu quam Trojugenas fortuna penates
Laurentinorum regibus insereret,
Elide deductas suscepit Etruria Pisas,
Nominis indicio testificante genus*.

Rutilius, lib. 1. ver. 571.

But the glory of *Pisa* is not confined to architectural honors. Her University was one of the nurseries of reviving literature, and under the auspices of republican liberty, rivalled the most celebrated academies of Italy, at a time when they all teemed with genius and science. When *Pisa* was subjugated by the *Florentines*, the University felt the decay of public prosperity, gradually lost its fame, was forsaken by its students, and at length sunk into insignificance. It was afterwards restored by *Lorenzo de Medici*, and many profes-

* Long ere the destinies conspir'd to join
The blood of Troy with Latium's royal line,
From Elis to Etruria Pisa came,
Her origin proclaiming by her name.

sors of eminence were engaged* to fill its different chairs. But it again declined; and it was again restored by the Grand Duke *Cosmo the First*. Since that period it has continued the seat of many eminent professors, though it has never recovered the number of its students, or regained all its ancient celebrity. It has more than forty public professors, and most of those now resident are authors and men of high reputation in their respective lines. It is moreover abundantly furnished with all the apparatus of an academy. Colleges, libraries, an observatory, with all the astronomical instruments in great perfection; a most extensive and well ordered botanical garden; to which we may add, that the beauty of the country, the mildness of the climate, the neighborhood of the sea, and the cheapness of provisions, are all so many additional recommendations, and must, it would seem, attract students. *Pisa* is indeed the seat of Tuscan education, and is much frequented by the subjects of the *Florentine* government; hence, when I say it has never recovered its ancient numbers, I mean not to say that it is deserted, but that its present state does not equal its former glory.

Pisa is only four miles from the sea; its port

* An. 1472.

was anciently at the mouth of the *Arno*, and was a place of some fame and resort.

Contiguum stupui portum, quem fama frequentat

Pisarum emporio, divitiisque maris,

Mira loci facies ! *

Rutilius.

* Astonish'd I beheld th' adjoining port,
Pisa's emporium, and the fam'd resort
Of riches maritime ; a wond'rous spot !

This port was protected neither by a mole nor by a pier, nor indeed by any artificial or natural rampart of walls, rocks or promontories. Though it was open to every wind, yet vessels rode secure on its bosom. The cause of this peculiarity was the size and tenacity of the *weeds* which were so closely interwoven, it seems, as to exclude the agitation of the sea while they yielded to the weight of vessels. Such is the account of *Rutilius*.

. pelago pulsatur aperto,
Inque omnes ventos littora nuda patent ;
Non ullus tegitur per brachia tuta recessus,
Æolias possit qui prohibere minas.
Sed procera suo prætexitur alga profundo,
Molliter offensæ non nocitura rati :
Et tamen insanas cedendo interligat undas,
Nec sinit ex alto grande volumen agi.

Rutilius Itin. lib. 1. 533 . . . 540.

The open sea beats unoppos'd against
The naked beach, to ev'ry wind expos'd :
No bay's recess, by jutting arms secur'd,
Wards off the blust'ring winds ; but sea-weed tall

It then gave its name to a bay which extended from the promontory of *Populonia*, now *Piombino*, to that of *Luna* or of *Venus*, still *Porto de Venere*, and was called the *Sinus Pisanus*. According to Strabo the *Ausar* flowed into the *Arno* at *Pisa*, though it now falls into the sea at the distance of at least ten miles from it. At what time a new bed was opened for this river, though an undertaking of some labor and importance, is not known; nor is the slightest mention made of the alteration in any records, at least if we may believe the learned *Cluverius*. The inundations caused in a flat country by the union of two such rivers, and the difficulty of stemming a stream so rapid as their united current never counteracted by the tide, might in the flourishing ages of the republic have induced the *Pisans* to divert the course of one of the two, and conduct it to the sea by a shorter passage. Of its ancient channel some

Is firmly interwoven in the deep,
And to th' impinging vessel gently yields;
Yet as it yields, it checks the raging waves,
Nor suffers the proud ocean to urge on
His huge and foaming volumes.

I do not know whether the port of *Pisa* still enjoys the advantage of so extraordinary a barrier as it is totally unfrequented, it would be difficult and indeed useless to ascertain the fact.

traces may perhaps be still discovered in the *Ripa Fratta*, which joins the *Arno* at *Pisa*, and in a direct line communicates under the same appellation with the *Ausar* or *Serchio*.

CHAP. XIV.

Leghorn—Medusa Frigate—Portus Veneris—Delphini Portus—Harbor of Genoa—Its appearance—Palaces—Churches—Ramparts, and History.

THE distance from *Pisa* to *Leghorn* is about thirteen miles; the country between is a dead plain, not remarkable either for beauty or cultivation*; it is intersected, particularly near the latter town, with numberless canals opened to let off the waters that naturally stagnate in the hollows and the flats of the Tuscan coast; the swamps which these waters occasioned, infected the air in ancient times, and rendered all the tract of country along the *Tyrrhene* sea unwholesome. It is still dangerous in the heats of summer, though every method has been employed to drain the marshes and to purify the atmosphere. Of all these methods the increase

* A piece of water lies on the left of the road, about half way between the two towns, called at present *Lo Stagno* (the pond), and anciently *Piscinæ Pisanae* (the fish-ponds of Pisa).

of population occasioned by the commerce of *Leghorn* has been the most effectual.

Leghorn, in Italian *Livorno*, was anciently called *Herculis Liburni portus**, and *Liburnum*. It seems never to have attained any consideration, and indeed remained a petty village almost immersed in swamps and sea-weeds, till the Medicean princes turned their attention to its port, and by a series of regulations equally favorable to the interests and the feelings of the mercantile body, made it the mart of Mediterranean commerce. The insignificant village has now risen into a considerable town, airy and well built, with streets wide and straight, a noble square, fourteen churches, two Greek, and one Armenian chapel, a magnificent synagogue, a good harbor, and a population of thirty thousand souls. It is well fortified, and has in every respect the appearance of prosperity. Its principal church is collegiate, and the constant residence of the canons fixes several men of learning in the town. Opposite the port at a little distance rises the island of *Menaria*, and some miles beyond it that of *Gorgone*.

Adsurgit ponti medio circumflua Gorgon,
Inter Pisanum Cynnaicumque latus†.

Rutilius.

* The port of the Liburnian Hercules.

† Betwixt the Pisan and Cynnaean lands,
Mid the white waves the sea-girt Gorgon stands.

They both retain their ancient names with little variation.

There are no antiquities to occupy the classic traveller; but the company of Captain Gore and the gentlemen of the *Medusa* frigate, rendered our short stay at *Leghorn* unusually pleasant. The same society had indeed enlivened our residence in *Florence*, where the Captain had been so obliging as to invite us to take our passage to *Genoa* on board his frigate. Such an offer would at all times have been extremely acceptable, and was peculiarly so on the present occasion; as it delivered us either from the dangers of a passage over the maritime Alps, then infested by banditti, or from the inconveniences of a voyage in an Italian felucca, with the chance of being taken by the Barbary pirates.

Leghorn was at this period particularly lively. A Spanish fleet, a Swedish and a Danish frigate lay in the roads. The Spaniards were waiting to convey the King of Etruria to *Barcelona* in the Admiral's ship, a first rate of one hundred and ten guns. Such objects of curiosity and means of amusement, with the hospitality of Captain Gore, left no intervals of time without agreeable occupation. General Doyle, from Egypt, arrived on the sixteenth of September; and as the Captain waited only for him, on the seventeenth we set sail in the evening.

The view of the town spread over a flat coast, and from thence extending its villas over a fine range of hills that advanced into the sea on the south, all kindled by the beams of the setting sun, engrossed my attention first: and afterwards, as a landsman unaccustomed to such spectacles, I felt myself still more deeply interested by the management of the ship, and observed with surprise and pleasure, the order that reigned in all its parts, the silence that prevailed amid so many men employed in so many manœuvres, and the rapidity and precision with which every order was executed.

A breeze arose just sufficient to keep the vessel steady in her course: the evening was fine, and the full moon shone in all her brightness, till an eclipse gradually stript her of her beams. A total eclipse is one of the grand phenomena of nature, and it would have been an amusing contemplation during the night; but unfortunately gathering clouds prevented our observations, and the wind freshening at the same time, carried us on with more rapidity. Thus we glided along the Etrurian coast, flat indeed and marshy, but watered by many a stream still glorying in its ancient appellation. Such is the *Versidia* (now *Versiglia*) the *Aventia*, the *Frigida*, and the *Macra* once considered as the border of *Etruria* on the one side, and of *Liguria* on the other. A little beyond this river a ridge of rocky mountain projects into the

sea, and forms the promontory of *Luna*, the eastern boundary of the Gulf of *Spezzia*, or the *Sinus Lunensis*. Next morning we found ourselves at the mouth of this gulf, with the promontory of *Luna* behind us, and before us the island of *Palmaria*, and *Porto di Venere** (formerly *Portus Veneris*).

This magnificent bay which forms one of the finest harbors in Europe, enjoys the peculiar advantage of having a most abundant spring of fresh water rising almost in its centre. The fountain, so remarkable for its position, seems to have been produced by some convulsion in latter times, as there is no mention made of it in ancient authors. The bay is nearly encircled by lofty mountains; for the *Apennines* approach the sea towards *Carrara*, and continue with little or no interruption to line the coast till they join the maritime *Alps* beyond *Genoa*, appearing all along in their most rugged and forbidding form, with no woods and little vegetation. However, about *Carrara* they make up for the want of external decorations, by the valuable quarries of marble so well known, and now as anciently, so highly valued by sculptors and by architects.

Both the beauty of the bay of *Luna*, and the

* The Haven of Venus.

excellency of its quarries in its neighborhood, are alluded to in the following verses :

Tunc quos a niveis exegit *Luna* metallis
Insignis portu, quo non spatiosior alter
Innumeras cepisse rates, et claudere pontum*.

Sil. Lib. viii. 479.

The town of *L'Erice*, which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Luna*, takes its name from *Erycis Portus*†. Cicero, speaking of the sea which we are now traversing, calls it *Tuscum et barbarum scopulosum atque infestum, in quo etiam ipse Ulysses errasset*‡; while the Ionian he terms *Græcum quoddam et portuosum*§. (*De Oratore* lib. iii. cap. 19.) Yet it would be difficult to find in the latter two such ports as those of *Luna* and of *Naples*, or in the former a shore more rocky than that of *Acroceraunia*.

We passed under a fine breeze the *Porto Fino* (*DelphiniPortus*||) and about five o'clock entered the harbor of *Genoa*. This harbor is in the form

* Then they whom *Luna* from her quarries, rich
With whitest marble, forc'd away to war;
Fair *Luna*, for her spacious harbor fam'd,
Where vessels numberless securely ride.

† The Haven of Eryx.

‡ Tuscan and barbarous, full of rocks and unfriendly, in which Ulysses himself might have been lost.

§ Something Grecian, and abounding with harbors.

|| The Haven of the Dolphin.

of an amphitheatre; *Genoa* occupies one side, and spreads her streets and churches, and then her suburbs and villas, over a vast semicircular tract of crags, rocks, and declivities. Its white buildings ascending one above the other made a splendid shew, and give it an appearance of much magnificence.

The interior of *Genoa* does not, in my opinion, correspond with its exterior grandeur. Like *Vienna* it is composed of well-built lanes, and contains no wide, and only three beautiful streets; the *Strada Balbi*, *Strada Nova*, and *Strada Novissima*. The *Strada Balbi* commences from a square called the *Piazza Verde* surrounded with trees of no luxuriant growth; but at one end, a magnificent double flight of stairs, and houses, gardens, and churches intermingled, rising in terraces one above the other give it a pleasing and romantic appearance. The same street terminates in another square called the *Piazza del Vastato*, whence begins the *Strada Novissima*, which forms a sweep and joins the *Strada Nova*, that opens into a lesser square called *Piazza delle Fontane Amore*. These three streets, though not sufficiently wide perhaps for our taste, especially considering the elevation of the buildings that border them are, strictly speaking, composed of lines of lofty palaces, some of which are entirely of marble, and all ornamented with marble portals, porticos, and

columns. The interior of these mansions is seldom unworthy of their external appearance. Marble staircases with bronze balustres, conduct to spacious saloons, which open into each other in a long series, and are all adorned with the richest marbles and tapestries, with valuable paintings and gilded cornices and pannels. Among these palaces, many of which are fit to lodge the first sovereigns of Europe, and indeed better calculated for that purpose than most transalpine palaces, those of *Doria*, of *Serra*, of *Balbi*, and of *Durazzo*, may perhaps be mentioned as pre-eminent in magnificence.

The churches are numerous, and as splendid as marble, gilding, and painting can make them; but have seldom any claims to architectural beauty. In truth, ornament and glare seem to be the principal ingredients of beauty in the opinion of the *Genoese*; and this their prevailing taste has almost entirely banished the first of architectural graces, *Simplicity*, both from their palaces and from their churches. Among the former, the palace of *Durazzo*, in the *Strada Balbi*; and among the latter, the church of *Carignano*, possess most of that quality so essential to greatness. A few remarks on these two edifices may enable the reader to form a general idea of others of the same kind.

The palace of the *Durazzo* family was erected by the celebrated *Fontana*; the length and eleva-

tion of its immense front astonish the spectator, who perhaps can scarce find in his memory a similar edifice of equal magnitude. Besides the rustic ground floor, it has two grand stories, with *mezzanini*, and over the middle part consisting of eleven windows, an attic. The portal, of four massive Doric pillars with its entablature, rises as high as the balcony of the second story. The *mezzanini* windows, with the continuation of the rustic work up to the cornice, break this magnificent front into too many petty parts, and not a little diminish the effect of a double line of two-and-twenty noble windows. The portico, which is wide and spacious, conducts to a staircase, each step of which is formed of a single block of *Cararra* marble. A large antichamber then leads to ten saloons either opening into one another, or communicating by spacious galleries. These saloons are all on a grand scale in all their proportions, adorned with pictures and busts, and fitted up with prodigious richness both in decorations and furniture. One of them surpasses in the splendor of its gildings any thing of the kind, I believe, in Europe. These apartments open on a terrace, which commands an extensive view of the bay, with its moles and lighthouse, and of the rough coast that borders it on one side.

In this palace the Emperor Joseph was lodged during his short visit to *Genoa*, and is reported to

have acknowledged that it far surpassed any that he was master of. The merit of this compliment is, that it is strictly true; for few sovereigns are worse accommodated with royal residences than the Austrian princes. The imperial palace at *Vienna* is a gloomy plastered barrack; that in the suburbs is as contemptible an edifice as that called the *Queen's Lodge* at Windsor; and the castle of *Laxenberg*, which has long been the favorite residence, is inferior in size, appearance, and furniture, to the family seat of many an English country gentleman.

Yet, though I have selected the palace of *Durazzo* as the best specimen of *Genoese* architecture, I know not whether I might not with propriety have given the preference to that of *Doria* in the *Strada Nova*, at least in point of simplicity (for it is certainly inferior in magnitude) as its pilasters and regular unbroken cornice give it an appearance of more purity, lightness and correctness. The *mezzanini* are confined to the rustic story or ground floor, and thus leave the range of windows above, free and disencumbered. The front however is not entirely exempt from the usual defect, and in graceful simplicity yields to the sides of the same edifice. But these are partly masked by porticos.

The palace of *Domenico Serra* contains one of the richest and most beautiful apartments in *Genoa*.

The palace allotted to the Doge is spacious and ancient, but inferior in beauty to most of the mansions of the great families. The hall however in which the senate assembled, is a most superb apartment; in length one hundred and twenty-five feet, in breadth forty-five, and in height sixty-six; its roof is supported by pillars and pilasters; the space between contains niches, which were once graced with the statues of the great men of the republic: these were removed, it is said, on the approach of the French, and have not yet been replaced. Two of them, erected by the republic to two heroes of the *Doria* family (one of whom was *Andrea*, to whom *Genoa* owes the independence and prosperity of three centuries) were not so fortunate. They stood conspicuous in the great court of the ducal palace, and were thrown down and demolished by the French. Perhaps the inscription provoked their fury. *Andrea Doria, quod rempublicam diutius oppressam pristinam in libertatem vindicaverit** Never did ancient tyrants shew more hatred to the restorers of liberty, than the French republican. Brutal violence is his delight, as it is that of the lion or the tiger; but to the calm, the generous courage that prompts

* To Andrew Doria, because he vindicated the ancient liberty of the long-oppressed republic.

the patriot to fight and to die for justice, for liberty, for his country—to this noble principle, at once the cause and the effect of freedom, he is an utter stranger.

We now pass to the church called *Di Carignano*. In his way to this edifice the traveller will behold with astonishment a bridge of the same name thrown over, not a river, but a deep dell now a street; and looking over the parapet he will see with surprise the roofs of several houses of six stories high, lying far beneath him. This bridge consists of three wide arches, but its boldness and elevation are its only merit, for beauty, it possesses none. Full in front, on the swell of the hill of *Carignano*, stands the church with a little grove around it. The situation is commanding, and well adapted to display a magnificent edifice to advantage, especially if faced with a colonnade. But this church has not that decoration; it is a square building, adorned with Corinthian pilasters. The four sides have the same ornaments and a similar pediment; only the western side or front is rather encumbered than graced with two towers. In the centre rises a dome. The interior is in the form of a Greek cross. The merit of this building consists in its advantageous situation and its simplicity. It has only one order, and one cornice that runs unbroken all around; this single order is not loaded either with an attic or a balustrade; the cornice is prominent and ef-

fective; the windows are not numerous nor too large, and the few niches are well placed. So far the architect is entitled to praise; but what shall we say to the *pigeon* holes in the frieze, to the little petty turrets on each side of the pediments, to the galleries that terminate on the point of these pediments, a new and whimsical contrivance, and above all, to the two towers which encumber and almost hide the front. These deformities might easily have been retrenched, if the architect could have checked his inclination to innovate. The *Genoese* compare this church to St. Peter's,

Sic Canibus catulos similes, sic matribus hædos.

Noram * *Virg. Eclog. i. 23.*

In size the comparison is not, I presume, meant to hold, nor in form either; it must then be confined to the dome and the two towers; features which a thousand other churches have in common with the Vatican.

The view from this church is one of the finest in the neighborhood of *Genoa*, as it includes the city, the port, and the moles, with all the surrounding hills: that taken in the middle of the harbor is however in my opinion preferable, because it displays the amphitheatric range of edi-

* So kids and whelps their sires and dams express.

Dryden.

fices, which is the characteristic feature of *Genoa*, to the greatest advantage.

The reader will perhaps be surprised when he is informed, that the church of *Carignano* was built at the expense of a noble *Genoese* of the name of *Sauli*, and that the bridge which leads to it was erected by his son, to facilitate the approach to a monument so honorable to his family. Such instances of magnificence were not uncommon in the brilliant eras of Grecian and Roman liberty, though Cicero seems disposed to censure them as ostentations; and only abstains from a severer expression out of tenderness to his friend Pompey*. We have no reason to suspect ostentation on this occasion; but supposing that such a selfish motive had infected the founder's intention, I know not still whether it be not far more honorable to the individual and advantageous to the public, that the exuberance of a large fortune should be thus discharged in stately edifices, than in luxurious repasts and convivial intemperance. And here, I cannot suppress an observation which I think due in justice to the Italian character. Travellers of all descriptions are apt to reproach them with a niggardly and parsimonious spirit, because they do not entertain strangers, with the luxuries of the table and a succession of dinners, and because they

* *De Officiis*, lib. ii. 17.

confine their civilities to *conversazioni*, and ices and lemonade. Admitting this statement to be generally speaking accurate, though there are many exceptions to it; yet it only follows that in their ideas of enjoyment the Italians differ much from transalpine nations, and not that their taste in this respect is irrational or ill-founded.

In opposition to the practice of the modern Italians, we are fond of citing the example of their ancestors the Romans, and to enforce the argument we can quote many a bacchanalian passage, and moreover enlarge upon the *flow of soul* that accompanies, and the *feast of reason* that follows convivial repasts. In answer the Italian will observe, that the Romans engrossed the riches of the world, that they commanded all the means of enjoyment, and could riot in every species of luxury; that they could erect magnificent palaces, adorn them with pictures and statues, and at the same time crowd their halls with guests, and cover their tables with dainties. The modern Italian (he will continue) is confined within the bounds of a very limited income; as he cannot therefore display his magnificence in the number, he must shew his taste in the selection of his enjoyments, and that in this selection he prefers those which are permanent to those which are momentary; that he considers a gallery of pictures, a collection of statues, and a noble palace, as enjoyments much more

solid and satisfactory than a well-stocked cellar, and a sumptuous table; that in the latter case the pleasure is confined to himself and his guests, while in the former it extends to his countrymen, and even to posterity—in fine, that a bridge, an obelisk, or a church, is a more honorable memorial than the empty reputation of general hospitality, and an expensive table kept to gratify guests, who seldom want, and never acknowledge, the obligation. As to the pleasures of conversation, he values them as high as others can possibly do, but he enjoys them according to his conception with the more relish when reposing with his friends, like Cicero under the shade of the plane-tree and the cypress, or walking with them in his portico, amid the masterpieces of art, than seated at table with the fumes of meat under his nose, and the bustle and confusion of servants behind his back. These observations may perhaps be allowed to exculpate if not to recommend, the Italian practice.

The cathedral dedicated to *St. Laurence* is encrusted with marble, and of a mixed style of Gothic, which has little or no beauty; the entrance however, consisting of three grand doors, with lofty pointed arches, with the circular window above, deserve notice.

But besides the churches and palaces in *Genoa*, there are two other kinds of edifices highly interesting to strangers, and honorable to the re-

public, I mean the moles and the hospitals. The former by their extent, solidity, and utility, may be compared to similar works in ancient times; especially as the depth of the water, by increasing the difficulty added to the spirit of the undertaking. By the latter, *Genoa* attained an honorable distinction even in a country where charitable establishments are founded, and endowed on a scale of magnificence scarcely conceivable beyond the Alps. Of these establishments the two principal are the *Great Hospital*, and the *Albergo dei Poveri**; both of which astonish the stranger by their magnitude, interior arrangement, and excellent accommodations. They were erected and supported by charitable donations.

Commerce, according to some writers, contracts the heart, and confines its feelings to selfish and interested objects. The national character of the Dutch was produced as a confirmation of this ill-natured theory. Without admitting an application so injurious to that industrious and unfortunate people, I may be allowed to observe that the conduct of the citizens of *London* and of *Genoa* (not to speak of those of the other Italian republics) merchants at all times, and in the most extensive sense of the appellation, refutes the im-

* The House of the Poor.

putation. The genius of commerce and the spirit of charity in these capitals, move hand in hand, and act in unison. The riches collected by the one are dispensed by the other ; so that, if commerce fills her storehouses, charity holds the keys. While the one is laying the foundation of a mole, the other is erecting a church ; while the former is building a palace, the other is endowing an hospital. While commerce enjoys the repast in the magnificent hall, charity sits at the gate, and dispenses food to the hungry*.

But here, as before on too many similar occasions, I must observe with regret, that I am speaking of past, not of present times. The edifices

* A practice not uncommon in *Genoa*: one instance deserves to be mentioned. The noble family of *Kugara* were accustomed to lay out each day a sum equivalent to thirty-two pounds English, in providing food for all the poor who came to claim it. Another nobleman, having no heirs, devoted his whole property even during his own life to the foundation of an asylum for orphan girls, who, to the number of five hundred, were educated and provided with a settlement for life, either married or single, at their option. About the public utility of some of these charities my readers may differ, as well as about the best method of providing for the poor in general ; but as to the generous spirit that prompted these deeds of mercy, and fed these funds of benevolence, there can be but one sentiment. It is to be recollected, that commerce at *Genoa* was no derogation from nobility, and that the greater part of this body were engaged in commercial speculations.

to which the names of hospitals are annexed still stand, but stand rather as the monuments, than the actual mansions, of charity: the funds have been swallowed up in the exactions of the French armies, and the mere titles remain like the name of the republic, and even like the city itself, deprived of its commerce, its riches, and its independence.

Genoa is surrounded by a double wall or rampart; the one encloses the town only, and is about six miles in circuit; the other takes a much more extensive range, and covering the hills that command the city, forms a circumference of thirteen miles. The interior fortification terminates in a point beyond the summit of the hill, and is supposed or rather proved by late experience to be of very considerable strength. As we rode round these extensive works, we were amused partly by the contrast of the bleak barren hills that rose above us, with the splendor and beauty of the city, its suburbs, and its harbor, that lay expanded below; and partly by the accounts which our guides gave us of the French and Austrian positions, and of the various vicissitudes of the late siege. These anecdotes interested us at the moment, because the event was recent, and we had the theatre of the contest before our eyes; but the siege of *Genoa* after all was a petty occurrence in the history of a campaign that, after more than twice

ten centuries of contest, laid the glories of Italy at the feet of the *Gauls*, and opened the garden of Europe to the devastation of a swarm of semi-barbarians.

Genoa presents no vestige of antiquity*; if ever she possessed magnificent edifices or trophies of glory they have long since mouldered into dust, or been swept away by the waves. Her name alone remains, and that name she has ennobled since the fall of the empire by a series of great achievements abroad, and at home by an almost uninterrupted display of industrious exertions, bold speculations, and wise councils. *Genoa* is one of the three great republics which, during the middle ages, that is, at a period when the rest of Europe was immersed in slavery, ignorance, and barbarism, made Italy the seat of liberty, of science, and of civilization, and enabled her, though bereft of general empire, not only to outshine her contemporary powers, but even to rival, at least in military fame, and domestic policy, the glories of Greece herself in her most brilliant era. Of these republics *Venice* was undoubtedly the first, and *Genoa* confessedly the second. These honors she

* *Genoa*, though called by Strabo the *emporium* of the Ligurian shore, seems to have been a place of little importance: Livius calls it *oppidum*, a term that implies either a mere town or a strong post.

acquired by her commerce and by her fleets, which enabled her often to dispute, and frequently to share the empire of the seas with her adversary. At one period indeed the Ligurian capital had for some time the advantage, and reigned queen of the Mediterranean.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, not *Corsica* and *Sardinia* only, but the islands of the *Archipelago*, and the coasts of *Syria* and *Africa*, acknowledged the sovereignty of *Genoa*, and even the imperial city of *Constantinople* itself saw a colony of Genoese established in its suburbs. But while these glorious events succeeded each other rapidly abroad, at home *Genoa* was convulsed by intestine debates and perpetual contests between the nobles and the people. Similar divisions took place in ancient Rome, and, like the political differences that exist in England, contributed merely to agitate the public mind, to keep it awake to its interests, to introduce improvements, and by incessant attacks to hold the government in a state of wholesome restraint. The domestic broils at *Genoa*, though of the same nature, produced very different effects, and generally terminated either in subjecting the city to the despotism of a ruler, or in sacrificing its independence to foreign influence. Hence we find the Genoese, notwithstanding their republican spirit, submitting to the authority, or rather courting the protection of the

Emperors, the Popes, the Kings of Spain, of Naples, and of France, and the Princes of *Milan* and of *Montferrat*, and thus bartering their liberty for a precarious and dishonorable tranquillity. It is true, she seldom bore the yoke long; but she accustomed herself to bear it, and lost not a little of that high sense of independence, and of that abhorrence of foreign influence, which is the leading feature or rather the very soul and essence of a republic. Hence again even in our times, we may observe that *Genoa* has been more under the influence of foreigners than the other states of Italy, and, unfortunately for its own welfare, peculiarly open to the intrigues and the insinuations of France, not only before, but since its fatal revolution.

But to return back to the more brilliant periods of the *Gonoese* history, there are two events recorded in its annals, on which the mind rests with some complacency; the one is its siege in the year thirteen hundred and seventeen, and the other its war with *Venice*. The former of these events has been compared by the Italian historians to the siege of *Troy*, and is represented as uniting as many different tribes, calling forth as much talent and energy, and exhibiting as many vicissitudes as that well-known contest. However the result was very different—*Troy* fell, and *Genoa* triumphed; but the fall of *Troy* has been ennobled by Homer, while the triumphs of *Genoa*

are lost in oblivion. It is surprising that an event so interesting at the time, and so glorious to the Guelphs, then the popular party in Italy; an event connected with the fate of a powerful republic, and claiming the attention of all the Mediterranean, should not have been celebrated by one or other of the many poets which that very century and the following produced in Italy; especially as the subject, like that of the Greek poet, would have afforded an opportunity of displaying all the varieties of the national character, and all the diversities of the regions and the governments of Italy, with numberless anecdotes taken from the records of its cities and of its illustrious families.

The other event to which I allude, is the long and arduous contest between *Genoa* and *Venice*, which the same historians produce as a parallel to the second Punic war, both in its duration, in its extent and in the perseverance and animosity of the contending parties. Another feature of resemblance has been observed, and that is, that the power finally victorious seemed at one period nearer ruin than its rival*; but though in this re-

* Adeo varia belli fortuna, ancepsque Mars fuit, ut propius periculum fuerint, qui vicerunt.—*Tit. Liv. lib. xxi. cap. 1.*

“So various was the fortune of war, and so doubtful the contest, that they who were eventually victorious, were once in the greatest danger of ruin.”

spect, as indeed in many others, *Venice* emulated Rome, yet in another she fell far short of her grand archetype, and basely solicited peace in circumstances in which Rome rejected all offers with disdain. But these considerations are confined to the contending republics; not so the consequences of the contest, which, if we may believe a judicious historian*, by weakening the two great maritime states of Italy, destroyed the balance of power, and opened the way to the conquests of the Turks in the succeeding century.

According to the same writer, Italy owes to that destructive rivalry, the loss of her mercantile superiority, and the lead which the Portuguese and Spaniards afterwards took in the discovery of the East and West Indies, and in the general commerce of Europe. Certain it is that *Venice*, though she carried on the war against the Turks with unabated courage down to the commencement of the last century, yet could no longer boast of certain victory, or meet the infidels with the same confidence of success. Instead of increasing her empire, she could not even maintain its integrity, and saw with unavailing indignation island after island wrested from her by the Mussulman arms. If the victors had to lament the conse-

* Abbate Denina.

quences of this civil contest, the vanquished it must be supposed, felt them still more vitally. In truth, the *Genoese* fleets, I believe, never after performed any achievement worthy the ancient prowess and fame of the republic.

While *Venice*, even till the moment of her extinction, kept some and indeed several of her dependencies, *Genoa* had lost all her's long before the last fatal invasion of the French; and her contest with *Corsica*, the only one that remained to her till the middle of the last century, after having displayed her weakness, terminated in the surrender of that island to the King of France.

But if *Genoa* had the mortification, during the last three centuries, of seeing her glory on the decline, it must be owned that she found some compensation in the internal tranquillity which she has almost invariably enjoyed during that period. This tranquillity is ascribed to the revolution which the celebrated *Andrea Doria* planned and executed with so much decision and ability; by which he wrested his country from the grasp of France, secured her independence abroad, and by a fair and moderate, if not a perfect government, established order and concord at home. This event occurred in the beginning of September, 1528, and is still commemorated by a festival of thanksgiving.

In the different wars that have taken place

during the last century, *Genoa* has generally adhered to the French interest ; a line of policy dictated not so much by inclination, as by interest. The vicinity of the French coast, and particularly of their grand naval arsenal *Toulon*, furnished them with the means of annoyance, if the republic declared against them ; while the vast sums which they had borrowed from it, and the interest which they paid, all of which if not forfeited, would have been suspended by war, served as an additional and probably more powerful check on the temper of the *Genoese*, supposing it to be hostile. But this spirit of calculation however well adapted to ordinary occurrences, was misplaced at the commencement of the revolution ; it opened their gates to their enemies, and by making them masters of a position so advantageous, it contributed not a little to their future triumphs, and to all the disasters of Italy. The state of humiliation and almost slavery in which *Genoa* now groans, is therefore in a certain degree the work of their own hands, the result of an interested and narrow policy, and rather a self-inflicted punishment than an unmerited misfortune. Yet I lament its fall ; the fame of its past achievements, its present magnificence, the industry of its people, and the boundless charities of its nobles ; the splendor and fertility which it spreads over a scene of rocks and precipices ; the senatorial dignity of its govern-

ment, and the spark of Roman liberty that still glowed in its institutions, all combine to awaken compassion, and to excite a sentiment of deep regret for its ruin.

The day after our arrival we were presented to the Doge (*Durazzo*) a venerable old man, who received us with great affability or rather kindness, and very obligingly invited us to dinner; an honor which we were reluctantly compelled to decline, as we were under the necessity of leaving *Genoa* before the appointed day; a circumstance which we have many reasons to regret. The manners of the Doge were easy and unaffected; his conversation was open and manly. One sentiment I thought remarkable, "Peace," said he, "will, I hope, last, and give us an opportunity of redeeming our honor." I observed (with satisfaction, I acknowledge) that though long employed as ambassador of the republic at *Vienna*, he spoke French as becomes an Italian, unwillingly, and with the accent of his country strongly marked and perceptible even to our ears. We had twice the honor of an audience, and both times, every reason to be gratified with our reception. If our good wishes can possibly be of any avail, the venerable Doge will pass the evening of his honorable life in glory, and close it in tranquillity.

If in my observations on *Genoa* I have passed over some objects of curiosity noticed by most

other travellers, such as the *catino* or celebrated plate of emerald, the beak of a Roman galley, &c. the reader will remember that the French had been for several years masters of the city, and that the articles alluded to were either seized by them, or removed previous to their first arrival, and still kept, and indeed likely long to remain, in a state of concealment.

Some anecdotes also may perhaps be expected relative to the character and the proverbial cunning and dishonesty of the *Genoese*. It is a misfortune to a nation as well as to an individual, to be branded by a great and popular poet with the imputation of vice, or even to be held up to ridicule. The stain is indelible, and the *Ligurian* deceitful, *dum fallere fata sinebant**, will be repeated in every school, and echoed from pole to pole as long as men shall read, or Virgil be understood. Yet supposing this imputation to have been applicable to the ancient, it is not fair to conclude from thence, that it is equally so to the modern *Ligurians*.

The character of a nation is the result of climate, soil, religion, government, and numberless other circumstances, most of which are liable to

* ——— like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
At least while fortune favor'd his deceit.

Dryden.

various modifications, and consequently not always regular in their effects. Now of all these causes the two first alone remain unaltered. The *Ligurians* still live under the same genial sky, and still inhabit the same rugged mountains; in every other respect they differ essentially from their forefathers. These had long struggled with enemies more powerful, more numerous, and better disciplined than themselves. Art and stratagem became their principal weapons, and the fastnesses of the mountains were their only retreats. Thus, necessity first broke, and long habit inured them, both to patience and to deceit, and made these two qualities the prominent features of their national character. The modern *Ligurians* enriched by commerce smile at the sterility of their soil, and blest for ages in the enjoyment of liberty, they have defended it as it deserves to be defended, with courage and open force. They have met their enemies in array, and obtained many a glorious victory by skill and intrepidity. Stratagem does not seem to have entered into their tactics, nor do we hear that even in their negotiations and treaties they have been remarkable for subterfuge or duplicity. I need not observe the influence which Christianity must have over the national character, and the improvement which must inseparably accompany the universal adoption of a morality that commands strict justice, not in deeds only and

external transactions, but even in thought and desire. This influence, I acknowledge, is sometimes counteracted, and with regard to some very perverse or very ignorant individuals, may now and then be totally suspended; yet with regard to the public mind, it is too generally felt and acknowledged, to admit of such constant habitual contravention as can make dishonesty and theft a feature of the national character.

To these considerations we may add, that *Genoa* subsists entirely by commerce, and that the essential interests of such a nation compel it necessarily to cultivate good faith and honesty as prime and indispensable virtues; nor has it ever, I believe, been heard that the bankers and merchants in *Genoa*, have been deficient in these qualities. When I say bankers and merchants, I include many of the nobles, and almost all the opulent and respectable part of the community, that is, the portion which gives life, color, and energy, or in other words, character to a people. As for the mob, it would be very unfair indeed to form an estimate of the worth of any nation from their ignorance and vices; for though they may have several qualities in common with the higher orders; yet as they are less under the influence of moral restraint, their vices more frequently predominate. Not that I mean to insinuate that the populace of *Genoa* are in any respect more vicious

than the same class in other capitals, but such they have been represented, at least with regard to pilfering; and as a proof we are told by strangers even at *Genoa*, that the merchants, in order to avoid the losses occasioned by their dishonesty, employ as porters men from *Bergamo*, a strong bodied honest race, to the total exclusion of their own countrymen. The fact may be admitted, but the motive is not quite so clear. All the chairmen in London are Irish, almost all the watchmen of the same nation; therefore some sagacious foreigner may infer, that the English are too weak for chairmen, too thievish and dishonest for watchmen. We should smile at the absurdity of such a reasoner. As for habits of over-reaching, cheating, and deceiving strangers, they are too common in every country, to be characteristic of any in particular; so general indeed are they, that I should find it difficult to fix upon the spot where they are most prevalent. We may therefore be allowed to hope that the *Genoese*, though they are *Ligurians*, may be exempt from the vices of their ancestors; and that religion, liberty, and opulence may have eradicated propensities which arose from ignorance, oppression, and misery.

Saturday, the eighteenth of September, we took leave of our friends of the *Medusa*, saw the ship under weigh, and then set out for *Milan*.

CHAP. XV.

Passage of the Bocchetta—Novi—Marengo—Tortona—the Po—the Tesino—Pavia, its History, Edifices and University—the Abbey of Chiaravalle.

ABOUT half a mile from the gate of *Genoa* is the village or rather suburb of *San Pier d'Arena*; its situation on the coast, and close to the *Polcevera*, rendered it at once a place of great resort, and many palaces and villas remain as monuments of its magnificence. The *Villa Imperiale* is its principal ornament; it is said to have been planned by *Palladio*, and has two regular rows of Corinthian and Ionic columns, an arrangement both simple and majestic. But this edifice is neglected, and like many others around it, is apparently falling to ruins.

We next entered the valley of the *Polcevera*, so called from the torrent (*Porcifera*) that intersects it. This stream had disappeared, and left no traces but its broad rocky channel; it is said how-

ever to return sometimes with such rapidity as to carry off travellers crossing its channel, and loitering in the passage; a circumstance which occasioned many disasters when the road lay in the very bed of the river. The Austrians, when driven out of the city by the spirited efforts of its inhabitants in the year 1746, encamped in the channel of the *Polcevera* then dry, but were alarmed in the middle of the night by the roaring of the torrent, descending in vast sheets from the mountains, and sweeping men, horses, and even rocks before it. The army extricated itself from this dangerous situation with difficulty, and not without the loss of several hundred men.

The bridge thrown over the *Polcevera* and *Cornigliano* is a monument of the munificence of a nobleman of the *Gentile* family. To the honor of the *Genoese* nobility, the same may be said of the excellent road that leads from *San Pier d'Arena* to *Campo Marone*. This road follows the banks of the *Polcevera*, forming a long winding defile beautifully diversified with villas and gardens, cypresses, olives, and vineyards. The soil is indeed naturally a dry naked rock, but industry protected by liberty has covered it with verdure and fertility. Immediately on leaving *Campo Marone* the first stage, we began to ascend the steep of the *Bocchetta*, one of the loftiest of the maritime *Apennines* or rather *Alps* (for so the

ridge of mountains to the west of *Portus Delphinus* now *Porto Fino*, was anciently called). The lower and middle regions of this mountain are well-peopled, well-cultivated, and shaded by groves of lofty chestnuts. In this respect it resembles the *Apennines*; but its upper parts are totally Alpine, rough, wild, and barren.

The *Bocchetta* is one of the great bulwarks of *Genoa*. It was in the late war occupied by the French, but forced by the Austrians. The trenches and mounds thrown up by the former are still discernible, and may be traced for a considerable distance, forming altogether a barrier almost insuperable. The French army was at least fifteen thousand strong, furnished with artillery and every article of ammunition in abundance, and commanded by *Massena*, a general of some experience and of acknowledged intrepidity. Yet with all these advantages, their entrenchments were forced, and they were compelled to shelter themselves behind the ramparts of *Genoa*, by an enemy not twice their number.

The view at the *Bocchetta* is confined by the various swells and pinnacles that form the ridge of the mountain, excepting on one side, where it extends over the valley of the *Polcevera*, takes in the outworks of *Genoa* intersecting the brows of the hills, and just catches a glimpse of the sea on each side; for *Genoa* itself lies covered by its guardian

mountains. The *Bocchetta* is one of the few mountains where the road runs nearly over the summit, while in the other passages over the *Alps* and *Apenmines* it commonly winds through a defile; it is represented as one of the *Apenmines*, though, as I suspect, without sufficient grounds, as it does not appear to rise more than five thousand feet at the utmost above the level of the sea, an elevation far below several points of this chain of mountains. The descent is almost as long and tedious as the ascent, but neither is dangerous, excepting in a few places where there is no parapet on the brink of the precipices. We spent about six hours in the passage, of the *Giogo* (*Jugum*, hill) of the *Bocchetta*, and entered *Voltaggio* about ten o'clock at night.

Next morning we set out early; the road (the *Via Posthumia*) traverses the defile, sometimes on level ground, sometimes on the verge of a precipice suspended over a torrent. The scenery is very romantic, alternately open and wooded, here green and fertile, there barren and rocky, thus presenting all the delightful contrasts of shade and nakedness, of wildness and cultivation, which characterize the *Apenmines*. One of the most striking objects that occurred was the fortress of *Gavi*, occupying the summit of a rocky hill, and commanding the defile. Shortly after we discovered through a break in the mountains the immense plain of *Piedmonte*, and

then crossing the *Molinario*, a high, fertile, and well-wooded hill, we found ourselves at length at the foot of the *Apennines*, and turned for ever from these beautiful and majestic mountains.

A few miles further on we entered *Novi*, a small busy town, the last of the *Genoese* territory, where several of the nobles have villas in which they used to pass the spring and the autumn. The country which we had traversed exhibits no monuments, and awakens few recollections of classic ages. The long contests of the Romans with the Ligurian mountaineers contributed less to the fame than to the discipline of the former; by keeping the legions in exercise, and by accustoming the generals to caution and vigilance.

“*Is hostis*,” says Titus Livius, speaking of these people, “*velut natus ad continendam inter magnorum intervalla bellorum Romanis militarem disciplinam, erat; nec alia provincia militem magis ad virtutem acuebat. Nam Asia, et amenitate urbium, et copiâ terrestrium maritimarumque rerum, et mollitiâ hostium regiisque opibus, ditiores, quam fortiores exercitus faciebat* In Liguribus omnia erant, quæ militem excitarent: loca montana et aspera, quæ et ipsis capere labor est, et ex præ-occupatis dejicere hostem—itinera ardua, angusta, infesta insidiis; hostis levis et velox et repentinus, qui nullum usquam tempus, nullam locum quietum aut securum esse sineret ?

oppugnatio necessaria munitorum castellorum laboriosa simul periculosaque: inops regio, quæ parsimoniâ astringeret milites, prædæ haud multum præberet. Itaque non lixa sequebatur, non jumentorum longus ordo agmen extendebat: nihil præter arma, et viros omnem spem in armis habentes, erat. Nec deerat usquam cum iis vel materia belli vel causa: quia propter domesticam inopiam vicinos agros incursabant; nec tamen in discrimen summæ rerum pugnabatur*."

* Liv. xxxix. cap. 1.—That enemy was born as it were to keep up the Roman discipline in the intervals betwixt greater wars, nor did any other province more whet the valor of the soldier. For Asia, from the deliciousness of its cities, and the abundance of its productions both by sea and land, and the effeminacy of the enemy, and the wealth of its kings, encreased rather the riches than the bravery of the armies In Liguria there was every thing to rouse the soldier; rugged and mountainous places, which it is both laborious to take possession of, and to dislodge the enemy from them when they are pre-occupied—roads difficult, narrow, beset with ambuscades; a light-armed and rapid and sudden enemy, who would suffer no hour and no place to be secure or at rest; the necessary sieges of fortified places, at once toilsome and dangerous; a poor country, which pinched the soldiers with want, but which could afford little plunder. Consequently no sutlers attended, no long train of beasts of burden swelled the army; there was nothing but arms, and men whose sole hope was in arms. Nor was there ever wanting either the subject or occasion of war with them, because on account of their poverty at home, they were always making incur-

I insert this passage in full length, not only on account of the solidity of the observation and the beauty of the language, but of the historical allusions which it contains, as they tend to display the character of the ancient Ligurians, and to shew how widely it differs from that of their descendants. To this we may add, that if the moderns have not the activity, the enterprise, or the patience of their ancestors, neither have they the same motive to impel them to warfare—*poverty*; and indeed, it must be acknowledged, that the people throughout the *Genoese* territory seem in general well fed, healthy, and contented. Possibly the exactions of their present masters (the French) by plundering them of their wealth and by restoring their mountains to their primitive barrenness, may revive their former restlessness, and convert them once more into a tribe of free-booting mountaineers.

The road from *Novi* to *Alessandria* crosses a plain, fertile and well cultivated, but sandy and rather naked. The ruins of the citadel of *Tortona* (*Dertona*) demolished by the French, lie extended over the side of a distant hill, and from their mag-

sions into the neighboring territories; and yet the vital interests of the state were not endangered in the contest.

nitude and whiteness present a grand and striking spectacle.

We now entered the fatal plain of *Marengo*, where the fortune of *Bonaparte* triumphed over the skill and the valor of the veteran *Melas*, and obtained a victory which Europe, and in particular Italy plundered and enslaved, will long have reason to deplore. This event is inscribed in bad Latin, Italian, and French, on the pedestal of an insignificant Doric pillar, erected on the high road in the little village of *Marengo*: a few skulls collected in digging the foundation, and now ranged in order round the pedestal, form a savage but appropriate ornament to this monument.

It is not my intention, as indeed it would be foreign to my plan, to give an account of the battle of *Marengo*, or to add one more to the many contradictory relations of that event now in circulation. But I may observe, that this battle, whether the scale was turned by the skill or by the fortune of *Bonaparte*, was in its result one of the most important that has taken place either in modern or in ancient times. Compared to it, the bloody fields of *Jemappe*, *Neerwinden*, and *Hohenlinden*, sink into insignificance; their consequences were transitory, and no country was permanently lost or won by the contesting parties in consequence of the defeat or victory. Even the carnage of *Cannæ* loses its horrors when put in competition with the disaster

of *Marengo*. Rome, in the wisdom of her senate, in the courage of her people, and in the magnanimity of both, found adequate resources, and rose from her defeat, more glorious and more tremendous. At *Marengo*, Italy was laid prostrate and bound at the feet of *Bonaparte*; her fortresses were abandoned: her ramparts levelled; or to use the phrase of the conqueror himself, the *Alps were annihilated*. The whole of this delightful country, the garden of Europe, the mistress of the Mediterranean, teeming with population, and big with the seeds of empire, *magna mater frugum, magna virum**, is now not nominally but really and effectually at the disposal of France. Often invaded, sometimes overrun, but never before totally subdued and in entire subjection to a foreign power, Italy must at length bend her neck to the yoke, and submit like Greece to a barbarian conqueror. Her republics, that still retained the name and breathed the spirit of ancient liberty, are no more; her cities, each the capital of an independent state, are now reduced to provincial towns; her kingdoms, though still flattered with the title, are sunk into tributary dependencies: the monuments of

* of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men.

Dryden.

her glory, and the masterpieces of her arts, are all marked out for plunder; and what she has still more reason to deplore, the spirit which acquired that glory, and inspired those arts, is fled perhaps for ever.

Quod fugiens redituraque nunquam
 Libertas . . . non respicit ultra
 Ausoniam *.

Luc. vii. 482.

The village of *Marengo* is about two miles from *Alessandria*. The *Bormida* in summer, a shallow stream, spread over a wide channel intersected with little islands and lined with willows, flows within half a mile of the latter. *Alessandria* is merely a fortress, and remarkable only for the sieges which it has sustained. It was built in the twelfth century, and takes its name from the then Pope, Alexander III. It lately belonged to the King of Sardinia.

From *Alessandria* we returned to *Marengo*, and again crossing the plain passed through *Tortona* (anciently *Dertona*) a town by no means handsome, and proceed thence to *Voghiera*, where we passed the night. This town is supposed to take its name from *Vicus Iriæ*, a little barbarized indeed, but still

* Fair Liberty has spread her wings, and fled,
 Ah! never to return nor, as she flies,
 On sad Ausonia deigns revert her eyes.

perceptible in its modern appellation. It is large and well built. In common with the neighboring cities, *Voghiera* is said to have suffered more from the quarrels between the Emperors and the Popes than from the arms of the invading barbarians. The observation might perhaps be generalized, as with few exceptions, the towns of Italy have been treated with more cruelty by internal than external enemies.

From *Tortona* to *Voghiera*, and indeed to *Milan*, the road traverses one of the most fertile as well as beautiful parts of the celebrated plain watered by the *Po* and the *Tesino*, with their many tributary streams, and bounded by the *Alps* and the *Apennines*. No country in the world perhaps enjoys more advantages than this extensive and delicious vale. Irrigated by rivers that never fail, it is clad even in the burning months of July and August with perpetual verdure, and displays after a whole season of scorching sunshine, the deep green carpet of the vernal months. Even in the beginning of October, autumn had scarcely tinged its woods, while the purple and yellow flowers of spring still variegated its rich grassy meadows. The climate, like that of Italy at large, is uniform and serene: but as the more southern provinces are refreshed during the sultry season by a breeze from the sea, so these plains are cooled by gales that blow constantly from the bordering mountains. Hence the

traveller, who has been panting and melting away in the glowing atmosphere of *Florence* and *Genoa*, no sooner crosses the *Apennines*, and descends into the *Milanese*, than he finds himself revived and braced by a freshness, the more agreeable and unexpected, because he still continues to enjoy the same unclouded sky, and azure firmament. Nor is this vale deficient, as plains if extensive usually are, in interest; nor is it like the *Netherlands*, a lifeless level, where no swell presents itself to attract the eye, and to vary the sullen uniformity. The plains of the *Po*, enclosed between two chains of vast mountains, always have one and sometimes both in view; while numberless ramifications branching from them, intersect the adjacent countries in all directions, and adorn them with ridges of hills that diminish in size and elevation as they are more distant from the parent mountains.

The road from *Novi* to *Pavia* presents on the right many of these eminences, resembling the hills of *Surry*, and like them adorned with trees, churches, villas, and castles.

As we approached the *Po* we found the roads deep and sandy; the river, though nearly confined by the dryness of the season to the middle of its channel, is yet a majestic stream; we passed it on a flying bridge, and admired its banks as we glided across. As they are low, they are susceptible of one species of ornament only, and that con-

sists of groves of forest trees that shade its margin, and as they hang over it and sometimes bathe their branches in its waves, enliven it by the reflection of their thick and verdant foliage. Among these trees the poplar is now, as it was anciently, predominant; and by its height and spreading form, adds considerably to the beauty of the scenery.

Rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis *.

Claudian.

The fable of Phaeton, so prettily told by Ovid, and so amusing to boyish fancy, naturally occurs to the recollection of the traveller, and enhances the pleasure with which he contemplates the stream and its bordering scenery.

A little neat church not far from the river dedicated to *St. Laurence*, *quia flumen pestemque repulit* †, shews what ravages the *Po* sometimes makes, and how much the inhabitants dread its inundations. As we approached *Pavia*, the verdure and freshness of the country, if possible, increased, and exhibited an appearance altogether cooling and delightful.

* Above the heads of all the sister-train

Thick-spreading branches form'd a verdant shade,
And from their dripping tresses amber stream'd.

† Because he kept off the inundation and the pestilence.

The *Tesino* (*Ticinus*) bathes the walls of *Pavia*, and waters its whole territory. Another branch of the same river flows about a mile and a half from the town, and is finely shaded with poplar groves. The *Ticinus* is a noble stream, clear and rapid. In clearness as well as in the shades that grace its banks, it agrees with the well-known description of *Silius*; but in the rapidity of its current it differs widely from it*. Perhaps the poet meant its apparent, not its real course, and if so, his expressions are at least poetically applicable; as the unruffled smoothness of the surface, and the evenness of the motion deceive the eye, and in part conceal its rapidity. Another circumstance, which contributes much to the beauty of this river, has not, I think, been noticed; I mean its serpentine course and the number of islands

* *Cœruleus Ticinus aquas, et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat turbari nescia fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lente trahit amne liquorem:
Vix credas labi; ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter volucrum certamina, cantus,
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.*

Lib. iv. 72.

No sand upturning from his shallow bed,
Tesino keeps his waves unsullied still,
And slowly drags his azure stream along:
Scarce might he seem to move, so soft and smooth,
Amid the chaunt of birds that warble round,
His limpid current flows, inspiring sleep.

encircled by it meanders, which, shaded as they frequently are with poplars, beeches, and elms, entitle the stream to the epithet of *beautiful* attached to it by Claudian (*Pulcher Ticinus*). A stone bridge, long and covered with a wooden gallery, leads over the river to the gate of *Pavia*.

PAVIA.

This city derived its first and ancient name from the river on the banks of which it stands, and was, like it, called *Ticinum*. Under this appellation it acquired no fame, and seems indeed scarcely to have attracted notice. The first battle between Annibal and the Romans under Scipio, reflected a bloody glare on the banks of the stream, but left the town (if it then existed) in its original obscurity. A melancholy visit of Augustus to honor the ashes of Drusus, and a few disorderly skirmishes in the contest between Vitellius and Otho, serve merely to record the existence of *Ticinum*. Between the sixth and eighth century the ancient name disappeared, and under the appellation of *Papia**, softened by Italian euphony

* An appellation taken from the Roman tribe of that name, in which the natives of *Ticinum*, who enjoyed the rights of Roman citizens, were enrolled. The name of *Pavia* is therefore strictly classical.

into *Pavia*, the town became a considerable city, and the residence of a race of barbarian monarchs. *Theodoric* first noticed it; his Gothic successors frequented it, and the *Longobardic* princes not being masters of Rome, made it the capital of their dominions. While the seat of their ignorant court it became, by a singular fate, the centre of the few glimmerings of science that still beamed on that benighted region, and may perhaps be considered as the first *mother* university.

Voltaire acknowledges that France owes all her arts and sciences to Italy; and if we may believe recorded tradition, *Pavia* sent her one of her first masters, *Pietro di Pisa*. To him the university of Paris looks up as to her founder, next at least to Charlemagne, whose zealous endeavors to propagate knowledge attracted some of the most eminent scholars of the age to his capital, and drew at the same time, *Alcuin* from *York* and *Pietro* from *Pavia*. Whether either of these *once* illustrious seminaries can really boast of so early an origin, I do not pretend to determine; but certain it is, that to her University *Pavia* owes her principal fame, I might almost say her existence. In common with the other cities of Italy *Pavia* suffered all the extremes of barbarous invasion and tyrannic sway, went through all the vicissitudes of the middle ages, flourished under the auspices of liberty, and finally, withered away under the yoke

of monarchy. In this last stage, her University alone suspended her total extinction, and still continues her only hope and support. It has in its time produced many men eminent in every branch of literature and science, and is still supplied with professors of talents and of reputation. It has a noble library, grand halls for lectures, anatomical galleries, a botanical garden, and several well-endowed colleges; yet with all this apparatus, its schools are not much frequented, and indeed the very streets of the town seem solitary and forsaken. Whether this desolation be ascribable to the influence of the French, to the spirit of the times, or to any internal defect in the constitution of the University, it is difficult to determine.

When a republic, *Pavia* sent, it is recorded, fifteen thousand men to the crusades, a number equal to half her actual population, which amounts to little more than thirty thousand souls. It is however some consolation to reflect, as it is highly honorable to the city, that its spirit did not evaporate with its prosperity, that it is one of the few states which have always rebelled against the French, and that more than once it succeeded in expelling them from its walls; unfortunately in their last attempt, though perhaps more intrepid than in a former *, its citizens were less successful,

and atoned for their untimely patriotism by the blood of their magistrates, whom *Bonaparte* ordered to be shot. Had every city in Italy shewn as much resolution, their united exertions must have been crowned with success, and this lovely country would not now groan under the iron rod of a most insolent enemy.

Of its edifices, whether churches, colleges, or palaces, none, for their magnitude, style, or decorations, seem to deserve particular attention. One church however the traveller will visit with interest, because it contains the ashes of *Boetius*, distinguished by his taste and learning in an age of barbarism and ignorance; by his noble birth at a time when few indeed could claim patrician honors; and, above all, by his independent senatorial spirit in an era when Rome was obliged to bend her neck under the sway of a barbarian. Though put to death by the jealousy of a tyrant, he enjoys a double privilege which, I believe, has never before fallen to the lot of a patriot. His tomb was raised by an Emperor, and his epitaph written by a Pope. The church I allude to, is that called *In Cielo Aurco*; the Emperor was Otho III. and the Pope Sylvester II.

In the same temple the body of St. Augustin is said to repose; it was first transported to *Sardinia* by the Romans who fled from the fury of the Vandals then ravaging Africa, and afterwards

it was conveyed by order of one of the Longobardic monarchs to *Pavia*, where it lay concealed and forgotten till the seventeenth century. Every traveller, who loves truth or reveres genius, would visit with interest and respect the tomb that contains the ashes of the learned, the pious, the benevolent Austin, the christian Plato—*Quid enim habet*, says *Erasmus*, a competent judge, *orbis christianus hoc scriptore vel magis aureum vel augustius?** But the oblivion that so long brooded over these venerable remains, and the doubts that must naturally arise from it, check our ardor as we advance, and excite an apprehension lest the tribute which we wish to offer to virtue and wisdom, should be erroneously directed to the putrid dust of some northern invader, or of some half savage Longobard.

CHIARAVALLE.

About four miles from *Pavia* stands the abbey of *Chiaravalle*, once celebrated for its riches and magnificence. It belonged to the Carthusian monks, and on the suppression of the order by the Emperor Joseph, it passed with a property of

* For what can the Christian world boast, more golden, or more august than this writer?

twenty thousand pounds per annum to government; of this sum about *five hundred pounds per annum* was annexed to the hospital of *Pavia*; of the disposal of the remainder, equally appropriate and benevolent, *without doubt*, there is, I believe, at present nothing on record. A fine avenue of limes and poplars shedding a religious gloom on the traveller as he drives under them, leads to the arched entrance opening into a spacious court, with the church full in front. This edifice is of Gothic and Saxon intermingled; its walls are of solid white marble, lined within with various kinds of precious stones. Sculpture and carving, whether in marble, gems, or metals, are here displayed in all their pomp, and oftentimes, in all their excellency. Ornaments indeed are not so much bestowed as squandered on every part; but they are all so rich, so perfect in their kind, so well placed for effect, and so admirably adapted to the style of the edifice at large, that the most fastidious observer would find it difficult to retrench them.

This abbey was founded about the year 1400 by *Galeas Visconti*, whose tomb stands on one side of the transept; though the church itself may justly be considered as his real mausoleum. A few Augustinian friars are now employed to perform the duties required by the foundation, and to keep the church in order; a task which they fulfil

with commendable zeal and exactness, as few similar edifices exhibit more neatness, and cleanliness, than that entrusted to their care. The view from the tower over the surrounding plain, bordered by the *Alps* and *Apennines*, is verdant, rich, and luxurious beyond expression. Besides these qualities it has another title to our attention, as it was the theatre of the bloody and decisive battle of *Pavia*, between the French and the Imperialists, which terminated in the defeat of the former, and in the capture of their gallant monarch Francis I.

A French traveller* relates an anecdote that does equal credit to this prince's piety and magnanimity on this trying occasion. He was conducted after the battle to this Abbey, and entering the church at the time the monks were singing part of the hundred and eighteenth (nineteenth) psalm, immediately joined the choir in the following verse:—

Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas.

It is good for me that thou hast humbled me; that I may learn thy statutes.

Such resignation combined with so much valor, and with so high a spirit in such circumstances, is

* Abbé Richard.

heroic and almost sublime. However, though we admire and love the prince we cannot but rejoice in this, and indeed in every other defeat of the French army, particularly on this side of the *Alps*. They are the most active and most persevering enemies that Italy knows, and have wasted her cities and fields more frequently, more extensively, and more wantonly, than any other invading barbarians. Hitherto indeed they have generally met with the punishment due to cruelty, ambition, and insolence; and their short-lived triumphs on Hesperian ground have terminated in discomfiture and ruin. It is to be hoped, that their late successes will be as transient as their ancient victories, and add another proof to the observation of the poet, that the Lily is not destined to flourish in Italian soil*.

* Merlin gli fe veder che quasi tutti
 Gli altri, che poi di Francia scettro avranno,
 O di ferro gli eserciti distrutti,
 O di fame, o di peste si vedranno;
 E che brevi allegrezze, e lunghi lutti,
 Poco guadagno, ed infinito danno
 Riporteran d'Italia; che non lice
 Che'l Giglio in quel terreno abbia radice.

Ariosto. Orlando Furioso, Canto xxxiii. 10.

Sage Merlin shew'd him, that whatever king
 In days to come shall fill the Gallic throne,
 Shall see his armies by the sword destroy'd,
 Or famine, or wide-wasting pestilence.

They still shew the chamber in which the French monarch was confined during the first day and night of his captivity. It is small, plain, and unadorned, as the private apartments, even of the richest abbies, invariably are; and it is distinguished only by the imaginary importance which it derives from the presence of the royal captive.

We left the abbey in the dusk of the evening, rolled rapidly over a smooth and level road, and entered *Milan* about nine o'clock.

Short space of joy, and long-enduring woe,
And scanty profit, and unmeasur'd loss,
Shall be their lot in Italy; for ne'er
Will fate permit the lily-flow'r of France
To strike its roots in our thrice happy soil.

The flower *de luce* or lily was the distinctive ornament of the royal arms of France.

END OF VOL. III.





